This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

S-392
TC

Truly as Ever
E. M. Woolley

MEMOIR

OF

REV. EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY.

BY HIS DAUGHTER,

MRS. FIDELIA WOOLLEY GILLETT,

ASSISTED BY

REV. A. B. GROSH.

WITH AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM HIS SERMONS.

"He was a man of steady faith, rejoicing in the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY ABEL TOMPKINS,
38 AND 40 CORNHILL.
1855.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by
A. TOMPKINS,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Stereotyped by
HOBART & ROBBINS,
New England Type and Stereotype Foundery,
BOSTON.

943
Univ.85
W913
G479me
cop.2

TO

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS

This Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

BY

F. W. GILLETT.

PREFACE.

I HAVE been requested by many of my father's sincere friends, as well as by many of those to whom he ministered from time to time, to prepare a sketch of his earthly labors. It is a work to which my heart joyously assents; and yet one from which I timidly shrink. There are those, wiser and better, who would arrange it with greater skill; but none, I think, knew my father's spiritual nature more intimately than myself. Naturally slight and fragile, I preferred, even in childhood, a seat by his side, in his shop, listening to the sound of his hammer, or the sweet, cheerful tones of his voice in song, to the sports of my little companions. And a few years later, when he exchanged the labor of the hands for the toil of the study, I was always on my low seat at his feet when I could be relieved from the care of my young brothers and sisters, and he would explain to my childish mind the sentences he read or wrote, and teach me, in his own

glowing words, those great and beautiful truths that must yet redeem the world.

And yet, with all my beautiful remembrances, I do not hope to give a perfect expression to my conceptions of his nature. This soul-painting is a work so difficult to perform that it cannot be successfully accomplished by any mortal hand. And to daguerreotype the features of the spirit were a work to which only the infinite Artist could be wholly equal. But I will do as well as I can; and if to any one who may read this it seems not as he was, may they remember that God has not made us all to see alike, and what to one is plain as the bright beams of the morning sun, to another may be a sealed book.

It has been said, by those wiser and older than myself, that we should never write too much from the heart; and, true as it may be, it is advice to which, in this instance, I shall not adhere. I do not expect to exhibit the character of my sainted father as I would that of a stranger. I do not desire or hope to give to the world a critical analysis of his intellect, as I would were I a philosopher or a divine. But I shall write of him freely and truly; out of my affection I shall undoubtedly speak. For only those who love us most know us best; the spirit, beautiful as it may be, will not reveal itself to dark frowns or harsh words; and even the holy shep-

herd of Galilee did not expect to be wholly known, save to Him who loves us all with a love surpassing any that may be known on earth.

There are, I know, many whom my father loved anxiously waiting for this biography of their cherished pastor and friend; there are many hearts to whom it will come as a sacred gift of love, making brighter the delicate chain of tenderness and affection that reaches back through the holy long-ago, which no change — not even death — can break, but which will wind onward and upward, till the last link is clasped by the hand of the Father in heaven.

If there be any to whom my gift seems as nothing, or worse than nothing, I only ask that they will lay it aside, remembering that *they*, *too*, have their treasures. And, by and by, when one they have loved and cherished shall have gone to a greater love and a tenderer care, God will give them, in memory, if not in words, a precious record of the life that hung a halo around their way below.

I have, therefore, arranged this volume, not only in compliance with the wishes of numerous personal friends of my father, and in accordance with my own feelings, but also because it has been widely called for by the religious denomination of which he was a member.

It may be considered a great work for a young daughter to attempt the biography of a father — and that father, by common consent, a talented and highly-esteemed minister of a respectable and influential Christian sect. But, as far as possible, I have allowed him to tell his own story, and have illustrated his character by incidents and letters recorded by himself, and by extracts from his sermons.

In my labor I have met with great kindness and encouragement; and I would only ask that those for whom I have written this work may receive it with a kindness which will overlook the many deficiencies which I fear abound in it.

F. W. G.

COTTAGE HILL, BIRMINGHAM, MICH.,
May 15, 1854.

INTRODUCTION.

BY REV. A. B. GROSH.

UNIVERSALISM was introduced into the city of New York, about the year 1770, by Rev. John Murray, who occasionally preached there in his journeyings to and fro. But it was not proclaimed in central New York until in 1802, when Rev. Edwin Ferris settled in Otsego County, and preached it in the region round about. He was followed, in 1805, by Rev. Nathaniel Stacy, who settled in Oneida County, and preached to those that were nigh and to them that were afar off. Others followed; and thus the glad tidings spread from settlement to settlement in that new region, until in about a quarter of a century believers were multiplied, societies gathered, associations formed, and churches erected in considerable numbers. The strongest prejudices of "the common people" melted away before the truthful eloquence of these early advocates; and the manifest virtues of the believers of "the new doctrine" won the respect of not a few of even the most strenuous opposers among "the Orthodox."

But the new and increasing denomination was now to pass through another and more fiery ordeal, About the year 1827, the dominant Calvinistic sects began to adopt the measures of the Arminians in "getting up revivals of religion," called "new measures." Continuous meetings were held, at first called "two-days' meetings;" then, from their extension, "three-days' meetings" and "four-days' meetings;" and, at last, as they were held for weeks together, "protracted meet-

ings." Under this latter name they were held for ten, twenty, forty, sixty, ninety, and even upwards of *one hundred* successive days and nights. These meetings were managed and conducted by itinerant preachers, called "revivalists," — employed by the churches for the purpose, — who were distinguished for their extravagance of language and gesture, and their frantic impudence of manner. They stirred up the fires of hell, uncapped its mouth, picked out and held up its supposed inmates, — including Washington, Franklin, and other worthies, — invoked a wrathful Omnipotence, and enacted the supposed day of judgment, until fear-paralyzed hearers sunk into passive obedience to the blasphemous preacher; or, driven to despair, howled and shrieked in the agonies of insanity! And thus, "from early morn to dewy eve," — yea, in some cases, from four o'clock of a cold wintry morning until past the freezing midnight hour, — all the means of horrible agitation were brought to bear upon densely-crowded audiences of men, women, youths and children, amid the sighs and screams of "the convicted," the groaning and "agonizing prayers" of "the saints," and the scoffs and merriment of "the sinners," who congregated to "see the fun," and gloat over the "comic blasphemies" of the principal performers!

With very few exceptions, the partialist churches, both "Orthodox" and "Heterodox," were gradually drawn into this maddening whirl of religious frenzy and policy, — for *policy* it mainly was, with the majority of the leaders and managers. And, with as few exceptions, the Universalist was the only denomination that openly and steadily resisted the furious tide, and fearlessly rebuked the impious leaders of this general crusade against rational religion, and moral order and decency. Against Universalism and Universalists, therefore, were the bitterest denunciations and vilest slanders and misrepresentations hurled by the Finneys, Burchards, Swans, Littlejohns, and other revivalists. And against them were thus excited

the most unchristian prejudices and animosities of the religious world generally. Falsehoods which had been so clearly proved untrue that even their originators admitted them to be false were again and again repeated from the pulpit, and circulated by leading members of the churches, in defiance of those previous admissions. Prayers — if *curses* were not the proper name — were also offered to God, by the leaders of these mad excitements, to convert some prominent Universalist (*naming* him) within a given period, "or remove him to the grave-yard," — to stop some specified Universalist preacher's mouth, "even if it had to be done by striking him dead," with other equally murderous and blasphemous petitions.

This wild-fire of fanatical frenzy continued, with various degrees of fury and but little intermission of wrath, for about ten years, when the fires gradually subsided, leaving, in too many cases, the blackened leaders and charred subjects of its many desolations frozen up in an arctic winter of indifference and infidelity, if not utterly lost in a midnight darkness of general vice and licentiousness. For very few of these flaming heralds of hell-torments but sunk into gross immoralities, and were quenched in "the blackness of darkness forever."

These results showed the folly and tendency of these "new measures," and the wisdom of their steadfast and consistent opposers. Universalists, instead of being driven off the platform of common Christianity occupied by all sects, or from their position in public estimation, were confirmed in both by the inevitable reäction. But the trial was a severe and difficult one. For the weapons used against us were calculated to excite a resentful feeling, if not a vindictive spirit, against such unprincipled opponents; and any manifestation of this encouraged the non-professing hangers-on of our denomination to use words of scoffing and deeds of retaliation against "the common enemy," all of which were promptly "laid at our door." Then, it was difficult, in such a heated contest, to be

prudent in exposing the excesses of pretended "saints," and yet not countenance the irreligion of acknowledged "sinners," — to strip false piety of its covering, and yet exhibit the true in an attractive manner to minds unaccustomed to distinguish between them. Multitudes, who had been driven from the popular temples and altars by the fury of the storm, took shelter in our churches and under our pulpits; not to embrace the better faith and practice in the love thereof, but to hear the intolerant creed refuted, and exult in the exposures of the frauds, and falsehoods, and hypocrisy, of their former religious teachers and associates. And as these fed their newly-aroused indignation against creeds and teachers, and confirmed their growing doubts of the truth of the one and the sincerity of the other, it required no little labor and circumspection to draw their attention to the evidences that Christianity was, nevertheless, a truth; and that religious piety, devotion, charity and goodness, were realities.

It was a very difficult task, and was not always well and wisely performed; but it was so discharged that Universalists and Universalism gained more respect and influence in the public mind and feeling than they had at the commencement. They had shown a most commendable fearlessness in opposing a very popular but erroneous system of measures; and they had proved, in most cases, their practice, under the severest trials, to be consistent with their faith in God's goodness. They *lived through* and *lived down* the potent storm of being called "enemies of religion," "opposers of the salvation of souls," "haters of prayer and godliness," "irreligious men," and "infidels," and proved themselves truly worthy of a place in the family of Christian sects, as a moral and religious people.

Among the preachers of a world's salvation who arose during this stormy period in central New York, none created more surprise at the contrast between his appearance, from feeble

health and defective education, and his influence, from the power, beauty and resistless persuasion of his sermons, than the Rev. John Freeman. His solemn yet sweet earnestness of manner, his fervid yet rational enthusiasm, his simple and sublime piety, seemed to awe even slanderous bigotry into silence, and disarm superstitious enmity of its prejudice. Brief and entrancing as one of his own sermons was the career of this excellent man; and when he sank into an early grave, lamented by his own denomination, and by not a few of other sects, the general inquiry seemed to be, Who shall fill his place? Near home — especially among the most discerning — many eyes were turned toward one man; and subsequent observation showed how truly, — for that place was *well* filled by Rev. E. M. Woolley.

He was *like*, but not *the same*, in his talents and gifts. Similar in his fervor, his zeal, his intuition in finding a way to the better feelings of his hearers, and in the ease and warmth of his devotional exercises; but different in being stronger, perhaps sterner and more abrupt, in his address, — having either more excitability, or less command of his feelings when aroused to indignation by injustice and oppression; more impetuous and fierce, therefore, in his rebukes. Of more commanding presence, also, he awaked greater expectations than did Mr. Freeman; and, consequently, he took not his hearers so much by surprise, nor excited so much wonder. Appearing also in better health, even when unwell, because possessing a less delicate exterior, he excited not so much sympathy with which to wing his appeals to the hearts of his auditors. In his eloquence he was less fluent and persuasive, more terse and forcible, than his predecessor. Indeed, many supposed that he had studied with, and aimed to acquire the style and manner of, Rev. Stephen R. Smith, so evident was the resemblance at times. But it was Br. Woolley's ordinary style and manner in every-day conversation, as well as in the pulpit. It

was like Br. Smith's because, and only so far as, his mental and physical organization partook of the same character.

Both Br. Smith and Br. Woolley preferred the *strongest* terms in which to clothe the feeling or idea to be expressed, so that many deemed their style exaggerating. But the thought glowed with the inner heat which gave it birth; and the energy that sent it forth clothed it in words that literally burned their way to the hearer's mind, and branded their impress on the memory. The rapid accumulation of thought and feeling in both prevented the minute elaboration into minor details that enables many to fill a sermon with the frequent changes which may be rung on the tithe of a very small idea; but, gathering up great masses of idea-ore, freshly glowing from the thought-furnace, both flung them into the minds and hearts before them, leaving their hearers to elaborate the abundantly suggestive material for themselves, at their leisure. Both, also, were unable to write as well, or as forcibly, as they preached. No written sermon of either, that I have ever seen, will compare in living, soul-stirring power with even the same discourse when its strong words and compact thoughts were flung from the speaker's tongue.

There were *differences*, however, between Mr. Woolley and Mr. Smith; for I wish to give a clear idea of the characteristics of the former as a speaker to those who never heard him, that they may do justice to him and the few sermons contained in this volume. S. R. Smith was the profound philosophical thinker, with mind stored with many treasures of rare knowledge in theology, history, and general literature. E. M. Woolley thought much and earnestly, but not as deeply, nor, perhaps, as broadly; and, having entered the ministry later in life, and with a family to provide for, he was unable to store his mind to anything like the same extent with such ample materials for thought and instruction. Mr. Smith's domestic life was made peculiarly happy and free from annoying

cares by his wife; and thus his mind and feelings were disposed to study, and enabled him to use his leisure therein to the greatest advantage. Unhappily, Mr. Woolley's wife was of a different religious faith, and (though exemplary in most respects), aside from her faith and its influences, she was not well suited by temper and disposition to be the help-meet of a clergyman, to furnish opportunity and aid inclination for that absorption of the whole mind in the acquisition and employment of knowledge necessary to the mind-tasking labor of preparing two or more acceptable sermons every week. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he fell short of the many and great qualifications which he so much admired in his friend S. R. Smith. The wonder rather is, that with so late a starting, and impeded by so many more obstacles, Mr. Woolley accomplished so much. For to the mass of hearers he seemed second to Mr. Smith merely because of a difference in years; it was only to the well-educated or profoundly-thinking few that his inferiority seemed to arise from any other cause.

For further and fuller details of the man, — his life, his manners, his labors, — the reader is referred to the Memoir itself. It is written by one who knew him well throughout their joint lives; whom he himself carefully educated in the principles and knowledge that actuated his life and lighted its pathway; and who, with a daughter's love, has endeavored to be just and truthful to a father's memory. It will speak for itself, with interest and power, to the reader's heart. It only remains, therefore, for me to draw this introduction to a close, by relating my share of this work, and how I came to be associated with it.

About two or three years before his decease, Mr. Woolley said to the author of the Memoir, "Fidelia, if I live long enough, I shall write my own biography. If I do not do it, you may do it for me. But, if you write it, and Brother Grosh is alive, let him oversee it — he is older and wiser than you."

After his departure, these words were remembered, and, in the hope of thus educating her youngest brother and sister, Mrs. Gillett consulted me about the preparation of the Memoir. She urged me not only to revise it, but aid in its production. The publisher added his request; and, after the Memoir had been once prepared for the press, the united family sent numerous letters and sermons of the deceased for examination and incorporation with the work, thus rendering a *second* thorough revisal and alteration of the Memoir necessary. Deeming it probable that I might render it more acceptable to the reader, more useful to the cause, and more profitable to the family, I consented, though the task was difficult and delicate beyond the reader's ken.

The relation of Mrs. Gillett to the subject of her Memoir rendered it morally impossible to narrate, however briefly, an important event which occurred a few years before his death. She could not properly even allude to the long train of influences which produced it, impeding the usefulness and embittering the felicity of his wedded life. She therefore left it blank. And it is left for me to say — and I am permitted to say it merely to prevent the suspicious and uncharitable from *unjustly* filling that blank to the prejudice of the dead and the living — that she omitted a long train of domestic grievances, ending in a divorce from the mother of his children, — not for any criminality other than her unkindness and desertion, — in all of which Mr. Woolley was sustained, and his course fully approved, by all the children. This was followed, after a proper interval (at the very close of his life), by a second marriage, which his family also generally approved. These events, particularly the divorce, had Mrs. Gillett's feelings allowed her fully to narrate and explain them, would have cast no discredit whatever on the domestic, moral, or religious character of the departed; but what child would be willing to name them? — what heart ask her to dwell upon them? In this

section, where he had lived long and was best understood, that divorce created no doubts of his integrity. And these events lost him no confidence in the minds and hearts of those who knew all the parties and circumstances, and especially of those who best knew Mr. Woolley's character.

Mrs. Gillett's want of intimate acquaintance with the state of the religious world prior to her father's entrance into the ministry of reconciliation rendered it desirable that some other pen should present a general view of the trials to which it subjected our cause about that period. I have endeavored to do it, briefly and plainly, yet, I trust, fairly and truly. Of the many sermons furnished and examined, I have added a few only. There was not room for more, without omitting too much from the Memoir, or unduly increasing the size and price of the book. They embrace the most important portions of one of each class, and furnish fair samples of his written style. Yet those who heard them would probably miss the impromptu illustrations and arguments, the pertinent anecdotes and pungent applications, by which they were enlivened in public delivery; for he seldom confined himself closely to his manuscript, but enforced the written thought by reference to seasons, circumstances or local associations, which the occasion inspired. These, of course, passed away with the sounds of the voice now hushed in death, or are written only on the loving hearts which treasure them up with other memories of the loved and departed.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH — ANCESTRY — QUAKER PARENTS — COLT-BREAKING — LOVE OF FLOWERS — SISTER EUNICE — SCHOOL — LOVE OF PETS — QUAKERESS FRIEND, ... 25

CHAPTER II.

HIS FATHER'S MISFORTUNES — HE STUDIES SHOEMAKING, INSTEAD OF LATIN AND LAW — HIS BROTHER'S FAMILY — EARLY POETRY — BREAKING INTO THE FAITH — PRIVATE STUDIES — SELF-CONQUEST, 41

CHAPTER III.

ENTERS A COUNTRY LYCEUM — HIS FIRST SPEECH — BOOKS AND STUDIES — JOINS THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH — GOES TO POUGHKEEPSIE — FIRST UNIVERSALIST FRIEND — ANOTHER FEMALE FRIEND — PREJUDICE AGAINST UNIVERSALISM — MORE POETRY, ... 53

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEYS TO CENTRAL NEW YORK — WORKS AT SHOEMAKING IN NELSON — BETTER BE "BABY" THAN "GAMBLER" — SPIRIT INFLUENCES — STUDIES POETRY — HOME, AND AT SCHOOL AGAIN — VENERABLE TEACHER AND UNIVERSALIST — FINAL LEAVE OF SCHOOL AND HOME — RETURN TO NELSON, NEW YORK, ... 69

CHAPTER V.

RESUMES JOURNEY-WORK — BUYS A HOME FOR PARENTS — RELIGIOUS EXERCISES — FATHER STACY AND HIS PROPHECY — CONVERSION — MARRIAGE AND HOUSEKEEPING — REMOVAL TO FATHER'S FARM — AGAIN IN NELSON — ILLNESS AND REPORTED RENUNCIATION — REV. JOHN FREEMAN — REMOVAL TO MUNNSVILLE — COMPELLED TO FINISH MR. FREEMAN'S SERMON — "NED CAN PREACH" — DEATH OF MR. FREEMAN, 85

CHAPTER VI.

COMMENCES PREACHING IN HAMILTON AND LEBANON — REMOVES HIS FAMILY — MR. FREEMAN'S FAMILY — SUCCESSES — OPPOSITION — MRS. FORD'S CONVERSION — ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION — HIS INSTRUCTIONS — REV. D. SKINNER'S ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER AND LABORS,

CHAPTER VII.

DEATH OF HIS FATHER — DEBATE WITH THEOLOGICAL STUDENT — "OLD WOOLLEY" INCOG. — SUICIDE'S FUNERAL — SICKNESS AND DEATH IN HIS FAMILY — POETRY — DISCUSSION IN POOLVILLE — SICKNESS AGAIN — PRAYER TO A METHODIST FUNERAL SERMON, ... 127

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS PRESENCE IN THE SICK ROOM — MIDNIGHT VISIT TO BROOKFIELD — BITTERNESS OF THE OPPOSITION — LOSSES BY A FRIEND'S FAILURE — THE SPOILED SERMON — TIC-DOULOUREUX, DYSPEPSIA AND BRONCHITIS — EXHAUSTING EFFORTS TO PAY DEBTS — A SONG OF PRAISE — FAREWELL TO HAMILTON AND LEBANON, ... 146

CHAPTER IX.

ARDUOUS LABORS — HOME AND MOTHER — A RATTLESNAKE NURSE — A NARROW ESCAPE — A MISTAKE AND INHOSPITALITY — AN ALMOST DISCUSSION — A BIGOT CONVERTED — HER TRIUMPHANT DEATH, . . 162

CHAPTER X.

DEATH OF A FRIEND — CONVERTED METHODIST — CONVERTED PRESBYTERIAN — ANOTHER — HAPPY DEATH — HOWLET HILL — ALBUM TRIBUTE — THE REFORMED INEBRIATE — WORD SOWN IN THE DARK — ITS FRUITS, ... 182

CHAPTER XI.

SELLS HIS HOME TO PAY THE DEBT — LINES TO HIS MOTHER — PROFANITY REBUKED — LEBANON AGAIN — NORTH NORWICH — STATE CONVENTION AT FORT PLAIN — INCREASING ILL HEALTH — SARATOGA IN VAIN — DECLARATION IN VIEW OF DEATH — ALBUM LINES, . . 200

CHAPTER XII.

DEATH OF HIS MOTHER — U. S. CONVENTION AT AUBURN — CHARITY AMID PROVOCATIONS — DEATH OF FRIENDS — NOT A "WEIGHTY" PREACHER — EXTRACT FROM A SERMON, ... 218

CHAPTER XIII.

REMOVAL TO BRIDGEWATER — INCREASE OF ILLNESS — SONG-SINGING — CHRISTMAS EVE — DEATH OF A SISTER — PLAYFULNESS WITH CHILDREN — ALBUM TRIBUTE — CEDARVILLE — VISITS THE WEST — LETTER TO HIS SON — DISCUSSION IN WINFIELD — ACCIDENT AND ILLNESS — FATHER STACY — TRIBUTES TO HIS CHARACTER, ... 235

CHAPTER XIV.

VISITS PONTIAC, MICHIGAN — LETTERS TO FRIENDS AND FAMILY — RETURN HOME — PONTIAC AGAIN — LETTERS TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTERS; TO HIS SON; TO A FRIEND; TO HIS FAMILY; TO FRIENDS — HOME AGAIN, ... 256

CHAPTER XV.

REMOVAL TO MICHIGAN — WAYSIDE RAMBLES — SAVES PADDY FROM A DUCKING — HIS CHILD SAVED FROM DROWNING — VISITS S. R. SMITH — SINGING AND SERVICES ON A STEAMER — THUNDER-STORM ON LAKE ERIE — THE NEW HOME — STARVING A HERETIC — ILLNESS AGAIN — LETTER TO "GENIE," 272

CHAPTER XVI.

FARMINGTON, LIVONIA, WATERFORD — MARRIAGE OF EUNICE — LABORS — DISCUSSION WITH MR. FOOTE — POETRY, "THE BIBLE" — LETTERS — MARRIAGE OF FIDELIA — LETTER TO A SISTER — POETRY, "LIFE, WHAT IS IT?" — DEATH OF HIS BROTHER JAMES — PREPARATION FOR HIS OWN DEATH — MARRIAGE OF LAURA ANN — INCREASED ILLNESS, SUFFERINGS, AND RESIGNATION — HIS DEATH AND FUNERAL, ... 293

CHAPTER XVII.

PERSONAL AND PROFESSIONAL CHARACTER — HIS STUDIES — HIS FAITH AND TEACHINGS — PREPARATION FOR PREACHING — HIS PREACHING — CHEERFUL VIEWS OF DEATH — CONCLUSION, ... 306

SERMONS.

SERMON I. 313
II. 321
III. 329
IV. 337
V. — EXTRACTS, ... 347
VI. " 355

FATHER.

"If he had suffered in the mournful past,
If withered hopes were on his spirit laid,—
If love, the beautiful, the bright, were cast
Along his pathway but to droop and fade,—
If the chill shadows of the grave were hung,
In life's young morning, o'er his sunny way,
He thanked thee, O our God, that he had clung
To those eternal truths that ne'er decay,
E'en to thy love and truth."

MRS. S. C. EDGARTON MAYO.

THERE was a sound of weeping on the air,
And broad-browed manhood came with downcast eye;
And pale-faced woman, with a look of care,
And heaving breast, and wild and heart-wrung sigh;
And little children, with a noiseless tread,
And laughter hushed, and whispers low,
With flower-filled hands, and fair, uncovered heads,
And timid look, as though afraid to go;—

All these had come and looked where, still, our father lay
On snowy pillows, with a brow as white
As the great snow-piles where the north winds play,
Or the pure swan's-down floating in the light;
They came and looked — and some had lightly wept,
And some fast burning tears had shed;
And others said — how sweetly there he slept;
And others too had told us he was *dead*.

That he was *dead* — we had no father, now;
That was not *he*, within the flower-strewn robe,
Old age might come unto his young boy's brow,
And we might tread the far way round the trackless globe;
Might go where sea-waves dash, and rivers glide,
Might search the crowded street, each lonely spot,
Might journey till the sweet young stars had died,
Through town and dell, and yet would find him not.

We had no father — he had gone, at last,
To that strange country where the dead must dwell;
Had gone forever from the treasured past,
From the bright world he loved so long and well;
He had forgot the friends — the old, the tried,
The cherished faith, grown firmer every day,
The childish forms that gambolled at his side,
And the red lips he early taught to pray!

We have no father! — ah! as well go say
That never more will smile the meek-eyed flowers,
Or with a light step o'er our winding way
Will tread the joyous April showers.
For, by our love, that yet will firmly cling
To the warm heart that cherished it so long,
By the great hope, as fresh-lived as the spring,
We know *he loves us* — therefore are we strong!

F. W. G.

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH — ANCESTRY — QUAKER PARENTS — COLT-BREAKING — LOVE OF FLOWERS — SISTER EUNICE — SCHOOL — LOVE OF PETS — QUAKERESS FRIEND.

EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY was born in the pleasant town of Dover, Duchess County, N. Y., Oct. 31st, 1803. He was the youngest of a family of seven children. A bright, happy Edwin, the pet and playmate of the household, had been buried two years before; and little Edward was welcomed, not only as a gift of love, but as a priceless treasure to fill the void made by the departure of the sweet cherub they had lost. Upon the day of his birth, his father said jocosely to his mother, as he gave him his name combined with hers, "I hope he will make a man just like myself; then he will not be much like *thee*, Lizzie!" And years after, when my good grandmother's soft hair was as white and almost as lustrous as the winter frost-spangles, I have heard her say, as her son addressed to her some witty remark, "Thy father's wish is granted, Edward. Thee is just like him." But in this remark she was not wholly correct; for he had also inherited many of her sweet and saintly virtues.

Edward traced his ancestry upon the father's side through a long line of English families, of whom to say the least would be that they were not known to have dis-

graced their lineage. Before our Revolutionary war, three brothers left a beautiful part of North Wales, and came together to Boston. They then separated; one located in New Jersey, another went to the isle of Cuba, and the third became a wanderer. Of the last-named we can merely add,

> "When or where he drooped and died,
> Only Heaven could tell."

The clear, blue wave of ocean might roll over his pulseless form, or,

> "Haply thistles, blue and red,
> Might bloom about his lonesome bed."

From the brother who made a home in New Jersey Edward traced his paternal descent. The grandfather of Edward was a man of wealth and influence; but, even while subject to royalty, he became a thorough republican. Many a foot-worn, weary messenger did he secrete in his own house, and of all he possessed he gave freely in the cause of freedom. Frequently, as the flying soldiers were hastening by, did his wife spread quickly her table, and joyfully give of her store to the needy and the brave. The good old man lived long to enjoy the government he coveted, and left impressed on the heart of his little grandson the life-lasting image of a cheerful, smiling face, shaded by long, silver, curling hair,—a face over which the sunshine of the heart always played, beautiful as a pictured divinity. Yet the aged man never forgot the land of his ancestors, or ceased to look with pride upon "Merrie England."

Edward's father was a man of brilliant, showy intellect, always well-informed upon the political topics of the times, with a great fund of good humor and strong affections, and from his heart flowed streams of love toward all the human family. If he had possessed only one dollar in the world, the needy would have been welcome to share it as far as it could be made to go; and

especially would he have shared with his children and children's children everything he possessed.

In his family he exercised but little authority. His maxim was, "That government is the best which governs the least." He had no disposition to deny the wishes of his children; and if one and all were happy, it was enough. He loved them too much to do them unkindness or wrong; and he could not easily bring himself to command or chastise. But he liked a merry gathering, a conversation with political friends, "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," too well to throw himself into the harness of business, and labor faithfully for family wealth or independence. He was the one good man in the community where he resided. He had always a smile and a good word for every one he met, and little children claimed a peculiar part of his attention. By the young and the old he was ever kindly spoken of as "Uncle Edward." In his old age he met with that devotion and care which he had bestowed upon the children of his heart. But, with all his tenderness, he had inherited the quick impulses and the almost indomitable pride which sometimes flow in English veins.

Mr. Mott, the father of Elizabeth Mott Woolley (who was the mother of Edward), was a resident of Long Island. He was a stanch defender of George III., and, though he took no part in the war, his sympathies were all with his king. Before the close of the war the most of his property was exchanged for continental money; and when, after the war was over, the government offered him fifty per cent., he would not receive it. With him it was "all or nothing." The continental bills were given to Elizabeth, and, after lying for years in her writing-desk, were drawn forth, and made quite a display in my childish play-house.

Elizabeth Mott was carefully and religiously educated, and well-informed for the time in which she lived; and when she took her place in society as the wife of Edward Woolley, it was as an intelligent, conscientious woman,

anxious, above all things, to be a faithful wife and devoted mother. In person she was of slight but full form; her features rather small, yet round; her complexion fresh and fair, with eyes of a dark, starry blue, and heavy, soft, auburn hair. She had a profound but extremely sensitive mind, and an uncommon amount of good sense. She possessed great quietness and placidity, combined with a gentle dignity of demeanor. And, like all the Motts I have ever seen, she had great self-possession, which she seldom, if ever, lost. She had that natural purity of heart, and innate holiness of thought, which was a perfect shield against all temptation. For her there was a higher than man's law; and though her family were dearer to her than her own heart's blood, she would prefer that they all should perish with her, if need be, than to sacrifice that which was true and right to policy or passion. Under her calmness of demeanor lay a decision of character, and a strength of will, that no trial of life could subdue. She was equal to any emergency, and would walk through a sea of fire to the accomplishment of her duty. Sincere in her religious views, she strove to impress the same upon the minds of her sons and daughters. The elder sons, as they grew to youth, were gladly welcomed in society, and were very fond of merry-making and the dance. Their great love of frolic and amusement sometimes troubled the heart of the conscientious mother; and then she would lay her hand tenderly on the head of her little Edward, and, as she smoothed the soft, flaxen hair from the broad, deep forehead, then so like her own, she would say, in tones he never could forget, "I hope thee will make a good man, a very good man, Edward."

She was so rigidly true to her own thought that she was frequently called a stern, cold woman. But beneath that placid manner beat a heart as great and warm as ever throbbed in human breast. Her children sometimes thought her unnecessarily severe in her chastisements. Yet it is not always those who approve of our

follies, or uphold our frailties, that love us most; if it were, why has God, whose love for us is infinite, so arranged his laws that we must suffer for our sins?

As the character of Edward is developed in our narrative, it will be seen that he inherited much of the mind of both of his parents. That he combined his father's shrewdness and impulsiveness with his mother's calmness and decision, will be seen by a little anecdote, said to have occurred when he was but ten years of age. When he was about seven years old his father gave him a young colt, with the promise that it should be his to dispose of as he pleased *when it grew up;* for, young as the boy was, he was shrewd enough to suspect that the pet might be his *colt*, but his father's *horse*. When the colt was between three and four years old he was said to be ready for breaking. One of the brothers could ride him, but he had never been harnessed. Alfred, the brother who was called the horseman, had promised, time and again, to accomplish this, to the child's mind, wonderful feat. But, considering it needless to be in haste, and, undoubtedly, thinking little or nothing of his brother's anxiety, he always forgot it, in attending to his business, until the boy mentioned it to him again. The night before the trifling event took place, Alfred rode the colt home from the "valley," and, after he retired to rest, Edward sat upon his father's knee, and mother's urging combined with his prevailed upon the father to say, "Alfred will break the colt to-morrow." "Remember, to-morrow, father!" said the happy child, as he tripped across the room toward his own chamber. The little fellow must needs open his brother's door, and rouse him from his slumbers with, "Father says you 'll break Gray to-morrow." "Yes," was the response; and away flew the light feet, while the red lips retained their smiles in happy dreamings.

The sunbeams were not up, with their golden brightness, before Edward came from his pillow, wide awake for the proceeding of the day. But what was his sur-

prise and disappointment, after breakfast was over, to see his brother ride off towards the "valley"! The child's heart was full to overflowing. He laid his head upon his mother's lap, and declared, amid his sobs, "that it was not right. Is it right, mother?" And softly and soothingly from her lips came the words, "Thee knows it is wrong, my little son; but, perhaps, thy brother has forgotten. Be not too displeased with him; he will do it for thee some other time." "He never will!" replied little Edward; and his mother afterward remembered that he said it with peculiar earnestness. Suddenly the boy raised his head and asked, "Where is father?"

"Away on business."

"Will he come home to dinner?"

"I think not."

Quick as thought the boy's feet flitted across the floor, and out into the field where Gray was grazing. His mother saw him with his colt, and went about her household duties. It was not far to a neighbor's, and Edward claimed the assistance of a boy fourteen years old, to have a frolic with him, in breaking the colt. They went together to the pasture, and Edward himself put a halter around Gray's neck, and the other boy caught the other two horses. "What do you want with both of these horses?" asked the larger boy, as he led them into the stable. "Why, you see, we never can drive Gray down that great, long hill, and so we must drive these, or how can we get the wagon down? Now, you drive the horses down to the foot of the hill, and I will ride Gray; then we can hitch them to the trees, and you bring back one, while I stay with the others. In accordance with his calculation, the boy put the two old horses before the wagon, and drove them down the hill, while Edward rode the colt. There they fastened old Poll to a tree, and Edward kept watch while his young friend returned the mate to the field. He soon came back, and Edward led his colt to the side of steady old Poll, and then tied

her to a tree, for he was not strong enough to hold her, while the boy put on the harness. After they were harnessed, Edward jumped into the wagon, and, taking up the lines, told the boy to untie the halter. The halter was untied, and the word given to go. Old Poll started as usual, but Gray went up in the air; and, though the wagon was still, the neighbor boy could not be prevailed upon to get in. He was afraid of being hurt, and presented to Edward the danger of his situation; and when he found he would not relinquish his purpose, he ran off for home. "Don't tell mother," cried Edward after him, as he stood upright in the wagon, talking to Poll, and coaxing Gray. "I guess, now, I might as well sit down," he said to himself, "for when they do go they 'll throw me overboard." He sat down on the board across the lumber-box, and by that time Gray had concluded to try his feet upon the earth, and good, faithful old Poll was ready to keep him in the "narrow way." Away they went, the halter flying in the air, and the wagon rattling and rumbling behind the dancing heels of beautiful Gray. There was but one sudden turn in the road, and then little Edward knew he should be safe. Around that they bounded on into the smooth, green-fringed road beyond, and, after a few hours, Gray became so patient and docile that Edward got out of the wagon, and tied up the halter; and, after giving old Poll a few words of encouragement for her dutiful behavior, and telling Gray that he *was* a good fellow, he sprang to his seat and rode on. It was a beautiful day in the early part of autumn; the child had lost his hat, and the clear, cool breeze that blew the hair from his forehead, and fanned his cheek, was as gentle as the touch of his mother's hand, and to him then seemed as full of blessings. The flowers had not all faded, and the grass by the roadside wore the rich, heavy hue, between a green and a brown, that ushers in the autumn of the year. As the little boy rode up and down the road, the quietness and beauty of the day, together with

the excitement of the morning, left an impress upon his young mind that he could never forget.

It was towards nightfall when he drove up the hill past his home. His father and brother had returned, and were looking anxiously for him. As his feet touched the ground, his mother took him by the arm and asked, "Edward, is thee hurt in any way?"

"No, mother, I am sound as a brick!"

The horses were taken away by the father and brother, and his mother led him into the house. As they gathered around the supper-table, his mother said, "We are all glad to see thee back safe, Edward; but I fear thee must be punished in some way."

"I should say the boy's labor and fatigue would answer for to-night, Lizzie," uttered the father, while tears of joy filled his eyes; and he continued, "Now, boy, let 's see thee eat a hearty supper! Was thee not fearful Gray would dash thy brains out for thee, Ned?"

"Why, no; not if I could get down the hill, and harness him by the side of Poll."

Edward then related his management, and concluded with, "And, father, I would not get him" (pointing to his brother) "to break horses any more. I know of some one that can do it better."

"I'll give in to you, Ned," answered the brother; and the little fellow went to his slumbers without any punishment, save a caution to be wiser in future.

Through Edward's childhood he was especially the companion of his mother. Her other children were old enough to dispense with her immediate presence and care; but Edward was always with her. He followed her from garret to cellar, from kitchen to parlor, to the poultry-yard and the milk-room; and his constant prattle, with the pattering sound of his little feet, were as sweet music to the mother's heart. When amid her household duties she delighted to relate to him simple stories that started reflection in his infantile mind, although she was often heard to say that his queries sometimes

proved too much for her wisdom. She was fond of reading, though it seems that opportunities for obtaining books and papers were quite limited. Delicate and refined in her own nature, she could very well comprehend and develop the mind of her child. He was so sensitive that a frown cut him to the heart, and so timid that a laugh or a look from a stranger drove him entirely within himself. One day his mother discovered him, with pencil and paper, seated under the chestnut-tree that was near their dwelling; she had a curiosity to know what he was doing, but he blushed as though caught in the commission of some crime, as she asked him for the paper; and she rallied him with, "I'll bet an apple-pie thee has been writing a letter."

"O no, mother!"

"Well, thee had better give it to thy mother, and get the pie."

The paper was given up, and it proved to be a scrap of rhyme to his treasure of a colt. These lines, as well as many other of his boyhood's pencillings, were kept for many years by his mother, but were lost amid the changes of a long, eventful life.

Mrs. Woolley was a very industrious woman, but whenever she could obtain a few moments' leisure she led her young son through the meadows and over the hills about their home, pausing to gather the buds and blossoms at their feet, or listening to the bird-music in the air. These rambles undoubtedly gave him that uncommon admiration of natural scenery, and that love of flowers, which lingered with him through the joys and sorrows of fifty years. For the sweet children of the garden and the wild he cherished a tenderness as great and as sincere as ever dwelt in the heart of woman. He always carried them with him, if they could be obtained, to the sick chamber; and they formed the only badge of mourning he ever wore for the dead. He frequently fastened his horse to a tree by the roadside, as he was journeying, and walked several rods to pluck what to

his eye looked like a newly-discovered blossom. We have now in our yard a treasured thornless rose, which he brought twenty miles in his own hands. After he commenced the ministry of his Master, he changed his residence several times: and I do not know that he ever made a new home, that some new shrub or tree was not carried to it, and nursed and watered by his own hands. I remember one instance in particular. We had moved into a strange parsonage, some time in the month of March. In the front yard there was not a shrub of any kind, with the exception of a June rose-bush. In the latter part of the following April, as I returned at night from school, my father was settling the earth about the roots of a large snowball-bush. In childish simplicity I asked, "How long shall we live here, father?" "I do not know," was the answer. And then I asked, "What makes you take the pains to plant this, then?" "One season of blossoms will repay us for my care and attention; and, when we are gone, it will remain for others to cherish. Always, my child, strive to leave something which those who come after you may love." He was wont to say that "flowers were like little children,— the smiles of God upon the earth."

Another companion of Edward's childhood was his sister Eunice. She was the oldest of the children, and, although so many years his senior, she was the only one of the brothers or sisters with whom he could be very familiar. In many respects their characters were similar, and this similarity was seen in his childhood. To her his spirit revealed itself more fearlessly, perhaps, than to his mother; she was more at home than the sister Mary, and had great sympathy in his childish sports. In her girlhood she was confined to her room from spring till winter with a slow, wasting disease, supposed to be, and which undoubtedly was, bronchitis. Through this sickness, as her little brother brought her the flowers fresh with the morning dew, or sat with her through the short summer twilight, or cheered her with his innocent, merry

singing through the lengthening evenings of autumn, she grew to think him almost a cherub from the spirit-world; and the love that had its birth with life gained a strength, through this season of happiness and trial, that future weal or woe could not in any way diminish. For this sister Edward cherished a tenderness he seldom knew for any human being,— an affection deeper and warmer than his heart owed toward any, save the wife and children that gathered about his own household altar.

It was not thought possible that Eunice could recover, and every whim and superstition was made use of, and talked about carelessly, without thought of its effect upon the mind of as young a child as Edward. Among the other "signs of the times," was a whip-poor-will, that came, every evening of the summer time, and sung beneath her window. It came unmolested at first; but soon Eunice noticed that the sweet bird could hardly begin his song, before Edward would drive him away. One day she asked him why he did so, and he answered, "Why, they say you 'll die if he comes here." His sister told him it was all folly; that she should live as long, perhaps longer, if the whip-poor-will came; she enjoyed his singing so much. "Will you get well, then?" he exclaimed. "I 'll go and get him for you every night."

He soon learned not to associate any sad or melancholy thoughts with the visit of the night-bird; but, one evening, after he had been sitting at his sister's feet, he went to his mother, who was by an open window, and, crossing his hands over her knees, looked steadily in her face, and asked,

"Mother, will Eunice die?"

It struck a tender chord in the good mother's heart, and she answered, sadly,

"I cannot tell thee, child."

"Mother," he continued, "if she dies, shall I see her again?"

"I think thy sister will go to heaven, Edward."

"Won't I go there too, mother? I want to go with her."

"Is thee a good boy, Edward? Does thee always do right?"

"I try to do right. I shall go with Eunice. Could n't God let me go, mother? You say he can do anything."

She evaded his question, but told him, if he would go to heaven with his sister, he must do thus and so. Among her other remarks, she said that everything was God's, for God had made everything. In the simplicity of his nature, he asked,

"If God made everything, what did he make it out of?"

According to her faith, she answered, "Out of nothing."

This was too much for his wisdom to comprehend; and, bursting into a laugh, he said, "O, mother, you don't mean it! God never made everything out of nothing."

He received a rebuke then for his wicked incredulity, but the writer of this remembers hearing his mother say to him, in his manhood, while a smile broke over her wrinkled face, "Well, Edward, has thee learned yet how God made everything out of nothing?"

The sister above alluded to recovered her health, and is yet living in Onondaga County, New York. But it cannot be long before she, too, will be called to join those she loves in the home above; for the snows of nearly seventy winters have fallen over her deep forehead, and her step is feeble upon the threshold of time. Should she live to read this poor record of her brother's life, she will find in it many a trifling event over which she laughed or wept in the buried long-ago. May it be to her a treasured gift, bringing her nearer the loved and blest!

When Edward was six years old, he was sent to school, a distance of two and a half miles. In the summer he could shorten this distance by going across the fields; and in fall and winter, when his father had leisure, he frequently carried him to and fro. But often, through the deep mud of a New York November, and the cold

snow-piles of a chilling winter, the little fellow made his way alone, with his books over the dinner in the basket hanging on his arm, his chubby hands covered with the thick, mother-knit mittens, and his feet protected by warm socks and heavy brogans. Wind and storm never kept him from school; and until he became old enough to assist his father, or it was thought best to send him from his early home, he was a constant attendant at school. He had learned to read well, and could spell some words, at home; though in the latter study he was never proficient. He would apply himself very closely to his lesson, after the teacher had given it out, and he learned easily; yet, after he had so mastered it that he could spell every word when pronounced by the little chum at his side, if he went into a class his face would be suffused with crimson blushes, his eyes would fill with tears, and all the letters of the alphabet were combined to spell one word.

In Geography he succeeded better; being a description of the earth's beauties, it came nearer his heart, and was his favorite study. He mastered it readily, and retained it in his memory. Arithmetic was a favorite study with him also, although he found it like hard labor. He was very fond of mathematics, and could equal any scholar in his class, by steady application. But it did not seem that nature had given him any remarkable "bump" for the science; for, though he could learn rules, he found difficulty in applying them. This was always so with him. It was a trait he never overcame. Through his whole life his mind was of that peculiar nature that he could not square it by the plummet and line; it would not be governed by rules, or be fettered long with creeds.

In his early school-days Grammar was taught but little. He did obtain, in his thirteenth year, a copy of "Murray;" but it was found that the scholars knew as much about it as the teacher, and consequently it was not very thoroughly studied.

In school Edward was not always quiet and obedient.

Not wilfully perverse, but a great fund of good humor could not be stifled all day, by threats or frowns; and if his feet could not dance over the floor, his merry thoughts would dance through his brain, and occasionally his hands kept time, to the great annoyance of his companions, in the way of fastening split goose-quills upon ears, or pinning some comical-looking picture upon the back of a boy's coat. But in all his roguishness he so managed that he was not severely punished; a "dunce-block" in the middle of the floor in winter, or a seat upon the stove in summer, or a slight feruling of the hand, was the severest infliction. His disposition was such, that if he became angry with a schoolfellow, chastisement was worse than useless; it only added fuel to the fire. But kindness, with time to overcome his impulses, always subdued him, and his genial good humor was again in all his conduct.

In the school above mentioned Edward remained through nearly all the winters, and many of the summers, from his sixth to his sixteenth year.

Another trait which early developed itself in Edward's character was a fondness for pets. He loved his dog, his colt, his cat, his flowers, with as deep a tenderness as many a human heart cherishes for its nearest friends; and when they were taken from him, he mourned for them with a grief that would not be comforted. Circumstances were such with his father that it was necessary for him to dispose of the cherished colt, when Edward was near fourteen. When it was first proposed to him, he would not hear a word of it; Gray was his, and he must not, no, he should not go. Upon further explanation of the necessity, he gave up opposition, but never consented to the sale; and when his father said, "Maybe I can get thee another one, some time, Edward," he replied, "Don't say that, father; it would n't be Gray." The colt, the darling pet, was sold from the green pastures and the warm stables, but he never left the heart of his young master.

This tenderness and attachment to pets strengthened through the whole of his life; it was not a mere fancy for his own gratification, but led him to render everything about him comfortable. He was as careful to make a bed for his dog as he was to go to his own pillow, even in his manhood; and when his daughter Laura Ann (when a "wee bit" of a child) owned a pet chicken that was in danger of freezing in the cold of a winter night (having escaped from its basket of flannels), he took it to his own pillow, and greeted her in the morning with, "Where do you think Tom is, this Lapland morning, my little girl?" And as she answered "freezed to deaf," he turned back the blanket, and revealed her "biddy-pet," nicely done up in flannels.

In Edward's childhood he exhibited traits of character so different from his brothers, that, though they loved him dearly as the youngling of the flock, they were sometimes inclined to consider him not quite as bright as themselves. His extreme sensitiveness they were wont to call folly; and his childish views of right and wrong they ridiculed. These remarks settled down heavily upon the heart of the boy; so heavily, that he believed himself a dunce, and had come to think the beautiful thoughts of his young mind were downright follies, to which other little boys were not addicted. About this time, a beautiful and intelligent Quakeress was visiting Mrs. Woolley; and at the dinner-table Edward had again been called very foolish. The lady was a great discerner of nature, particularly of children's natures, and she saw that the remark cut the heart of her little friend like a two-edged sword. After dinner, Mrs. Woolley said to her friend, "My little Edward is a very good boy, but he has such strange ways that I sometimes fear he will not make a very bright man."

Her friend looked earnestly at her, as she replied, "Lizzie, I am very sorry to hear thee say this, for Edward is the brightest and best of all thy children; if

thee lives to see him a man, thee will discover thy mistake."

This Friend was undoubtedly more lavish in her praise, for the purpose of encouraging the sensitive child, for Edward never considered himself superior to his brothers and sisters; but the effect of her words may be known from his own language. He says: "When I heard the reply of my mother's friend, I could not believe my own senses, and I looked up in amazement, for I thought she was ridiculing me; but her face was so calm and tender in expression, and she smiled so sweetly upon me, that I knew she must be in earnest. I ran out to my play, contented and happy; for I knew there was one being on the earth who could understand and sympathize with the high aspirations of my young but fettered spirit. I thought about it all the afternoon, and would ask myself if it were possible that this woman, whom my good mother thought almost an angel, could believe that I was not a 'dunce.' Why, I felt like going down upon my knees, and thanking God that he had given me so good a friend. Her words were, to my heart, like manna to fainting Israel; they were the 'good seed,' sown in the right season, which was to bring forth fruit an hundred-fold. And ever after I clung to her friendship, as a poor, trembling sinner might cling to a Saviour. I went often to her home, where she read, and talked, and sung to me; and from her lips I learned lessons of wisdom that enriched all my after life."

CHAPTER II.

HIS FATHER'S MISFORTUNES — HE STUDIES SHOEMAKING, INSTEAD OF LATIN AND LAW — HIS BROTHER'S FAMILY — EARLY POETRY — BREAKING INTO THE FAITH — PRIVATE STUDIES — SELF-CONQUEST.

DURING Edward's childhood his father met with adverse circumstances; and his great willingness to assist all who called for help, combined with other events, rendered his situation, as far as pecuniary matters were concerned, somewhat unpleasant. His second son, who had been extensively engaged in the droving business, was deprived of nearly all he possessed by a runaway partner, and came home to his father's house broken in purpose, and saddened in heart, bringing with him a wife, and several small children.

Mrs. Woolley had been very anxious to gratify Edward's desire for a more extensive education, and both herself and his father had hoped to obtain the money by which to accomplish it; but when he reached his sixteenth year the hope died out of the heart of his parents, and after a long consultation, and many days, and even weeks, of trial, they concluded it would be best for him to "go to a trade." The other two sons had done so, and were doing well; made respectable and influential men, and were satisfied with their business. "Why will not Edward do the same?" they asked each other. Alas! they did not know then "that one star differeth from another star in glory;" and that one heart may be filled to overflowing with joy by that which to another brings the deepest of sorrow, and bends into a wrong channel, or crushes completely, the energies which, if

rightly directed, might have built up joy and gladness in the earth. Edward's mother at first opposed the matter; "It will be such a disappointment to him!" she said.

"But it will be for his good, Lizzie," said the father. "Don't encourage him in foolish fancies, that never can be realized; thee upholds him too much in castle-building, Lizzie."

"Well, maybe I do; but, if I do, thee knows it is because I understand him better than thee does; and I do not know what is best for him to do; only I wish he could have his own way in the matter."

It was finally arranged that Edward should go with his brother Gideon, who for four years had been married, and extensively engaged in the shoe and finishing business, in Pleasant Valley. When the matter was made known to Edward, he was very much excited, and declared that "he could not, and, more than all that, he *would not* go. I mean to be a lawyer, father, if I can ever learn enough; and I can't go to the Valley!"

His father called his vehemence foolish, and laughed at his desire to study law. "Thy brother will do well by thee, and thee had better go," he said. But his persuasions were then of no avail; and Edward went to his mother for consolation and advice. She told him of the many conversations she had held with his father upon the subject, and how sorry she was to have it so. "But we cannot help thee much, Edward," she would say; "we are getting old, for thee is our youngest child, and now thee is almost a young man. Don't feel hard towards thy father and mother, for by and by thee will not have any to trouble thee; and then, Edward, thou will feel worse than thee does now. Do as we wish, and, perhaps, after thee has learned thy trade, thee can help thyself to more knowledge. Thy brother will be good to thee, and thee had better go."

Edward was subdued, but was not willing; great piles of law-books were before his eyes, and the wisdom he was to gather from the past was constantly in his mind.

Arrangements were made, however, with his brother, to school and clothe him, and they settled the matter by telling him that he did not know enough to do anything but make shoes; and he at last consented, saying to himself, "I must be a fool. I guess I may as well go."

After his willingness was made known, his clothes and his few books were packed, and all things made ready for his departure. His father was to take him in the morning, and that night there was but little sleep for Edward or his mother; they sat up until a late hour, and when they separated it was to dream waking dreams. The mother gave her son a world of advice, that was always treasured, and one of her most earnest requests he reduced to practice. It was this: "If thee would be a happy man, my boy, thee must not play cards."

The morning came; the wagon was before the door, the trunk deposited, and Edward ready for departure. Of this morning he says: "My feelings, upon leaving home, were indescribable; I was vexed at father, and did not feel right towards mother, for I thought she could have prevented my going, and I had determined to go away without bidding her good-by. After I got out of doors, however, my heart failed me, and I ran back; but before I could say good-by I burst into tears. As I was getting into the wagon, I looked up to see if father was not laughing at me; but his eyes were filled with tears too, and we rode to the Valley without a word. When we got to Gideon's I could not eat any dinner, and did not feel like talking. I carried my trunk up stairs, and then went to the shop. Before father left, he came and shook hands with me, and tried to say good-by; but his lips quivered, and (good old man!) his voice failed him. The next day I went to work; but I could not get much sleep for weeks, and mother and home haunted me continually. Somehow, it seemed as though I had just commenced the battle of life, and that for me

there was henceforth no home, and no more shelter from the storm."

When Mr. Woolley left Edward for his four years' apprenticeship, he supposed he had given him to a faithful guardian and a good home; and in many respects Edward's situation in his brother's family was very agreeable. His brother's wife was an estimable woman, and to her he became tenderly attached; for she bestowed upon him the same kindness and care that she gave her own children. The quiet and somewhat melancholy hue of her mind was a fine balance for his joyous, gleeful nature; and he found her a wise and instructive friend. He always remembered her affectionately and gratefully, and spoke of her as reverentially as he did of his own mother.

His little nephew and nieces were special objects of his regard, and one of the little girls became his constant companion. She was a timid, sensitive, but affectionate child, of about three years; and her love for her uncle Edward became the governing principle of her little being. If he was busy in the house, or about the yard, she was ever at his side; and when he went to the shop her little feet were pattering behind him. She would remain in the work-room all day, like a cherub sent from God to brighten the weary hearts of the workers; and when she grew sleepy Edward made her a bed of coats, and the voices of the busy youths were hushed while she slept. At meal-time she was carried in her uncle's arms, and at night she would leave her crib, and creep up stairs, through the dark, to his bedside, and, putting her hand on his face, wake him from his slumber with, "Untle Edard, Untle Edard, Lolly 's tum!" To the heart of the homesick youth, the sweet, joyous spirit, and clinging affection, of this beautiful child, were like a clear, bright burst of sunshine, or the free, sudden gush of bird-music, to the benighted wanderer in a darkened wilderness; making greater his hope, and lighter his feet, in the pebble-strewn path he was treading.

In an old Place-Book, his companion in the work-shop, I find the following lines addressed to this little niece. They bear the date of "Pleasant Valley, September 28th, 1820," and are crude and unfinished; but, as I wish to give as clear an impression of his mind as is possible, I will transcribe them.

LINES

TO LITTLE LAURA ANN.

Lightly upon the broad old earth the shades of evening lie,
And brighter than a monarch's gold the clear stars gem the sky;
The fresh, young winds of autumn time with the falling brown leaves play,
And for me, in her distant home, my gentle mother prays;
While, like that mother's blessing, steals a calm joy through my breast,
Upon the pleasant, quiet eve of this precious day of rest.

But often, in my weary toil, dark, saddened hours I know;
And life seems all too long and drear, Time's sands fall out so slow.
And yet, I have one blessing here, that never can depart,
That like a rich, pressed flow'ret, lies in the deep folds of my heart;
White cherub arms are round my neck— bright cherub smiles I see,
And childish tones of tenderness are daily breathed to me.

God's richest blessings, little niece, be on thy sinless head,
And green and bright the untried paths thy feet have yet to tread!
But if upon thy earthly way rude blasts must coldly blow,
And careless fingers pluck the buds that in Hope's garden grow,
Then may some cherub's tenderness be to that heart of thine
What thou, in thy sweet innocence, hast ever been to mine!

Edward's loneliness was cheered by frequent visits from his father, and sometimes his mother's quiet, happy face would peep in at the shop-door when least expected; and, if she could not accompany the father, she always sent by him some token of her affection. There were, also, Saturday afternoons, when his labor could be dispensed with towards night-fall, and he was allowed to go home and stay until Sunday night. These visits home were precious holidays to him,— his only rest from weariness and toil. Upon his return, he always bore

with him new socks, mittens, shirts, pocket-handkerchiefs, neck-cloths, or some needed article of clothing, his mother's busy hands had made. These trifling articles were, however, never worn, unless absolutely necessary; but were laid away, as cherished memorials of the kindness that prepared them.

Edward seems to have had what phrenologists term very large adhesiveness and inhabitiveness; for, amid the ceaseless din of his working-room, the home where his young years passed haunted his thoughts continually. The precious flowers, so seldom seen, were always before his eyes; and the clear music of the gliding streams forever in his ears. As Scott loved the bleak and barren highlands, so had his heart grown to the green hills and grass-clad valleys hard by the cot where his mother sang his lullaby.

I find this feeling very well expressed, for one of his early years and meagre opportunities, in a little poem, written some months after the one before introduced, and entitled

THE GREEN HILLS OF MY HOME.

A shade comes now o'er my youthful brow,
To think of the grass-clad hills,
Where the wild birds sing, and the young flowers spring,
By the side of the gushing rills.
O, often there, with no thought of care,
Did my young feet swiftly roam;
But never more may those feet tread o'er
The green hills of my home.

And yet at last, when life is past,
On those grassy hills I 'd lie;
Still they 'll make a bed for my weary head,
Far under a foreign sky.
But, though strange hands may till the lands
Where a wild, free boy I roamed,
Yet never may a rude foot stray
O'er the green hills of my home!

Edward's brother was not the wisest or gentlest of guardians; being so many years Edward's senior, and of

temperament and disposition so different, it is to be presumed that they could not perfectly understand each other. Gideon possessed great business talent; was easy in pecuniary circumstances; of gentlemanly and pleasing address; with pride enough for a nation of aristocrats. He possessed an unblemished moral character; was an influential member of a flourishing Presbyterian church, and, with something of the kingly in his manner and feelings, it was not surprising that he thought his young brother was making a man of himself quite too fast.

Edward, though devotional in his feelings, was gleeful and full of frolic; fond of song-singing and social gatherings (as his brother had been before he met with a "change of heart"); and Gideon considered it his duty to bend or break him to the faith.

Edward cherished a feeling of hardness towards this brother, through his youth; but in after life he would say, "I have now learned that God's ways are better than our ways, and I believe the treatment I received in Gideon's family was the best that could have been given me."

Edward's time was so constantly employed,—he was so ready at his work, so willing to wait upon the wife and children, so handy to run on errands, and, withal, he was such a necessary appendage to the house and shop,—that he found no time for school. And after he entered his brother's family, until the day he left, he did not pass a day in school.

His only time for study or reading was after nine o'clock at night; and he was always up at four in the morning. Thus, if he studied at all, it must be in those hours which he really needed for bodily rest.

But a mind so eager for improvement, a spirit so craving for knowledge, could not be idle, or sink into rest. Fetters and chains could not bind his power of invention; and nothing but deafness could prevent his gathering wisdom from the lips of those older and wiser than himself; only utter blindness could keep him from gleaning

knowledge from the printed page. And many nights, after "the boys" (as the apprentices were termed) had retired to rest, and the clock had told the hour of nine, he would put away his work, sweep up the dust and leather scattered about the room, and then bring out his books or papers, and devote one, two, or three hours to study or reading; while his friends or co-laborers, being more fortunate, or less desirous for information, were revelling in pleasant dreams. Edward had no money with which to purchase lights, and no means of earning them, unless he could mend a boot or a shoe for a friend, after the usual hours of labor had been given to his master; and his suggestive mind was sometimes nearly at a loss to see the way by which he might procure a light.

But necessity is the mother of invention. When the candles his mother sent him (which she always did after he had made known to her his wants, if opportunity presented) were gone, and he had no coppers with which to buy more, he burned a pine-knot, if he could procure it. At times, when the pine was not at hand, he would put some of the tallow or lard used about the shop into an old basin, and, after melting it, some of the cotton cloth that had been brought for the purpose of lining the fine shoes was cut into a small, square piece, and the centre tied around a large button; the covered button was then placed in the tallow, or whatever material he could find of that nature, and the four pointed ends, coming a little above the top of the basin, were lighted. The basin was then set upon a rude stand, that he had prepared out of rough boards; and behind that low stand, upholding that miserable light, sat the poor young night-student upon his shoe-bench, seeking as eagerly for knowledge as ever did the favored youth of fortune.

If he could not procure the knot or the materials for the basin-light in winter, there was another resource; — to make a glowing fire, and seat himself before it, at the expense of burning eyes and scarlet cheeks.

In this way he reviewed his early school studies, and obtained a very good knowledge of grammar. The newspapers his brother received were carried to the shop, and retained for night-reading, so that he kept himself well informed as to the general events of the day.

But his library was so small that many would consider it almost useless; not numbering over eight volumes, and these consisted of school-books, a copy of Burns' poems, translations from Seneca, and a small Bible. Of these few friends Edward thought, as the poor always do, tenderly and sacredly. The sometimes pensive, sometimes joyous verse of Burns, wore a peculiar charm to his young mind; and he turned to his pages as he would to the dearly-loved face of a cherished friend. He read him in all times and all seasons; but most when the sweet, young Spring came, with her flower-sandalled feet and softly-tinted skies. Dearly as he loved Burns, however, he loved Seneca more. His heart grew to him as naturally as the meandering stream winds its way to the outstretched arms of the ocean. He always carried the little book in his coat-pocket; and when he had worn off the lids he put on a leather cover, and thus preserved it till he was able to get it newly bound. This precious volume, with its old, worn-out second binding, now remains in my possession.

The Quakeress friend before mentioned, who gave the copy of Seneca to Edward, was undoubtedly wise enough to see that the cheerful, serene spirit of the great philosopher was what the young, ambitious boy required to lift his extremely sensitive spirit into an atmosphere where it would not so keenly feel the praises or reproaches of the world. And this it did for him. Here he learned that "what Providence has made necessary, human prudence should comply with cheerfully." And when his impulses were stirred, and he was ready to reply to an insult with a burst of indignation, Seneca taught him that "he is the great man that masters his

passion when he is stung himself, and pardons when he might destroy."

It made him no stoic; this little book gave him no cold, sceptical belief in "the gods," cultivated no feeling of selfishness or indifference, but told him beautifully and impressively how to make "*a short life a long one*," and called forth the trusting, patient greatness of his own nature. He never lost his interest in this philosopher, but always said of him, with Lactantius, "He that would know everything, let him read Seneca; the most lively describer of vices and manners, and the smartest reprehender of them."

The Bible Edward had been taught to read at his mother's knee, not as the *book* of all books,—the interpreter of nature, and a beautiful revelation of the never-failing love of the "All Father,"—ah, no! the precious world-worth faith which he taught his own little ones was not told to him as Bible truth, but it was another tale, with its bright and its *shady* side. Therefore, after he left home, he turned to the book, at first, more from home association than aught else; for it always brought to his mind the form of worshipping parents, and the sound of mother's fireside blessing. But he found in it more than he expected; the songs of David, and the poetry of Job, exceeded, in his opinion, anything of the same nature the world could produce; and to him, though not a professed religionist, the "New Testament" was alive with beauties as numerous and as lustrous as the myriads of stars that glistened in the night heavens above him.

But as yet he had never worked in the harness of creeds, or decided between different religious opinions; and the Bible taught him no *theology*, nothing but the child's faith of love and joyousness. It needed the trial of darker theories, and the tempest and sunshine of life, to deepen it into the Christian's faith, against which the winds might blow, and the floods vainly beat.

In point of industry Edward could not be excelled;

even his exacting guardian could not but admit this. Though he was eminently social in his feelings, and happiest in the presence of his friends,—though he was capable of appreciating the worth of intelligent society, and delighted in merry conversations,—yet he never idled away his master's time. What if his eyes dimmed, and his cheeks paled, from want of sleep, and God's free air? What if his iron constitution was breaking, and his nerves, that were like wires of steel, were quivering beneath excessive labor? He knew his post of duty, and would stand manfully to it while he remained. If he employed a moment's time with the results of which to supply his own wants, it was taken from his night-hours of study. A little "job" he had done one night, for which he had been paid two shillings; with this he had purchased an inkstand. To him it was a choice treasure, for he had long felt the need of it; and he rejoiced over it as a little boy laughs over a newly-purchased toy. Now he could commit his thoughts to paper, and endeavor to improve his poor penmanship. He always kept it in the bench-drawer, which was generally locked; but one day, as the drawer was open, little "Jake," a wild, impetuous nephew, came into the shop, and, espying the inkstand, it was in his hands in an instant. His uncle told him to put it down, and essayed to take it from his hands; but the rogue ran for the door, when his uncle told him to come back, or he should punish him. The boy turned, and threw the inkstand upon the floor, and broke it. The hot blood of anger mounted to Edward's forehead, and hard words were upon his lips, and hard blows about to follow them, when "he that governeth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city" came to his mind, and he allowed the offender to depart without chastisement. The warm blood flowed back from his temples, and coursed cooler through its natural channels; his heart beat less wildly, but a tear sprang to his eyes as he looked where lay the treasured inkstand, broken into fragments, and the black fluid

straying over the floor. At that moment his brother came in, and, with no chiding for the roguish boy, commanded Edward to wash up the ink. This was a word too much; Edward rose slowly from his seat, put his hat on his head, and, without a word to his brother, went into the open air. It was a trifle, the breaking of an inkstand; a trifle that need to have worried only a poor, young boy; but it stirred the feelings of Edward so much, that it required a great effort to control himself. But it was an effort that paid well — an era in his young life. When reverting to it, he would say, "None but God and myself can know how I rejoiced that I kept the fire in my own heart, and did not allow it to scorch and burn those who were near to me. Since then I have not found it difficult to restrain my anger; and many times, when I have burned like glowing lava within, beneath a gross, bitter insult, I have been able to wear a cheerful face and quiet air, till the flame smouldered to ashes in my heart."

After all, it is folly, this returning frown with frown, and hard words with the same artillery; for those we love, and who love us, do not mean to injure us half as much as we believe, or they would have us think. It is better always to remember that "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

CHAPTER III.

ENTERS A COUNTRY LYCEUM — HIS FIRST SPEECH — BOOKS AND STUDIES — JOINS THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH — GOES TO POUGHKEEPSIE — FIRST UNIVERSALIST FRIEND — ANOTHER FEMALE FRIEND — PREJUDICE AGAINST UNIVERSALISM — MORE POETRY.

DURING the winter of Edward's eighteenth year, a lyceum was formed in the valley where he labored. His brother was one of the most eloquent speakers; and the pastor, trustees and deacons, of the Presbyterian church, were also among the members.

The older speakers made very commendable efforts to call forth and encourage the talent of the young men in the surrounding society; and in particular did they solicit the membership of the sensitive and diffident.

Edward had been very strongly urged, one evening, to take the floor, and had partially consented to do so when the speaker who was then up should be seated; but a trifling circumstance caused him to change his mind. The speaker tried to remember the situation of a particular country in Asia, and appealed to the hearers to assist him; and a vain, superficial youth, who boasted considerably of scholarship and "great advantages," answered that he thought "it was somewhere in Europe." This excited the mirth of another member so much that he replied, "It was not in Europe, but it might be straying around Africa somewhere." It was all in vain that they tried to get a word from Edward's lips that night. "I will keep still," he said to himself, "before I render myself as ridiculous as my young friend has."

The members, however, many of them, had concluded

"there was something in the great head of that tall, bashful boy," and were determined to get it out. After Edward left the house that night, they formed a conclave, and requested Elder Clark, the cherished and faithful friend of Edward, to go to him and persuade him not to hide his light under a bushel. The old pastor joyously consented to the proposal; and the next day, while Edward was alone at his work, who should appear, with his ever-welcome smile, but "good Father Clark," as Edward tenderly called him.

Without much ceremony the pastor related his mission, and said, "They sent me, Edward, because we were on terms of friendship, and they thought I could not fail to win your consent to speak at our next meeting. You should not be foolish, my young friend. It is for your good that I urge you; and, if you neglect this opportunity, you will certainly regret it; for you will not always make shoes. Come, make an effort now, while you have help."

Edward's heart was filled with thankfulness for such sincere friendship; for he well knew the good clergyman could have no motive but that of his benefit. But it did not quite satisfy him that it was best for him to expose his young thoughts to public criticism; and he answered, in a doubting tone, "I cannot but believe in your sincerity, Father Clark; for I have tried your kindness in too many ways. But it does not follow that I must render myself ridiculous, because you urge me to speak. Such a remark as that fellow made in the presence of you all last night I would not be guilty of for any sum."

"It had been better for him if he had been quiet; but it were better for you to speak. Don't pretend to think yourself a fool, Edward; you know it would be false in me to call you so."

"I make no such pretension. But, really, I do not see how one of my youth and opportunities can say anything to interest old men, who have read, and thought, and wrote, years before I was born."

"We do not expect much that is new from you. Old men — good old men — are always interested in seeing the young improve. In this way you will interest us. And you must have some thoughts beside your own; or of what service have been the numerous books you have taken from my library for months past? And why is a light seen burning in this room, for weeks and months, long after midnight?"

"It is true, I have thoughts,— many thoughts, perhaps,— who has not? Yet, if I were to arise in your meeting, the self-possession I have would give way to my natural diffidence, and I should make a total failure. I might stand on my feet long enough to say 'Mr. Chairman.' Would that answer, Father Clark?"

"Far better than nothing. Yes, 'Mr. Chairman' will make a very good beginning. Many a youth has first stopped there in the beginning of speech-making, and afterwards controlled large audiences. If you fail, you have only to try again. It will start your courage, too, and then the great obstacle is removed. You should not be so afraid of a laugh, Edward. A good share of timidity is becoming in the young; but too much is worse than none. Let me hear you say 'yes,' and I will go home satisfied."

"Here it is, Father Clark. I'll *try;* and if I make a failure, put me down a great man after that."

Edward remembered his promise, and made all the preparation he could over his hammer and shoes; and though he did wish sincerely for his brother's help, he was too diffident to ask for it, and it was not offered. His sleep was haunted with lyceum-rooms, speakers, hearers, and all the unpleasantness of his imagined situation. At length the fearful evening came; and, just before proceeding to the place of meeting, Edward was asked, "You are going to try your luck to-night, Ned?" "I gave Father Clark a promise to that effect," was the answer, "and I think Gideon had better stay at home."

"O, that were too much, for him to lose your maiden speech!"

Edward felt the sarcasm keenly; and somehow there was a choking sensation in his throat, and the brown fringe of his eyelids was damp with something like tear-drops. He was called a girl for this exhibition of feeling, and laughed at for being so unmanly. This pun was frequently given him. Even in his manhood, his friends would rally him with, "Ah, brother Woolley, you are a woman!" And "he sheds tears as easily as a woman," was always true of him. The delicate, ethereal fancies; the refinement and purity of feeling; the holiness and exaltation of thought; the depth and sacredness of affection; the love of flowers, and great attachment to home and household, that constitute the truly feminine nature, were conspicuous and governing traits in his character, and fitted him better for the quiet, heavenly beauties that cluster around the home and fireside, than for the rough and jostle of a man's life. To be called a woman was as high a compliment as he could receive; and as such he learned to feel it, although in youth he might have blushed at it, as boys sometimes do.

The members of the lyceum gathered in their respective places, and the kind, fatherly-toned voice of good Parson Clark called Edward to the floor. There was a moment's pause, and then the tall, slender youth rose in his seat, and, clasping his hands, made a slow movement forward of the head, and said, in tones just above a whisper, "Mr. Chairman." Then he cleared his throat, clasped his hands tighter together, looked about the room till the faces were all one confused mass, and then sat down, with the faintness of death over his soul.

But he lived through and after it; and would say of it, "It was a wonderful effort, and a wonderful result, too! For, the next evening, I tried again, and spoke about five minutes; and they said I did very well. It did not hurt me much, either! And the third evening I made another trial, when they cheered me with 'bravo!' And so I

kept on. And Father Clark looked as delighted as a little boy with a new top."

The trial was over,— the Rubicon safely passed,— and probably Edward's diffidence was never put to another so severe a test, except in preaching his first sermon; an account of which we shall give, by and by.

It would be inferred, from Edward's description of the Rev. Mr. Clark, that he was a most excellent man, a faithful and sincere follower of his Master. A man who could call forth so strong and lasting an attachment in the hearts of the young was undoubtedly capable of deep, devoted and wise friendships. Edward's industry, combined with his close application to books, and eager desire for knowledge, first won the pastor's attention; and after their acquaintance began the young boy's facilities for improvement were much increased. Mr. Clark had an extensive and valuable library, which was at the service of his young friend; and he was always ready with a word of explanation, or a little good advice, if he thought necessary. Withal, he was not very puritanical; not as much so as many of his hearers. A novel did not frighten him, and Shakspeare he did not consider quite a monster.

Edward had borrowed a copy of the "Scottish Chiefs," and having taken it one night to his chamber, had carelessly left it where his brother's wife found it as she was arranging the room. She considered it her duty to reprimand him for his wickedness, and that, too, in the presence of their minister, who was with them at tea. As they were seated at the table, she asked Edward where he obtained the work referred to; and when he answered, she replied that she thought he might pass his time more usefully, and appealed to the pastor to sustain her opinion.

"I would not give a book like that to every youth," he replied; "but there is not much danger of injuring Edward in this way, if he will use his natural sense. I believe some light reading is many times an advantage to me.

It is to the mind of the hard thinker what light sewing is to your fingers after tiresome labor; I would not approve of it always, but in this instance I do not deem it very bad."

Edward never received another reprimand from the lips of his good sister for novel-reading; for he had the authority and countenance of the presiding minister,—was not that sufficient?

Situated as Edward was, with no one to select his reading matter, and no wise friend to give him that which was best adapted to his peculiar nature, it is to be supposed that he was not over careful, at all times, in the selections he made. He had such an intense desire for reading, that all the books and papers which fell in his way were eagerly devoured. Yet, on the whole, he never regretted it. Sometimes, when speaking of this period of his life, he would say, "If I could have had this book then, it might have been a great advantage to me, but it is all right as it is; the books I read were no injury to me, for they cultivated my taste for reading, so that when I found those which were really beneficial, and knew enough to appreciate them, they were not dry or dull to me. I would have the young read. If they can get good books, it is better; but many a good word is sometimes found amid evil surroundings, and a work that is light and trifling will not harm, more than it does good, one who has common sense. If a child has not this ingredient in its composition, it will find harm somewhere, even though all the good books in Christendom were given it. Give books to the young, in order to cultivate a love of reading; and then, when the dark days come,— when there is no pleasure-making or party-going,— when there is no scene of festivity for the youth, and no ball-dress to be worn by the maiden, but for one remains the toil and fever of life, and for the other the loneliness of the sick chamber, or the multiplied cares and duties that gather in the charge of the household,— there will come, in place of the pleasures

that are gone, a happiness that never cloys, and a joy like the brightness of the morning to gild the pathway to the tomb."

It has before been seen that Edward's parents were orthodox Quakers; the mother, in particular, a zealous, devoted believer in the religion she professed, and constantly striving to produce the same heartfelt belief in the minds of her children. I am not aware, however, that any of the family in early life became professed religionists, except the elder sister, the brother with whom Edward labored, and Edward himself.

Although Edward supposed the principles his mother taught him must be true, his mind was not sufficiently exercised upon the subject, previous to leaving home, to form any definite opinion; and after he entered his brother's family he listened, with the rest, to family prayers, and attended church services upon the Sabbath. But religion, as a subject by itself, did not trouble him much; his mind was not intent upon theological tenets, and his heart rested easy in its loves and its hopes, until the winter after his eighteenth birthday, when there was a thorough "revival" in the Presbyterian church, conducted by the good Father Clark (as his young friends called him), who was aided by ministering brethren from abroad. As Edward was upon such friendly terms with the pastor, it was natural that the good man should feel a sincere interest in his spiritual welfare. Edward was also an influential companion among the young, and it was thought by the zealous members that if his heart could be secured in the excitement, there would be little difficulty with the others. No effort was spared to render his conversion sure; the Bible was read and explained to him, and warm, thrilling prayers were breathed for him in the church, by the firesides, and in his work-room. At last he was thoroughly roused, and went, heart and soul, into the work; he became a conscientious believer in the Presbyterian catechism and creed, and was himself as zealous in the work of saving men's souls

as the most enthusiastic divine. He never did things by halves; and after he became excited upon the subject of religion, and united with the church, he would admit no doubts, and no queries. After a while this intense interest wore away, and, unless in times of religious excitement, he said but little about his belief, and seldom intruded upon the opinions of others. He always took it for granted, however, that the friends he was with were of *the* faith, unless something was said to the contrary.

From this church Edward was never excluded, to his knowledge; and he would frequently remark that "he was a member, in good standing, of as worthy a Presbyterian church as the land could boast."

He always remembered with pleasure his early friend and pastor, and the members who gathered with him around the table of communion.

Of his conversion he remarks: "Our good mother always taught us to do right, and her own example was sufficient teaching, without any precept; for in my life I never knew her to sacrifice principle to feeling; no matter how earnest her desires, they always yielded to duty. But she never taught us that doing right would save us from the eternal wrath of God, unless we repented, and put on the cloak of religion. Night and day did she beseech her heavenly Father to lead me, her youngest child, through the green pastures and by the still waters of his saving grace; and no words can describe the abundance of her joy when she found that I had forsaken the evil ways of the world, and become one of the fold of the great Shepherd."

Soon after Edward's conversion, he removed, with his brother, to Poughkeepsie. It was a great change from the quiet, beautiful valley where he had so long resided, to the flourishing business town on the banks of the deep-rolling Hudson. But the change brought with it many important and desirable advantages. Here his love for the grand and sublime in natural scenery was more extensively gratified; he saw more of the hurry and jostle

of business life, and learned much of the manners and customs of promiscuous society. Although he had but few hours of leisure, yet he formed a large circle of acquaintances, and gained many wisely-chosen and long-remembered friends.

The military from West Point were frequently there on parade, and Edward thought some of the finest specimens of manliness he had ever seen were among the West Point cadets. They were always accompanied with an excellent band of music; and to one so enthusiastically fond of the soul-science, and possessing so much talent for it, as Edward, this was an appreciated blessing. "Many a time," he says, "has a clear, shrill note of music started me from my slumber at midnight, and I have sprung from my bed, exclaiming, in tones of gladness, 'The band from West Point!' and, without fear of cold, have sat for hours at the open window, entranced with the bugle strains that floated through the clear, frosty, winter night-air."

The leader of the band at that time was an exquisite singer, and often, when the sounds of the many instruments were hushed, before the window of some dwelling he breathed a rich, plaintive strain, that would stir the hearts of those who listened. With him Edward became somewhat acquainted, and learned of him some beautiful military airs, and one sweet song, that he never forgot. Those who have heard him sing it will better love now to remember how melodious were the tones of his soul-stirring voice, as he repeated the chorus,—

"And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away."

This winter a Mr. Little came from Philadelphia to Poughkeepsie, to teach the art of penmanship. Edward was very anxious to attend his schools, but could devote only an hour for instruction in the latter part of each evening. He was so ready with the pen, however, that he soon learned to proficiency the most difficult style

of writing taught by Mr. Little. Edward's frank, cordial manner, and uprightness of character, completely won the heart of Mr. Little; and, after a few weeks of acquaintance, so strong an intimacy grew up between them that the teacher made of the pupil a trusted heart-friend.

When his schools in Poughkeepsie closed, Mr. Little considered Edward every way qualified for a successful teacher, and proposed to him that they should journey together through the winter, dividing the results of their labor equally between them. To Edward this seemed something like escaping from servitude; but how to break the chains that bound him, without too much confusion in the unlinking, was not very plain to him. He had inherited much of his father's love of peace, and even in his youth dreaded the frown, or the harsh word. He returned to his father's house for counsel. The father said, "Thee owes Gideon but one year more; methinks thee had better go back and serve it, and then thee can leave without trouble. Still, if thee goes, thee shall take with thee thy old father's blessing, Edward."

The mother gave no advice, but said, "What is justice to one can never be harm to another. Do that which thee thinks is right, my son, and when God is with thee who can be against thee?"

"I think I shall go with Mr. Little," answered Edward, as he left the paternal hearth. He returned to Poughkeepsie, arranged matters with his brother, packed his small wardrobe and few books (somewhat increased in numbers since we last saw them), and, with a softly-breathed farewell to the family circle, left, with a wildly-beating heart, the three years' home. And, however much in opinion he and his brother might have differed, yet around that brother and his household treasures clustered the evergreen tendrils of an affection no time nor distance could undo; and nothing in life gladdened his warm, true heart more than to hear of the well-doing

of every being who sat with him by the bright light of that far-away fireside.

With his newly-found friend he departed from Poughkeepsie, and, happy in each other's society, and as successful as they could wish in teaching, they journeyed together through many counties of eastern New York. They engaged an assistant, and towards spring the three tarried for a few days in a secluded, beautiful inland village. Mr. Little had formed a class in the eastern extremity of the village. Edward and the young assistant remained in charge of pupils in the central part, but they all gathered for the night in the hospitable mansion of Mr. Wood, under whose roof Edward and the young friend received their scholars.

Residing with Mr. Wood was his sister, a maiden lady of nearly fifty years. But, though thus far on the down-hill of life, she retained a fair, unwrinkled brow, a soft tinge of brown upon her hair, and the rose-hue of health upon her cheek; while about her manner was the freshness and grace of youth. "It was the warm, pure heart, and unsullied soul," said Edward, years after, "that kept her young." A woman of superior natural abilities, and possessing great information, she, nevertheless, had a desire to become one of the writing scholars.

But the assistant, though of good scholarship,—wearing the finest of cloth, sporting a gold-headed cane, and boasting an abundance of sweetly perfumed curls,—found no favor in her opinion. The timid, beardless Edward, in his threadbare garb, was, in her estimation, far more worthy of her companionship; and she insisted that he should teach her. Edward, to use his own words, "was afraid of her; she knew too much;" and he begged her to go to his friend.

"It were useless to throw pearls in his way," she would reply. "But your face tells no falsehood. You can understand and reduce to practice all the truth you can hear; and I intend to teach you much. You are just upon the threshold of life: its bright and shady ways

lie before you all untried. I have trodden the paths all along, and know where the flowers grow and where the thistles are. Your mother and sisters, if you have any, are far away; and what these have been to you, I shall be. Be my teacher now; before this school is over, you will learn from my lips truths that you will never regret. I know you will; for you will understand that my friendship for you is a healthy, happy feeling, that seeks to do you good. I see your weak points of character plainer than your own mother could; for I look with stranger eyes. I see, too, that you will pay back three-fold what I teach you to a needy world."

Edward consented to take her in his class; but he always felt like an awkward boy in her presence, notwithstanding he felt for her an attachment nearly equal to that he cherished for his elder sister or mother. She was of the same religious belief, and very anxious to obey, as far as she could, the principles of her faith; scrupulous in the extreme about Sabbath church-going, and very frank to correct whatever fault she discovered in the character of her young friend.

One fault, in particular, she chid him for. He occasionally uttered, not a profane, but a rough word; and as she heard him, she said, very pleasantly, "Some other word would sound more gentlemanly. No apologies, my friend, but never allow yourself to descend to that degrading habit of rough conversation. You may be satisfied that 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Yet it may be well for you, as you mingle with various classes of society, to watch your lips well, lest you gather a roughness to your words of which you would be ashamed in the presence of the good and wise."

It was, undoubtedly, the monitions of this early and wise friend which first led Edward to that notice of, and regard for, the grace and beauty of language, which always characterized his conversation. Her instructions he remembered sacredly; and remembered her as a high,

pure star seen in his youthful sky, the refulgence of which ever glistened along his earthly pathway.

This friend lived long enough to rejoice in Edward's happiness as a husband and father; but she was gathered with the sleepers in the beautiful village cemetery before she learned that he had changed his religious opinions, or become a messenger of the "Gospel of glad tidings."

After their winter's labor was over, Mr. Little proposed to Edward that he accompany him to Philadelphia. "There," he said, "I have a pleasant home, affectionate and happy children, and a wife who will bestow upon you a mother's kindness. You have superior talent, but you need development. Without assistance, your life will be one complete scene of toil and privation. With us, you shall receive all that you require, and need feel no dependence; for I shall require your services in such ways as will give us a very good remuneration, until you are able to recompense us more thoroughly."

This proposal was joyously consented to by Edward; and to his young, happy heart it seemed as though God could give him nothing more. Everything was in readiness for their departure, and as they sat by the bright fire-light on the evening before the morning on which they were to commence their journey, Mr. Little made a remark that conveyed some new ideas to Edward; and he asked him for an explanation. The explanation was more strange than all, and, while his blood grew still, Edward asked, "Are you a Universalist?" As the answer, "I am," came in clear, distinct tones, Edward started from his seat as though stung by a viper. His mother by the old home hearth-stone, his religion, his church, his friends, everything, everybody, had taught him that Universalism was the doctrine of the Prince of Evil,— the one great "wolf in sheep's clothing," seeking whom he might destroy. Like flashing lightning flew the dark thoughts through his mind. His dearly-loved friend, his benefactor, stood before him robbed of all his beauty, stripped of all his greatness,— a wary, artful deceiver, striving to lead him

along that fearful path from which there might be no returning. His heart was too full for utterance; and, in a faint voice, he said, "I cannot go to Philadelphia with you." In vain his friend appealed to his better feelings, — in vain he attempted to explain to him the "holy word." He could not, he dare not, listen. Mr. Little was much grieved at his resolution, and he said to Edward, "If you live thirty years, you will believe the truth I now advocate."

"May God in mercy prevent it, and save us both!" was the response. Tears, fresh from saddened hearts, filled the eyes of both, as they shook each other warmly by the hand, and their lips quivered with "the fond good-by." It was their last parting. May we not believe they have greeted each other with happy rejoicings in that eternal home, where there are no separations, and no tears?

Edward's description of Mr. Little was beautiful in the extreme. I will give it in his own words. "He was between forty-five and fifty years of age, and not very robust. He had a heavy forehead, shaded by thick masses of hair, as black and glistening as the raven's wing; a large, soft, soul-full, black eye, and an angel's smile hovered around his lips. His whole air and manner bespoke the good man and the polished gentleman. He was one of the few whom God gives us upon the earth to do good and to make others happy. And, had I not been purblind by bigotry and ignorance, I could not but have seen the sweet, heavenly spirit that shone through all his conduct. But so it is. Those nearest us know little of our most sacred feelings, or holiest resolves. Summer and winter may we dwell with a friend,—ay, for thirty years may we go out and come in over the same threshold,— and yet, what do we know of each other? So has it always been; and so, perchance, it always will be. For

"The page that to a child
Were written legibly, is by the wise

Mistaken ; and they will read it like an
Over-blotted leaf, and break the heart that
Wrote it."

Before this, however, Edward's sister Eunice had married, and removed to the town of Cazenovia, Madison County, in central New York. His brother James was also married, and doing a profitable business in Nelson Flats, a few miles east of Cazenovia. They had both frequently urged Edward to come "West," as it was then called; and, after he concluded not to accompany Mr. Little, he resolved to visit them, and, if the country and life pleased him, to return no more to the land of his fathers.

In the old time-worn Place-Book before mentioned I find a poem dedicated to a friend, and written a few days before his departure from the home where his parents dwelt. It breathes the same deep affectionateness of the two little poems already introduced, but has a darker, sadder vein breaking through it. He had grown a few years older,— had tried the harder ways of the world,— and the heavy cloud of his religious belief cast its shadows over the brightest prospects of life, and deepened to a midnight blackness its hours of sorrow and trial. I give the verses insertion to show more fully than I otherwise could his state of mind at the time when they were written.

BY-GONE DAYS.

TO A FRIEND.

In days that now are past and gone,
And will come back no more,
We mingled oft, in harmless play,
Beside my father's door.

Then we could laugh, and be as gay
As birds upon the wing ;
As brisk and harmless, too, as they,
When welcoming the spring.

Our boyish hearts knew not the snares
With which this life abounds;
Each prospect then looked bright and fair,
The spacious world around.

We mingled with the giddy throng,
We joined the merry dance;
But, ah! how soon it fled along,
To claim fond memory's glance!

For days and weeks too quickly passed,
As we to stature grew;
And coming years taught us, at last,
That life brought crosses too!

And now how on my spirit falls
A cloud of darkest woe!
In vain for peace my sad heart calls,—
There is no peace below.

But may God give us, in that day
When from the dust we rise,
A peace no grief shall take away,
Beyond the starry skies!

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEYS TO CENTRAL NEW YORK — WORKS AT SHOEMAKING IN NELSON — BETTER BE "BABY" THAN "GAMBLER" — SPIRIT INFLUENCES — STUDIES POETRY — HOME, AND AT SCHOOL AGAIN — VENERABLE TEACHER AND UNIVERSALIST — FINAL LEAVE OF SCHOOL AND HOME — RETURN TO NELSON, NEW YORK.

In the spring of 1823 Edward left the "green hills of his home," and all the fond associations of childhood and youth, and journeyed to Madison County, New York. The mode of travel was not then by canal or railroad; and a night-ride in early spring (one of New York's early springs!) over a muddy road, in an open box-wagon, drawn by only two horses, was not as agreeable, one might well suppose, as a swift ride in a steam-drawn, flying car, or a smooth glide-along over clear canal water, winding by shady nooks or vine-covered cottages. Soon tiring of this way of journeying, the strong-hearted youth concluded to try his ability for walking. Finding that it did not injure him, he performed most of this (then considered great) journey on foot. In his way, although thus early in the year, he found much natural scenery to delight him, and also in the strange conversation and manners of those whom he encountered much that started profound reflection. Believing in a great First Cause, as his views of life and nature enlarged by more extensive observation, his thought of his Creator obtained scope; and man, the created, shrivelled into an atom too minute to receive attention. Frequently would the question arise in his mind, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" Speaking of this journey, he says:

"I well remember, one day, that had been warmer and sunnier than any we had yet seen that spring, I had grown uncommonly tired towards night; and, as I came to a bridge across the road, under which a small stream ran, I bethought me to sit down and rest. I crossed the bridge, went around under one corner, and seated myself upon a large stone. I was not only tired, but hungry and thirsty; so I took my crackers from my pocket, dipped my hand in the stream for a draught of the clear liquid, and made out quite a refreshing supper. As I sat there, and the brook flowed by me, with its mellow murmur, I took a pebble in my hand, and, turning it over and over, queried in my mind as to how and why it was made: What power, what law, had gathered the various elements together, and formed that little pebble, with such cohesive force that it could not be destroyed? The answer would be, with many, 'Nature's Laws.' But who or what created 'Nature's Laws'? Were they self-created? — themselves creating all things? Or was their 'Maker and Builder' God? No other answer would satisfy me. And then came the query, Why had he made it? It was a trifle, to be sure; but life is made up of trifles. There it was when I came, there it would be when I departed,— enough, in and of itself, to puzzle the mind of the greatest philosopher the world would ever see. Close upon this thought followed another. The same power that formed that (to many) worthless pebble had also created the somewhat strange being known as E. M. Woolley; — had arranged the curious organization of nerve and muscle, of bone and sinew, of flesh and blood, and gave it the help of a living soul. And why, I asked, was it done? Why was this aspiring, unsatisfied spirit placed amid surrounding beauty, with the capacity of love, and hope, and happiness? Was it that, after the few short years of life were past, I might bask forever in the undying joys of a never-ending paradise, or that I should sink away to that fearful abyss from which there is no rescue? Then followed still

another query: If God had elected me, from the beginning, to salvation, what power could prevent it? If I was not thus chosen, would all my efforts change the decree of the Almighty?

"It was after sundown when I went out into the road again; but that little brook sung a song to my heart, and that wayside pebble taught a lesson to my mind, which remain with me to-day in all their pristine beauty."

The sincere friend whose presence he had lost was much in his mind through this journey. He had loved him with such strength and tenderness, had looked upon him as something so exalted and truthful, and his hopes and high aims had been so suddenly broken, that he could hardly make it a reality. And, ere he was aware of it, Mr. Little filled the old place of affection in his heart, and the last bitter parting was for the moment forgotten. And when it returned to his mind, he could not bring himself to think of his treasured instructor as a bad man, upon the brink of destruction. Why it must be so, he could not satisfactorily decide; and this undoubtedly led his mind to the reflections above mentioned. It was the first stepping-stone to a holier faith.

Edward accomplished his journey in good health, and was welcomed by his brother and sister with the heart-greetings which only those who have loved and parted can ever receive. After he had passed some weeks with his sister, he concluded to labor a while in the shop of his brother. This brother, James, had been some time in the new town of Nelson; was not long married, was pleasantly situated, with a prosperous business, and becoming quite popular in the town where he resided. Edward boarded in his family, and for his wife and children he formed an attachment that was fresh and green at the day of his death.

Once more upon his shoe-bench, with strap upon his knee and hammer in his hand, the youth, even in a strange land, was at home. And the happy joyousness of his sunny nature often burst the fetters of his creed,

and the gay, ringing songs of other days trembled on his lips.

Edward's time was now his own, and he had more opportunity for reading and conversation, and frequently an evening for the merry gatherings of those of his own age. He found his brother an intelligent and pleasant companion,—one always willing, as far as he himself was informed, to give him any instruction he might require.

He was now about twenty-one years old, of great manly beauty, and very winning in his manners, and also possessing charming conversational powers. This reminds me of the remarks of Rev. S. P. Skinner, editor of the *New Covenant*. A portion of them were applicable at this time. In his obituary of the subject of this biography Mr. Skinner says: "We were personally acquainted with brother Woolley, but his praise has long been in all our churches; and we have frequently heard him spoken of as uncommonly winning in his address, both in and out of the pulpit. Our ministry in Michigan has lost one of its most efficient members."

Edward won for himself, as he always did, many warm and enthusiastic friends, among both the old and young in the vicinity of this new home. The aged liked him for his attentive, respectful conduct towards them, while the sunlight of his own young heart cast gleams of brightness far away into the dimmest recesses of their own. With the young, his readiness to constitute another's happiness, and his great love of wit, made him a great and especial favorite. Social parties, dances, sleigh-rides — none of them were complete without his presence. And he also enjoyed all these exceedingly; though it was against the established rules of his church that he should attend some, if not all of them.

The young society in Nelson was at that time very gay, and many of the young people were fond of the wine-cup and the card-table. In truth, these two amuse-

ments constituted their great sources of pleasure. A party could not be conducted properly without them; for those were not the days of Washingtonianism or temperance laws.

Edward had been invited to join a social party, one evening, and as he opened the door of the parlor where the company were gathered, a large table, covered with packs of cards, numerous decanters of wine, and several glass goblets filled with the sparkling liquid, met his gaze. Immediately a chair was placed for him; white hands held a pack of cards for him to cut, and soft voices and bright eyes urged him to join their game. But he drew back, with, "This is, undoubtedly, all very pleasant for you; but for me it would be very disagreeable. My mother taught me, in my boyhood, that, if I would be a happy and a respectable man, I must not play cards. Thus far I have obeyed her instructions. I have never yet played a game of cards; and, God helping me, *I never will!*"

There was silence throughout the room; frowns were upon the faces of the fair, and from the lips of the gentlemen came a low hiss, and the words "A baby! — Tied to his mother's apron-strings!"— with the usual taunts uttered to laugh down such "nice ideas." But Edward had grown old enough and strong enough to hear them without the least feeling of indignation. With a laugh, he replied, "Yes, 'baby,' if you will. Better 'baby' than gambler. And if my good 'mother's apron-strings' are strong enough to hold me from such evil ways, God grant they may never break! Good-evening friends." — And he was gone.

In relating this incident, he would say: "I could not then determine what gave me such strength to bear the jeers of my companions. I could not have explained it to any one satisfactorily. And had I said that *it was my mother*, my most intimate friends would have laughed me to scorn, or considered me leagued with the Prince of Evil; so I hid the thought in my own breast. But, at all

events, it was to me a reality; for, the moment I saw that table, with its weight of cards and wine, my mother's hand was upon my head, her voice in my ear, and her calm, beautiful face as vividly before me as when we were together, mother and child, in the home of my boyhood. And I could as soon have taken my own life as to have complied with the request of my friends, and sat down with them to a game of cards!"

When he grew older, this partial belief in spiritual influences deepened into a beautiful and holy reality. He experienced, in his manhood, a firm, controlling faith in the influence of spirit over spirit, whether separated by the landmarks of earth, or the narrow barrier of the grass-grown grave. This faith with him descended into no foolish vagaries, but the loved who had gone before him brought to his sometimes burthened heart messages worthy of the angels, and ministrations "grand and silent as the stars." To him the sky, the air, the whole universe, were filled with the pure, sinless spirits of those who had gone away from the joys and sorrows of a lower life, to an "inheritance undefiled, full of glory, and which fadeth not away." And he was wont to attribute many of the beautiful ideas and sweetly-expressed thoughts of his own mind to the inspiration of the departed. Many times, when he would go into the pulpit but a mere shadow, compelled to lean upon the desk for support, he would preach the most masterly sermons — sermons which would hold the whole audience in breathless silence; and when the Amen was uttered, almost every hearer was ready to exclaim, with surprise, "Not yet!" Then he would enter his own home, and say, "I never preached to my people better than I did to-day. It seemed to me as though my inspiration came from above!"

Without the least superstition in nature,— not easily given to receiving new theories, but holding with a vice-like grasp to established opinions,— these things were nevertheless true and real to him. An idea of his views may be gathered more correctly, perhaps, from a letter

written by himself to a sincere friend in Herkimer County, New York, after our removal to Michigan. He writes:

"FONDLY-REMEMBERED FRIEND: Your kind and very welcome letter came to hand soon after date; and, as I read, no less than three heads were peeping over my shoulders, and each striving to out-do the other in reading the news from over Lake Erie. I need not say we gave it a cordial welcome, for of that fact you are all of you well aware.

"I don't know why it is, but there is that about a letter from an old friend which always warms my heart, and calls up thoughts and feelings that make me a happier and better man. It gives me the assurance that absence and distance cannot obliterate friendship; that, like the love of God (in some souls, at least), it

> 'Lives through all space, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent.'

"And yet, in almost every letter I receive from the 'father-land,' there is something which saddens, and, were it not for the God-given hope that looks beyond the coffin and the grave, would chill the heart within me. The *living* say to me, 'At such a time such an one *died*.' That one was my friend, and I loved him as one should ever love who dares wear the sacred name. He is dead! yes, he is dead! So says the letter. And where was I when his lips moved no more, and his spirit went home to its father, God? Alas! far, far away. Other ears than mine heard the last good-by, other eyes dimmed with tears to look upon the pallid face, and other hands pressed down the heavy eyelids, and arranged the winding-sheet. Still, methinks that death, instead of taking our friends from us, only gives them to us, with a better and dearer bond. Who can say that the disembodied spirits of the dead may not and do not come to us, and pour into our souls the flood-tide of consolation,

or lead the erring, blind mind of mortals from darkness into the noontide blaze of newly-discovered truths? Who, I ask, can say but that thought after thought drops from immortal lips into our minds, as naturally as rain-drops fall from the clouds upon the sunburnt earth?

"Whence come those pure, those lofty emotions, that thrill and pervade the whole soul of man? Whence come those beautiful and holy aspirations, those high and heavenly desires, that carry the spirit as on angels' wings to the Elysian fields of unfading glory? They come, and they come not without cause; and most sincerely do I believe that cause to be the better-instructed mind of our loved ones gone from earth."

Edward devoted many hours of this summer to the reading of Ancient History. He paid considerable attention to Grammar, and also became very much interested in Natural Philosophy. After he once commenced the latter study, it had for him a peculiar charm; and those who had heard him preach many times would discover his fondness for it in his manner of sermonizing.

Notwithstanding his strong attachment to his friends, and his enjoyment in merry society, he would turn from it all to the solitude of his work-room, and the companionship of his books and papers. He frequently carried a memorandum-book and pencil in his pocket, and as opportunity offered he noted down his thoughts. It was a common remark of his, "Always secure a good thought before it is on the wing; or otherwise you may lose a treasure forever." A pocket-dictionary was also his companion for years; and in this way he obtained a correct knowledge of words. He always kept ink, pens, scrap-book and paper, in his bench-drawer; and to him all the laurel-wreaths ever woven for mortal brows, all the gold-dust of the whole earth, bore no comparison to the worth of a well-cultivated and well-disciplined mind. I find a couple of little verses expressive of this sentiment, written this summer.

HAPPINESS.

How vain the thought, how vain the hope, of happiness below!
Delusive dream! This world cannot true happiness bestow.
The gilded hall, the towering dome, may charm the youthful eye,
But yet the mind by wisdom taught for other charms will sigh.

I pity those that for gold-dust will barter health and ease,
And lose the truthfulness of man their avarice to please;
Then be it mine, through coming years, to cultivate the mind,
For it will bring my heart a joy that leaves no sting behind!

When Edward went to Nelson, he was received as a member of a large Presbyterian church in that place. He sat with them at the table of communion, was leader of their choir, and a most zealous defender of their doctrines, and they looked upon him as a strong support in theological argument.

As fall approached, Edward began to be discontented with his labor. His desire for knowledge had become so intense, that he could not endure the thought of confining himself within the shop the coming winter. He was anxious to make some arrangement for attending school. He could now provide himself with comfortable clothes, plenty of books, and could pay his tuition, if he could find a place to labor, night and morning, for his board. There was no opportunity to do this in Nelson, and he returned to Poughkeepsie, to try and make some arrangement with his brother. In this he failed; and, as there was an excellent school in the old district near his home, he yielded to his parents' wishes, and went back to sit by the old fireside through the winter evenings.

With his feet once more upon his native hills,—with his faithful mother to attend to washing, ironing, mending and making,—with his father's joyful companionship, and the privilege of attending a good school,—it was not very wonderful that heaven came down to his youthful spirit. In speaking of his return, he says:

"Father was younger than I was, by several years, when I went home. He was so delighted, that I thought it would do him good to have a dance, and offered to call

in the fiddler! But he would only tell his stories faster, laugh the merrier, and say, 'Out upon thee, boy! Is thee not ashamed to make fun of thy old father?' It did him so much good to call me '*boy*'! I verily believe he thought it made him younger!

"Mother went about in her old way; but I could see a gleam of joy in her quiet eye, and once in a while her thin lips would part into a smile, in spite of herself. And as she was at her work, I could hear a broken sentence, like 'Come back — good boy — how glad I am!' The night before I was to go to school, she was up half the night, getting me a nice dinner; but in the morning breakfast was bright and early, and I off to school, with good things enough for my dinner to feed three or four *boys!*"

This was a happy season for Edward, not only in attending school, but also in the society and friendship of his teacher, a man over sixty years of age, who by some domestic trial had become separated from his family, and in the last days of his life roamed hither and thither as an itinerant school-teacher. He is worthy of notice here, if for nothing more than that he gave Edward's mind a more powerful bending towards the new faith he was so soon to embrace. But this was not all. Edward would say of him, "What he might have been once I could not tell, and it mattered not with me; he might have lived down follies, vices, even crimes. In truth, I think he had. It was so strange to my young views to see this white-haired old patriarch about the world, training the young idea, when he should have been in his arm-chair at home, tended by his children, and chatting with his 'old wife,' — it was a sight so strange, I say, that I watched him closely as my opportunity would allow, which was close indeed. And sometimes there was in his manner a loop-hole, through which I supposed I saw the hidden secret beyond. And, as I said before, I sometimes thought he had come up on to this broad platform of goodness and charity (for good he

was, and charitable too) through a way that was choked with weeds of vice and briers of sin. But what mattered it then? Paul was once Saul. I knew nothing then of the faith which looks for sure retribution; but I knew that this man, if he had been wicked before, was good now. A thousand times I was ready to ask the history of his life; but a mere allusion to it would send the blood from his face, till it was white as snow, and he would only answer, 'As you hope for happiness, Edward, never yield to a desire to do wrong! Take an old man's word for it,—without purity of heart, and honesty of purpose, there is no such thing as happiness in life. As sure as thunder follows lightning, so does punishment follow sin, to scathe and destroy! Believe me, for I speak that which I do know.'

"He often spoke tenderly of his wife and children, but never told me where they were. Of one thing I am satisfied, however,—if he hated and troubled them once, he loved them with all a father's deep, undying affection, then."

This teacher, though having numbered nearly his three-score and ten years, was young in heart and manner. He was as much a companion for the youthful and gay as for the old and sorrow-tried. As was customary, he "boarded around" with his scholars, and was oftentimes invited to their social parties, for his merry jokes and happy song-singing.

While boarding at Edward's father's, he, with his young friend, attended a party, one evening, where there was music and dancing. Among the dancers was a young Mr. E——, whose every movement was the impersonation of grace. Edward, who, though of fine form and pleasing address, was not a dancer, very much admired Mr. E——'s elegance of air and poetry of motion. Going home, he said to his teacher, "I wish I could dance as well as Mr. E——."

"While I am glad you cannot," was the somewhat rough response.

"Why are you so very sympathetic to-night?" asked Edward.

"Why am I? Because I am glad your brains are in your head, not in your heels. If you could dance as well as young Mr. E——, you would know nothing else. He has devoted his whole time to the art of dancing, and I 'll wager a 'twopenny bit' that he can't tell how a passive verb is formed, or give the boundary of his native state, even if he knows where that state is!"

"With his polished manner, I could not think him so ignorant as that," replied Edward.

"Ah, I see! It 's the *shine* that attracts your fancy, my young friend! Be careful that that is not the very rock upon which you wreck your bark of life."

"I hope there may be no danger, but I do confess to a love of ease and grace of manner in the old and in the young. There is much in the way of doing things; and certainly the diamond is of more worth after it receives its polish."

"All very true; but you had better take the utilitarian view of things a while; at least, until you have laid a sure foundation, a scaffolding that cannot break away. Then you will answer for the ornamental. Life has its rough edges, and you must prepare your hands and heart to handle them."

"I will try to encase my hands with steel, and my heart with a breast-plate that nothing can destroy; but I would like to twine the rugged thought with the green leaves and opening buds of imagination."

"This is a hard world for such resolutions; but keep them,—keep them as long as you can. May you keep them through all life; for there is a heaven where you may take them by and by, and where all our most precious thoughts of loveliness may be gratified."

It was a clear, moonlit winter's night; and, as they walked slowly up the well-beaten hill-path, the moonbeams lay in a golden net-work over the glistening snow-crust. The old gentleman, after a few moments of

silence, suddenly exclaimed, "It is almost a sin to tread upon these moonbeams at our feet. See how lovingly they creep around our way! Not around *our* footsteps alone, but, like the love of God, they are scattered, broadcast, as far as eye can see!"

"Yes, but, like the mercy of God, they will pass away," sadly replied Edward; "and I could never forget," he continued, "how steadily he looked at me as he answered,

"'God's mercy pass away! How? In what manner? Let me ask, Can he be love, and not be merciful?'

"'If he is merciful will he be just?' I inquired. He still kept his arms folded upon his breast, and, looking earnestly, even *sadly*, at me, said,

"'Can he be love, and not be just?' Then he put his hand on my shoulder, and, giving me a hearty shake, laughed, as he said, 'Ah, Edward! the great trouble with you is, you are so much better and wiser than your God is!'

"Before we entered the gate he took off his hat, and, when the moonlight enveloped his broad brow and silver hair with a flood of glory, I thought he looked like an embodied divinity. I did not get much sleep that night, for the words 'Can he be love, and not be merciful? Can he be love, and not be just?' rung in my ears.

"The next morning, as we were on our way to school, I asked him what the word *hell* meant in the Bible. He replied, very indifferently, 'Sometimes it means the grave, sometimes a place of fire. Englishmen sometimes say they are hellying over a house, when they are roofing it.'

"I think he was thus indifferent because he knew I would not take it in such high dudgeon; and he wished to call forth my cool, deliberate reason, and my quiet, better nature. And he succeeded admirably. I knew, or thought I knew, the night of our moonlit walk, that he was a Universalist; but I dare not ask the question. That question, and its answer, had once cost me the

wisest friend I had ever known, and for the mines of Golconda I would not ask it again. I determined not to be frightened, this time, till I felt the serpent's sting.

"Time sped on, and we were much together evenings, until the last day came. The scholars, and in particular the little urchins, were much attached to him. As they came to bid him good-by, each one had brought some token of remembrance. One brought a lock of hair, another a card, &c.; and a wee bit of a girl, not more than three years old, gave him her baby play-string of ivory rings. The old man took the givers, one by one, in his arms, and blessed them, and when he put them down his wrinkled cheek was wet with their tears. There was not a dry eye in our school-house but his, as he said, 'You think this a sorry day, my young and my little friends; but, if you live long, you will look back, and that perhaps with a smile, to this hour, that you should have wept over so slight a grief. To me you have been good scholars; to you I have striven to be a good teacher. Remember and obey the instructions I have given you, and you can bear all of life's joys quietly, all of its griefs patiently. And it only remains for me to say farewell, my children, till we all meet where there shall be no more parting.'

"He went home with me that night, and the circle, small though it was, that sat by my father's fireside, enjoyed an evening of happiness that was to be remembered sacredly. Mother charged me always to think of his teachings. How her good thoughts of him would have vanished, had she known his religion, though! The next morning I walked down to the foot of the hill with him, and there we parted. When he held my hand he said, 'This were, indeed, a sad parting, were it not for the hope of meeting there,' pointing to the sky. 'I have no thought of meeting you again on earth; for when my white hairs are beneath the valley dust you will be treading bravely in the march of life. But you will come to me at last (after a long and weary struggle,

perchance), in that heaven where God will gather a ransomed world.'

"His voice did not tremble, and his manner was not sorrowful, as he bade me good-by; and to my young and ardent feelings it seemed as though he was rather indifferent. But I know now that he had lived down joy and grief, and his soul was upon a plane so far above mine, that he could almost see the heaven he was so soon to enter.

"I have withheld the name of this revered friend and instructor, out of respect to the living. He did not go home to die, but was laid to rest in the valley churchyard, and one or more of his sons are now ministers of the gospel of universal salvation."

It was a peculiar trait in Edward's character, that he always became much attached to the aged. All his *choicest* heart-friends, all his *most* intimate companions, were chosen from a class many years older than himself. From them he gathered wisdom, to them he confided his thoughts and sincere opinions, with them he earnestly opposed what he believed erroneous in opinion, and from their lives and experience he strove to learn that which might save him from the rocks and quicksands scattered along his own life-journey. With all his great love of humor, and activity of temperament, he much preferred a conversation with an aged man or woman, who had "grown old gracefully," to an evening with the young and the gay. Speaking of this peculiarity, he would say, "I always felt thankful for the inclination I had to associate with those older than myself. My labor was such that I could give but little time to pleasure, and if I had spent it in the ball-room, the tavern, or the grocery, it would have probably given me habits of debauchery. As it was, if I had an hour to spare, I gave it to those of whom I could learn something, and then went to my books or my bed, and arose the next morning with brains right side up, and limbs that could carry me firmly to the work-shop. Many times I have thought

this very disposition might have saved me from the ruin which fell upon my young companions. Many of them, possessing far more brilliancy of talent and greater opportunity than myself, are now leading wretched lives, or filling unknown and unwept-over graves, far from the haunts of their early days."

This was Edward's last season in school; and, though he did not know it then, it proved to be his farewell visit to his native town. When the snow-mounds melted away, and the sky began to wear the look of approaching spring, he turned from the footpaths that wound across the valleys and the hill-sides, and his eyes rested, for the last time on earth, upon the playgrounds of his boyhood.

He returned to Nelson Flats, reëntered the shop of his brother, and became again an inmate of his brother's family.

CHAPTER V.

RESUMES JOURNEY-WORK — BUYS A HOME FOR PARENTS — RELIGIOUS EXERCISES — FATHER STACY AND HIS PROPHECY — CONVERSION — MARRIAGE AND HOUSEKEEPING — REMOVAL TO FATHER'S FARM — AGAIN IN NELSON — ILLNESS AND REPORTED RENUNCIATION — REV. JOHN FREEMAN — REMOVAL TO MUNNSVILLE — COMPELLED TO FINISH MR. FREEMAN'S SERMON — "NED CAN PREACH" — DEATH OF MR. FREEMAN.

AFTER his return to his labor, he was uncommonly industrious, and so saving that his young companions thought him almost penurious, and his older friends said, "He is certainly very saving, for a young man." Edward knew this did not tell well for his generous-heartedness; but he could bear it heroically, for he had a motive in doing thus,—a motive that was an honor to his head, and would yet give, when it was accomplished, a beautiful expression to the warm, ardent affection of his young heart. He was anxious to save the means, from the results of his labor, to purchase, in company with his brother-in-law, James Benedict, an excellent farm near the village of Cazenovia. And when he had accomplished it, his happiness may be known from the purpose for which he wanted it.

His parents were then on a lease farm in Duchess County, and how long they might remain there could not be told. They would, perhaps, live and die under the roof that then sheltered them; or in a few days or months they might be, with no home they could call theirs, sent to the domicils of their children. This newly-purchased farm was to be their home, their own home, till God should call them to the broader and better one in

that country where there are no leases given and no rents exacted, for it is an *inheritance.*

After the farm was paid for, and a good dwelling-house and barn built, the father and mother were removed. The old lady was yet able to do her own little house-work, and the father could see to many things out of doors. The joy they felt in being able to sit once more by their own hearth-stone,— one that would be theirs while they needed it,— can be better felt than expressed. The old gentleman was very much delighted. It pleased him; he said, "Yes, he liked it far better than he ever did his old home in Duchess." He liked it, good old man! Had it been in a wilderness, and not in the pleasant place it was, he would have thought it the pleasantest place in the great world; for had not the love and labor of his children provided it for them?

And Edward — what mattered it to him then that his pants had been worn thread-bare,— that his old coat was carefully brushed and hung away, only to be worn on the next Sabbath, because he could not, just then, afford a better one? What mattered it to him then that he was considered penurious, and, maybe, selfish? Were not his aged father and mother happy? Were they not beyond fear of want when their steps should grow slow and their limbs palsied with years? Ah! he had "cast his bread upon the waters, to find it again after many days." The love he had given his own father and mother was to be returned to him four-fold.

During the two years after his return to Nelson his mind was much engrossed with the subject of religion. His two most worthy friends had not been believers in his own faith; and, if this had not shaken his opinions, it had rendered him very thoughtful, and given him a strong desire for something more satisfying to his better nature. He thought of it by day, and pondered over it at night. His religion had become a frightful creature, that haunted his waking hours, and sat frowning by his pillow as he dreamed. And yet, how could he give it up? "Was it

not a truth?" He was one of those who could never believe a theory because he wished to. Before he embraced an opinion, he sifted and sounded it; he was sure there was around it a wall thick and firm as adamant, that could not be pierced by the arrows of his opponents. If he had been deceived once, he would try and not be so foolish again.

Soon after his return to Nelson, it was rumored that a Universalist clergyman, by the name of Goodwin, was to preach in the village. Notwithstanding his prejudices, Edward concluded to go and hear what could be said in favor of the strange doctrine. Of Mr. Goodwin he said, "Without possessing superior natural ability, and with little or no information, he yet interested me. I was pleased to see how ingeniously an illiterate man could argue. His ideas were all new to me, and he disturbed my faith considerably, but did not 'lay the axe at the root of the tree.' Nevertheless, I had plenty to think about, and I went home determined to go again, the next opportunity."

It was not long before this opportunity presented itself. The Rev. Nathaniel Stacy came occasionally to the Flats to preach, and I think he had done so while Edward was East. The first time Mr. Stacy preached in the village, after his return, in company with his brother he attended Mr. Stacy's meeting. Perhaps his remarks about this time may not be out of place here. He says: "Mr. Stacy was called a great man. My brother thought him the most talented preacher he had ever heard, and all the Orthodox who had heard him expressed the same opinion. I had, of course, made up my mind for a wonder; and I expected to see a giant of a man in the desk. Judge of my surprise, when a little, boy-looking man arose before me. Was that the great Mr. Stacy? To be honest, I thought he looked *rather young;* and I turned to James with a smile and a nod, that said, If that is your big man, where, pray, are your small ones? When he got up and commenced talking, he was the *smallest man* I

ever saw; when he finished and sat down, I never thought to see another so great."

After this, he always attended Mr. Stacy's meetings; and, though a zealous opponent, yet a strong intimacy soon existed between them. James Woolley, the brother for whom he then labored, was at least *liberal* in his religious views, and Universalist clergymen were always welcome in his home. His wife, too, though a member of a Presbyterian church, treated those of other denominations with Christian politeness, and a seat at her table or her fireside was not rendered unpleasant, even to those then "everywhere spoken against." Here, then, he frequently saw Mr. Stacy, and always "gave him battle in good earnest." One Sabbath afternoon, while Mr. Stacy was at tea at James Woolley's, Edward was unusually excited; and, as Mr. Stacy rose to go, he rose also, and followed him to the gate. Mr. Stacy said, "Brother Woolley, I can spare you no more time to-day; but jump into my wagon and ride a few miles." He got into Mr. Stacy's wagon, and they rode on towards Morrisville. It was at this time, I think, that Mr. Stacy made the remark following, which I copy from page 340 of his memoirs. I will give in connection Mr. Stacy's description of my father, and of the society in Nelson at this period, entire.

"During the year 1826 the inhabitants of Nelson Flats, town of Nelson, Madison County, without distinction of sect, united and built a meeting-house, and finished it off in good style, which they mutually agreed should be free for all denominations, without any other restriction than that no denomination should make appointments in it to interfere with the regular appointments of another. They got their house completed and ready for occupancy early in the spring of 1827, and in April of that year applied to me to hold a meeting in it. I complied with the request, and entered into an engagement to preach with them once a month for a year. This was the first engagement for regular preaching in the house.

"A spirit of universal liberality seemed to prevail; and the inhabitants, without distinction of sectarian opinion, generally turned out to meeting and filled the house; and a spirit of inquiry was soon awakened. Among those who seemed to take deep interest was a young man by the name of E. M. Woolley, a resident of the village,—a young man of superior talents, but a zealous opposer of the doctrine; and, as I desired, he was very eager to oppose it, and seize every opportunity to battle with me. He was very constant at meeting, affable and polite in his manner, and, notwithstanding our difference of opinion, we soon contracted a strong friendship. One day, when he was battling me with all his might, I said to him, 'Brother Woolley, you may now fight this doctrine hard as you please; but I now tell you, and I wish you to remember it, that, strong as your prejudices now are against it, you have got yet to believe it, and to *preach* it to the world.' And I now feel quite willing to let the world decide upon the evidences of my being a true prophet; for, before the year of my engagement closed, he became a happy believer in the truth of the doctrine, and a few years after commenced its promulgation, to which he has zealously, faithfully and successfully, devoted his time and talents, up to the present time; and he stands now among the most able advocates of the blessed truth."

When Mr. Stacy told him that he was yet to believe the new doctrine he so zealously opposed, he received it with a smile of doubt; but when Mr. S. went still further, and told him he would preach it successfully to humanity, he thought it the extreme of enthusiasm. But the newly-heard truths worked steadily in his mind, until the fabric of his religious faith was entirely destroyed, and in its stead was reared a beautiful temple, the foundation of which was built upon the great love of God, and its spires, glistening with the brightness of never-fading hope, point forever to the skies. In his scrap-book I find a little poem, written soon after he embraced the new faith.

It is all a-glow with the happiness that crowned his spirit; and, though upon a theme the praises of which have become as common as a thrice-told tale, it will express, far better than the words of another, the joyous contentment that pervaded his hours of life.

SPRING.

To thee my song I 'll dedicate,
Of thee my muse shall sing;
Thy presence makes my heart elate,
Thou ever-welcome Spring.

For on my heart rich blessings fall
Through all thy sunny days;
God's love and mercy loudly call
For songs of joy and praise.

Like youth, sweet Spring, thou 'lt bring delight,—
Like youth, thou 'lt pass away;
Yet one truth learn we from thy flight —
Life's dearest pleasures stay.

And well I know thou wilt return,
As charming as before;
And youth's bright lamp again shall burn,
And be eclipsed no more.

For like the Spring our days will pass,
Then we no grief shall see;
Sweet Death 's the friend that comes, at last,
To set each prisoner free.

For God shall wipe away all tears,
And sin will have an end;
Then shall mankind discard their fears,
And enemies be friends,—

Where all God's children shall be found,
And loud hosannas sing;
Where love and happiness abound,
In one eternal Spring.

After this change in his religious views, he was as sincere and earnest in advocating the new truth as he had been in defending the old theory. The delicious joy he

experienced, upon conversion, soon deepened into a calm, never-failing enthusiasm, which lasted through his life. And, as year after year came to him, his desire to promulgate the truth constantly increased. The earnestness and success of his labors could not be better given than in a few extracts from the pen of his friend and co-laborer in the West, Rev. J. Stebbins. Mr. Stebbins, in his slight sketch of the life of the subject of this work, which was published in the *New Covenant*, says:

"When convinced of the truth of Universalism, Mr. Woolley espoused it 'with all his might, mind, and strength.' He was as determined, as frank, as conscientious, in *defending*, as he had been in *opposing* it. If anything can be said to have commanded his unmitigated hatred, all through his subsequent life, it was that theory that could invade the sanctuary of the mother's heart, where innocent childhood lived and worshipped, and, in the name of the Holy One, teach at the mother's knee that God's great truth was the snare of the devil. I have heard him say, 'Nothing can be worse than this system called Orthodoxy.' Hence he was never beset with fears that he might demolish it and leave nothing better in its place. If he failed to establish the truth, he was sure he could make no change for the worse. He was preaching incessantly, almost regardless of health or weather. If able to go, he never refused a call to preach; and when no other man would think of preaching, with his health, he would put on the appearance of health, and perform herculean labors with apparent ease. Near the close of his active life, this extraordinary trait of character gave him a singular energy; he seemed wrought upon by a superhuman spirit, to those who were watching the sure work of disease an evidence of approaching death.

"His earnestness could not but command success. After he came among us, at the West, without church, society, association or convention, to lean upon, his talent gathered the people together, and his wisdom instructed

them. If he did not build up distinctive Universalism, it was because he saw the elements of certain dissolution in the old forms, and believed it his duty to cultivate the spirit of Christ. In the prevalence of that spirit we are to find his success; and if the general love of the people for whom he labored be taken as an evidence, he was certainly a successful preacher.

"During the period of my residence in Michigan, I have held with Mr. Woolley most intimate relations, under remarkably diverse circumstances. From this acquaintance I would give a tribute to the worth of his character as a man. He was possessed of strong, deep feeling, and his likes and dislikes were of no ordinary power. But these strong feelings were based upon principle. No personal predilection for or against another could stay the stern rebuke for a friend if he saw a fault, nor withhold a kindness from an enemy if he saw one in need. Faults he had, in common with his race. If he had trials, he also knew the 'Comforter;' and amid the vicissitudes of fifty years was enabled to wear a serene, trustful countenance, as he performed the labors of love which God and duty directed. His virtues are enshrined in many devoted hearts outside the family circle, and affectionately cherished within it. 'His children rise up and call him blessed.' While a true love for our departed brother kindles anew, as we contemplate him reaping the rich fruition of his hopes, with the blood-washed throng, in the more immediate presence of God."

During his first sojourn in Nelson, among the young and gay society in which he moved was Miss Laura Smith, a great favorite with her young companions — extremely fond of social parties, and, to use his own words, "graceful as a fawn in dancing." Their acquaintance was interrupted when he went East, but renewed again after his return; and on the cold, snowy Christmas of 1825 they were united in marriage. She was the daughter of Luther and Chloe Smith, and the eldest child of a family of four children. She was of quick,

active temperament, though with a slender constitution and feeble health; but she possessed fine talents, great personal beauty, and an education far superior to her husband's. Of religion she had never made any public profession, though her opinions inclined to the popular faith; and after her husband became a clergyman she frequently attended his services, but upon religious subjects they were never able to sympathize.

After their marriage they immediately commenced housekeeping. Nelson Flats was a beautiful little rural village, lying on the Cherry Valley turnpike, four miles east of Cazenovia, and seven miles west of the thriving village of Morrisville. A north and south road runs up and down to meet the main street lying east and west through the village; and upon a little eminence beside this street, in the eastern extremity of the village, was the new home to which he took his wife. The dwelling was newly built, and far enough from the road-side to leave a pleasant flower-yard. A few steps from the bridal home, just down across the road, stood the "tannery," where he then labored; and a little further on, towards the centre of the village, was the dwelling-place of his brother and family. The old tannery has gone to decay now,—the vats are filled with long-accumulating earth, and the yards where the bark dried are thrown open for sheep or cattle. The dwelling-house near it is filled with strange faces, for the brother that governed and guided has gone to a better labor, and his household treasures are in far-off homes. For something over a year my parents resided in this new house; but soon after the birth of a little daughter they removed to the farmhouse near Cazenovia. My father's parents were much grieved to hear of their son's change in religious opinions, but the old gentleman said, when told of it, "Edward may be wrong, but he thinks he is right." And the mother replied, "I don't know why God should send Edward to hell for being a Universalist, for he always was a good boy." Consequently his new views

of his Creator made no difference in their welcome home.

After we were settled with these parents, a room was fitted up in the chamber of the house for my father's work-shop, and here the labor of many a long winter evening was cheered by the presence of the aged grandfather, in playful, happy sport with his little granddaughter. While they were in this home a little son was given them, who, to gratify the wishes of the good old grandfather, was named Edward Jackson. This baby-boy was a great darling with his white-haired relative. The old man would carry him in his arms all day in the pleasant out-of-door air of summer-time, and as he grew a little older he would seat him on his shoulder, and give him a ride to the barn, or the woods.

During the second year of our stay on the farm, the brother who had been left in Duchess County came up with his family, and my father concluded to change his residence, and leave his brother and family with their father and mother.

He had purchased a village lot in Nelson Flats, and after a dwelling-house was nearly completed upon it he removed his small family thither, and once more became a laborer in his brother's shop.

I have now brought the subject of this Memoir up to the reach of my own memory, and henceforth I shall have a stand-point in my own mind from which to view the principal events of his existence.

This newly-purchased house, of which I have just spoken, was very pleasantly situated. It was in the western part of the little village, and within sound of the rich, mellow music of the wide-flowing stream that lay upon the western boundary of the town. And from the door of this little dwelling, for several winters, my father carried my little brother and myself (one on his shoulders and the other in his arms) through the snow, and the untrodden paths of several winters, to the low red school-house not far from our door-step. The first mem-

ories of him, which linger fresh and beautiful in the hearts of his children, are those of his kindly nature. Among the poor, needy mendicants who frequently passed our door, was crazy Lucy,—Grace Greenwood's Lucy Dutton. No matter how hungry and cold she might be, she would never enter our dwelling if father was there, for she possessed a wonderful fear of men; but she would draw her little bundles of patches closer to her side, pin her shawl again about her neck, pull her old rag-covered bonnet over her face, and turn her tired feet again to the filling snow-path, rather than sit at table or fireside with the pleasantest of hosts. Many a time has my father taken his hat and left the supper-table till this weary old creature could eat and go to her slumber; or, if she would journey on, sent his little boy and girl with their aprons full of cookies and doughnuts (from my mother's well-filled table) for the poor wanderer to carry on her way.

The winter after the removal of his family to Nelson, my father was very sick with inflammation of the lungs, caused by excessive labor and a heavy cold. He had not been ill long when a very aged lady came and told my mother of a "certain medicine that always cured." My father mentioned it to his physician, who said he was doing well enough, and it was given up. A few days after, my father overheard the doctor telling his mother, in another room, that he could not possibly live but a few days. After the doctor left, he called his mother to him, and requested her to make the "tamarack syrup" the aged friend proposed. It was prepared; and, if it did not cure him, he at least eventually recovered.

As soon as it was known that my father was near death, a wonder arose in the minds of religious opponents as to how he would die; and he would say, "They were all determined that I should die; and, more than all, that I should die renouncing my faith. One day a very good woman, a zealous member of the Methodist church, came into my room, and, sitting by my bed, said, 'I am

very glad to hear that, in view of death and the judgment, you have renounced your heresy, Mr. Woolley.'

"'Have you heard that?' I asked, with as much composure as I could command.

"'O, yes! Everybody knows it now. I could not keep it to myself a minute, and went clear down into the field to tell my husband; and as I was coming down I stopped to Elder ——'s, to tell them. We are all *so* glad! We knew you could not die with that curse upon your soul. Nobody ever did. They always give it up when death comes. It's a fearful thing to go to judgment without a hope in Jesus!'

"I turned my head enough to look directly in her face, for I was very weak, and my lungs so sore I could hardly speak above a whisper; and this time I only asked, 'You are all very glad to hear that I have renounced my heresy?'

"'O, yes, poor Mr. Woolley! indeed we are. The Lord is merciful!'

"The third time I asked, with rather more emphasis, 'You have all heard that I have renounced my faith, have you? And what, I beg to ask, have you heard, that I embraced in its place?' She began to look a little nervous; moved rather uneasily in her chair; turned her eyes from mine, and answered, timidly, 'Why, a hope in Jesus, to be sure.'

"I laughed a low laugh, — in my situation even that were impossible without a retribution, — and repeated, after her, 'A hope in Jesus!' It was an ingenious get-off, certainly. She dare not say I had embraced old-fashioned Orthodoxy; but this 'hope in Jesus,' if I would assent to it, were enough to ring with thousand trumpets through the whole land. I think she did not believe what she said she heard, but came in during my weak state to try me. I gathered up all of my little strength, and replied to her, 'You have heard that I have renounced Universalism, and you say you have reported it. Now, my good woman, when you go home, call at your

minister's, and correct your mistake; and be kind enough to tell your husband, and your children, and everybody, that E. M. Woolley has *not renounced*, but has gained a *greater faith* in Universalism. Tell them, too, that he has a great, a glorious hope in Jesus; not in *your* poor, weak, inefficient Jesus, but in the Jesus Christ sent by Almighty God to be the "Saviour of all men, especially of those that believe." And if "nobody" ever died so, then somebody will, and there will be "a new thing under the sun." For, as sure as God is God, the Fountain of all love, the Father of all spirits, so sure do I believe that he will gather you and me, together with a ransomed universe, redeemed from sorrow, purified from sin, to sing his praises for ever and ever, in the "mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."'

"I did feel a little sorry for her, when she promised she would correct her mistake. When she left the room she said, 'Mr. Woolley, I shall pray for you.'

"'No doubt you will,' I replied; 'but I am afraid, my good woman, that your prayers, if not like the prayers of the wicked, will, to say the least, avail but little.'"

My mother's health was always feeble, and when we had been a few years in this valley home she was brought down to her bed with a long, distressing illness. A little daughter Eunice, a blue-eyed child of three summers, was also taken with an acute sickness about the same time, which terminated in a chronic disease. My father was compelled to labor through the day, to provide help, pay the doctor, and furnish provision for his family; but when the twilight came, then he was ready, till the morning came, to go from cradle to bed, and from bed to cradle, cheering and watching his sick ones. And for three months he hardly had time to change his clothing; and all the rest he obtained was on a couch in the sitting-room, by the cradle-crib of his moaning child, or on a buffalo-skin on the floor, in the bed-room where lay his suffering wife.

At last a very kind friend in the village, who saw that little Eunice could never have sufficient attention to recover amid so much sickness, came and took the child to her own home, where, by faithful nursing, she recovered, to gladden once more the hearts of her parents, and to remain a link of affection between them and the faithful friend who had bestowed upon them such well-timed kindness.

Not many months after my father's return to Nelson Flats with his family, word was sent to the village that Rev. John Freeman was to preach in the Court-house, in Morrisville, on the next Sabbath. My father and a young friend were anxious to go, if they could obtain a horse and buggy; but when the day came such accommodation could not be found. They were, however, too anxious to hear "the great man" to give it up; as it was a beautiful morning in early summer, they determined to walk. They started in good season, and entered the Court-house just as Mr. Freeman rose to speak. The building was crowded, but they were fortunate enough to obtain seats. Of this meeting my father gives this description:

"It was the first time either of us had seen Mr. Freeman; and as we entered the house he rose to read the hymn. He commenced reading as we sat down, and, upon my word, I thought then, and I think now, no other man ever *so* read a hymn. Then followed his prayer; and, when he had finished, I said to myself, That prayer — it never came from mortal lips! He took for his text, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' And how he handled it no living being could tell; he himself could not have told us, five minutes after. When he commenced speaking, he brushed back his hair, as though it hung heavy on his temples, and in a few moments his large blue eyes sparkled with the fire of his soul, and around his mouth hovered the most beautiful smile I ever saw upon a mortal's lips, and his whole countenance was radiant with a light from

heaven. He held us in such breathless attention that you might have heard a pin drop; and when the Amen came, audible and clear, I unconsciously sprang to my feet.

"After services, numerous persons gathered around Mr. Freeman, for a grasp of the hand; we walked leisurely along till the crowd dispersed, and I then stepped beside him, and, offering my hand, gave him my name, and that of my friend. He received us cordially; and said, while that smile which no other man ever wore lingered and played around his lips, 'I am glad of this; *we* do not need an introduction,— our religion makes us acquainted.' I knew, by the grasp of his hand, and the sound of his voice, that I had found a friend,— one who would never fail me; and, thank God! I was not disappointed."

The acquaintance formed at this first meeting grew to an abiding and all-controlling affection, with both Mr. Freeman and my father. To no other friend did my father ever become so deeply attached; with no other person did he ever hold such intimate spiritual communion. They were alike in enthusiasm of nature, in nervousness and activity of temperament, in depth and fineness of feeling, and in the same all-glorious and life-happifying faith.

After his family regained their health, and the sunshine of joy again pervaded the social circle, my father began to think of a business which should task his own capacity for management. In company with a friend by the name of Clarke Buck, he purchased a beautiful property in the romantic village of Munnsville, and started the shoe and leather trade. He removed his family to this place in the winter of 1831; and when he made this change of residence he intended it should be a permanent one. His situation of property was all that heart could wish. Here were society and companions with whom he would like to pass his life; here was a large, flourishing academy, where his children might be well educated. His business was such as would allow him to

support his family comfortably, and add something to the fund he had laid aside for old age; and the growing little village was delightfully situated to gratify the lover of rural beauty. It was almost environed by hills, and partially encircled by a broad, wild stream, that came dancing and sparkling down from its hiding-places amid the western hills; or, when the spring rains had swollen its waters, dashed its rumbling, foaming waves upon the shore, as though its waters chafed against the heavy boundary. A broad, sandy road descended from Knox's Corners (a little village about a mile north) down through the Hollow, and led on to a small settlement a few miles south. The stage-road from Morrisville swept down a long, high, wood-dotted hill on the west, and divided the village in the centre into four corners. On the north-west of these four corners was the store, shaded by a century-old elm, and on the opposite point south was the low, white, vine-covered parsonage of good old "Minister Clarke," the pastor of the Presbyterian church. On both the east and west side of the north street were beautiful residences, with flower-filled yards and heavy shade-trees; and on to the south were a few dwellings, a great, almost never-quiet saw-mill, and a grist-mill. Upon the north-east corner stood the village tavern, and across the way, a few steps further down the road-side, was my father's home. In a yard further back was the shop, and on the bank of the creek the "finishing house." The ground in the rear of the dwelling sloped gradually to the creek-side, and in spring, summer and autumn, formed a beautiful grass-plat for children's play. The creek wound north of east behind the house, but a few yards below it turned a point to the north, bounded under a high, firm bridge, and rolled away to give motion to the wheels of a large carding and cloth-dressing mill. Just over the bridge, around to the south-east corner, was a large yellow school-house, where Revs. J. Freeman and S. R. Smith sometimes preached. There are many incidents connected with this wild, deep stream of

the hills, that, aside from its beauty, would fasten the memory of the time they resided on its borders firmly in the mind of my father's family. But I will only mention one, which, from its terrible character and joyous result, made a deep impression on all our minds.

On a washing-day, when my father came in at noon, his niece, then residing in our family, requested him to bring some creek-water, for rinsing clothes, after he had eaten his dinner. This was overheard by my little brother, then in his fifth year; and, stealing out of doors with his pail and dipper, he hastened to the stream. It was but a moment, for he had not been gone long enough to be missed from his seat at table, when an apprentice ran to the door, and exclaimed, "Mr. Woolley, Eddie is in the creek!" My mother was in poor health, hardly able to leave the room; but in an instant she was through the door, in great terror. My father sprang past her, lifted her into the house with the quickness of thought, told her to keep quiet, and ran on with all speed for his child, followed by the springing feet of little ones behind him. It was in early spring, and the heavy rains had swollen the creek to its highest boundary; and there, in the midst of the mad, ungovernable waters, was the child of his affection. Rolling and tumbling before the boy were the heavy, foaming waters, rolling and tumbling they came on behind him, and enveloped him with those through which he had once been thrown. He lay upon his back, and kept his head mostly above water; but he floated down around the house, went under the bridge, and was within a few rods of the woollen factory. My father, and his friends with him, had given up all hope of taking the child alive, when he twined his tiny hand around a few cedar-bushes that were nearly in mid-stream; but the rains and waves had so beaten them that they gave way just as Mr. Buck (my father's partner and friend, who had thrown himself into the stream) clasped him in his strong arms. He bore him to the shore, and gave him to his father,

whose heart overflowed with joy, as he exclaimed, "God in heaven bless you, Buck!" Then he folded the boy close to his heart, as he said, "God is merciful!" The little fellow was not much frightened, and his reply to his father's caution beautifully expresses the confidence his children always reposed in him. "What made you go to the creek, my little son?" asked my father.

"Why, cause, fader, Cousin Hannah wanted some water, and you wanted some dinner. I lost my dipper, and reached for it; and then I put my arm out furder, and fell in."

"Was you not afraid of being drowned, my child?"

"'Fraid! No! I knew good fader 'd get me out."

"But if those bushes had broken before Mr. Buck got to you, you would have gone under the carding-wheels, in spite of all I could have done. I can't save you, if you do wrong."

"I fought the sticks would pull up before you got there; but I knew God would take Eddie. I'm glad you come, it's so wet and cold in there!" And the child shook his wet black hair in his happy father's face, and twined his wet arms about his neck, crowing with delight, because the "good man had got him out."

One winter's evening, as my father was in conversation with my mother and her sister, who were quilting in the parlor, while we urchins were dancing about, a rap was heard upon the front door, and when it was opened who should enter but my father's brother and his wife, from Nelson Flats. Everything was laid aside to welcome the relatives; and, although they were happy to see the friends in Munnsville, my father knew something was wrong with his brother. When they were in the other room at supper, my father came back and said to mother, who was arranging the fire, "Something is wrong with James." "I hope not," she replied. The next morning, however, his face was sunnier; and if his heart was heavy when he came, it was lighter when he went away, for it had been lifted by my father with

a loan of money, which was absolutely necessary then to his brother, even though he was doing a thriving business. It was a loan without any security; for these brothers would have trusted each other with uncounted gold, and it was seldom that they gave or received notes one from the other.

After our removal to Munnsville, my father became acquainted with Rev. S. R. Smith, and on further acquaintance became most devotedly attached to him. Mr. Smith came to Munnsville frequently to preach, as did Mr. Freeman and Mr. David Biddlecom. There was much and bitter opposition to the new doctrine in and around the village,—so much, that it was considered disgraceful for a lady to attend a Universalist meeting. One evening, when Mr. Freeman and my father were making ready to go over to the yellow school-house to meeting, my mother made known her intention to accompany them.

"Have you the courage to do anything so unpopular?" asked Mr. Freeman, jocosely.

"I shall try to go to-night," she answered; and accordingly accompanied them.

The house was soon filled with men, but no ladies came. After Mr. F. commenced services, a whisper was heard at the door, and a little boy, eight or ten years old, came in and reconnoitred. Then he went out, and six or seven ladies from the village entered. "Mrs. Woolley," said Mr. Freeman, upon their return, "Mrs. Woolley has braved the danger, and now we shall be favored with the presence of the fair portion of creation."

He was a true prophet; for ever after the ladies of Munnsville were not afraid to hear a Universalist preach, and many of them became sincere believers in the religion Mr. Freeman so exultingly and beautifully taught.

Of Mr. Freeman's appearance it would be folly for me to speak. That has been so well done by his warm friend and faithful biographer, Rev. S. R. Smith, that I should fear to attempt it. But his treatment of us "little folks"

I may, perhaps, express. He was the companion and friend of children; and when he entered our dwelling he claimed a kiss and an affectionate greeting, in particular, from all "the babies." And when he swung his long black broadcloth cloak around his shoulders, and took the family Bible under his arm, we followed him to the door, and listened for the last sound of his footstep upon the walk; then we turned and looked sadly into each other's faces, and went silently back to the fireside. For to us it seemed as though one of the angels, of which our parents told us, had gone out from our home.

Mr. Freeman and his friend Mr. Smith were both not only anxious, but quite determined, that my father should enter the ministry. And he, himself, was quite as desirous to do so; but his old diffidence came in the way. "If I knew enough, Brother Freeman," he would say, "I should be as happy as yourself to put on the harness, and work faithfully in it, too." And to Mr. Smith, who, in his earnestness to convince him that he was fitted for his Master's labor, would sometimes, perhaps, laud him a little too highly, he would reply, "If nature did not make a fool of me, Brother Smith, don't try to finish her work, by causing me to believe that I am a great man. I know my own strength better than do you or Brother Freeman." At this, Mr. Smith would spring to his feet, lay his long, thin hand upon my father's shoulder, and laugh as he said, "I declare, Brother Woolley, you don't mean to know anything!"

In the midst of this dilemma Mr. Freeman found out a way. In the winter of 1833 he was preaching in the little village of Siloam, a few miles from Munnsville. When he left our home on the Sabbath morning with my father, he said, "Brother Woolley, you 'll preach to-day?" "If you will do the singing," was the answer. Mr. Freeman commenced his services, and my father led the choir. When Mr. F. was about half through the preaching he said "Mr. Woolley will finish the sermon," and sat down. Every eye in the house was turned to my

father's face, and every ear waited to hear how one man would finish another man's sermon. My father went into the desk, took up the subject where Mr. Freeman left it, and finished as well as he could under existing circumstances; and remarked that if Mr. Freeman considered the sermon finished, it were well,—if not, he could finish it himself. Mr. Freeman rose and told the audience he thought the sermon well closed, and pronounced the benediction. As Mr. Freeman turned round, my father opened his lips to speak; but Mr. F. said, "Hush! hush! Brother Woolley, you 'll thank me for this before I die. For I shall die soon; and you must take charge of my societies."

It was thus that my father preached his first sermon. And in the vicinity of his own home, among his old acquaintances and long-cherished friends, he began the ministry of his Master.

His brother and parents had, as far as possible, discouraged him from entering the ministry. Perhaps they thought him incompetent to so great a work. After he had been preaching a few months, his brother James went to Siloam, one Sabbath, to attend his meeting. He was very attentive through the sermon; and as he went out of doors at noon, he exclaimed to a friend of my father's who was with him, "I 'll give it up, now; Ned *can* preach!"

My father's friends and acquaintances, generally, rallied around him to sustain and encourage him in his new labor. But among them was one,—an intelligent and worthy man, and of great influence in society,—one, too, with whom my father had been very intimate. This friend always kept aloof from his meetings; and it was a matter of great surprise with many. They had supposed that Mr. Pratt would be the first man to hail with joy my father's entrance into the ministry. And they would ask, "Mr. Woolley, why is it that Mr. Pratt does not come to hear you preach?"

"I cannot tell," he would say. "Perhaps he thinks his

presence would frighten me. He has some good reason, certainly, for staying away."

The reason soon came to light why this faithful friend was so distant. Some few months after my father commenced preaching, Mr. Pratt went to Siloam, and listened to him through the morning and afternoon sermons. Visiting him soon after, he said, "You, as well as many of our mutual friends, probably consider it very strange that I have not been to hear you preach before, nor even spoken to you upon the subject of your new labor. But, notwithstanding Brothers Smith and Freeman urged you to assume the sacred office, it was a matter of serious consideration with me. I knew you had talent, and a conscientious desire to fulfil sacredly the duties you had taken upon yourself; but, knowing, also, your sensitiveness to the least unkind suspicion, I feared you were not hard enough to bear the rebuffs and unkindness with which you must certainly meet. You know something of political hatred; but party spirit, my friend, bitter as it may be, never ran half so high as religious animosity. I knew that you would find religious enemies, sometimes, almost bitter enough to draw your life-blood; and I asked, Can he stand it? But I ventured to hear you; and now I know that you have weighed well the sorrows and joys of your new calling, and that the God who gave you this great labor will also give you strength to fulfil it faithfully and successfully."

These were encouraging words to my father's heart, for he knew that the friend in whose judgment he confided from cool, deliberate reason pronounced him capable of a teacher's duty. He had not suffered a moment with the thought that his friend loved him the less. O, no! he never allowed a suspicion to mar the beauty of friendly affection and trust, after the league was formed. Before they had become one in confidence, he was cautious; but afterward, never. He loved his friends with a strength and devotion that nothing could overcome, and he always received the same tenderness in return.

His aged father had never heard him preach, and he came alone, on horseback, to Munnsville, not only to see us, but for the purpose of listening to "Edward's sermon." They went together to the place of meeting on Sabbath morning, and when his son entered the desk the white-haired father put his Quaker hat upon the table, and seated himself before the pulpit. "I did not know," he said afterward, "but I might disconcert thee, Edward; but I wanted to see thy face."

The old gentleman was all attention through the service. He did not lose a word; and his face was all sunshine, from the joy of his soul. His great, good heart was fast losing its bigotry, and growing warm and happy in the eternal love of God. There they were, father and child, the first and last time they were to meet *thus* in the world below! The child in the spring strength of manhood, wearing the panoply of righteousness, with which to breast the tempest of life; the father journeying with his trembling feet down to the Jordan of death, yet gleaning from the words of his youngest son a beacon-light of faith, to lead him joyously to the heaven beyond. After services were over, the old, happy father said, "I am an old man now, and I have heard many sermons; but never, in my whole life, did a man talk to my heart as thee did to-day, Edward." How sweetly these words fell upon my father's heart! He who spake them was indeed an old man, being at that time over seventy years of age; and yet, he had come all that way alone to hear "his boy" preach.

About this time Mr. Smith concluded to leave Clinton, and was anxious that my father should minister to his societies. He came to Munnsville, and said, "Brother Woolley, I leave Clinton, and you must go there." This received no other answer than a smile from my father, for he did not suppose his friend in earnest.

"Do you hear, Brother Woolley?" asked Mr. Smith. "I leave Clinton, and you must go there."

"Allow me to answer your question by asking another

one," replied my father. "Do you think I will go, Brother Smith?"

"Do I *think* you will? I *know* you will."

"Well, then, Brother Smith, all the gold of all the Indies could not hire me to go to Clinton. I know too much to try to follow *you* as a preacher."

"O," he said, laughing, "you can't preach as big sermons as I do; but you will do quite as much good among my people."

It was all useless. My father's diffidence would not allow him to think of going to Clinton; and as Mr. Smith shook hands with him upon departure he said, in his own jocose manner, "I fear I never shall make anything of you, Brother Woolley!"

After my father entered the ministry, he wished to devote to it his whole time; and he disposed of his property in Munnsville, and removed his family to a hired house upon the hill west of the village. When the grass was green and the flowers in blossom, when the tree-leaves waved in the summer breeze and the bird-music floated upon the air, it was a beautiful situation. But when the frost had been over the hills and through the meadows; when the autumn winds had scattered the forest leaves, and the snow lay white and deep upon the earth; when no sound was heard but the cold, chill, driving sleet, or the shrill blast of the stage-horn on the winter air,— it was a solitude for my mother and her children, though she was seldom left without her sister or some companion to help her.

My father was called almost constantly to preach, but would never leave his family unless it was for his Master's business. He gave no time to his own amusement or recreation, unless accompanied by his wife or children.

When my father commenced preaching, Mr. Freeman was in very feeble health, and through the spring and summer he grew much emaciated. The last time he was in Munnsville, my father stood at the gate and watched him out of sight; then, coming into the house, he said,

"He has gone home to die. We shall never see him in life again." This proved correct; but Mr. Freeman did not depart until the 19th of October following. I shall never forget the morning when we were told of his death. My father sat by the fire as we came down stairs. He was very pale, and his eyes were dim with tears, and he said, "My children, good Brother Freeman is dead!" What a burst of grief it called from our little hearts! I do not now remember that I ever heard my father speak again of the death of Mr. Freeman. But that he felt his loss deeply I cannot doubt. For there came a quietness to his manner and a tenderness to his voice that only a heavy grief can bring. But it settled down into his heart — the death of this friend — like the presence of the holy dove. And ever after the white wing of peace was folded nearer his spirit, better fitting him to look bravely and hopefully through the dark clouds that were yet to burst over his way. A poem, written upon the death of Mr. Freeman, first published in the *Magazine and Advocate*, and which will be found in Mr. Smith's beautiful Memoir, was written at this period.

CHAPTER VI.

COMMENCES PREACHING IN HAMILTON AND LEBANON — REMOVES HIS FAMILY — MR. FREEMAN'S FAMILY — SUCCESSES — OPPOSITION — MRS. FORD'S CONVERSION — ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION — HIS INSTRUCTIONS — REV. D. SKINNER'S ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER AND LABORS.

When Mr. Freeman's health began to fail, he became still more interested in the people to whom he ministered. The society in Hamilton had already erected a small but commodious house of worship; and the friends in Lebanon were gathering materials together for the same purpose, and expected to have their church ready for dedication some time in the fall of 1833. But, before this time arrived, Mr. Freeman became satisfied that he could not live to see the work completed, and he could not die contented if dying he would leave his flock without a shepherd. He said to his friends, "Settle Brother Woolley among you, when I am gone." Accordingly, after his burial, the society in Hamilton requested my father to labor with them; a request which was immediately and joyously responded to by him, and in November of 1833 he commenced preaching to them.

Early in the following winter he was invited to go to Lebanon, one Sabbath, to preach, and, it was supposed, to make arrangements for a settlement; as it had been his expectation to divide his time between the Lebanon and Hamilton societies, as Mr. Freeman would have done had he lived.

Of this appointment in Lebanon he says: "At the time appointed, I went to Lebanon; but they received me so coldly that I was entirely discouraged. The members

of the society were as cold and frigid as icebergs, and they fairly froze the heart within me. I saw, at once, that they were a lukewarm set of Christians; or, that there was something wrong with me. They did not care to make any arrangement that day, but wanted me to come again in two weeks. As I went into the desk, my spirit of pride was not only aroused, but my manly independence was considerably started. 'If this is the way they welcome a pastor,' I said to myself, 'they must settle another than me; for I am a man, with a man's feeling, and a man's sense of independence; and as such they must receive me, or not at all.' I had made up my mind, as the congregation gathered together, not to come again in two weeks; when the voice of Brother Freeman said to me, as distinctly as it ever did in life, 'Hush! hush! Brother Woolley, what did you enter the ministry for? Was it that you expected always to be welcomed cordially, and treated affectionately? Or, was it to do good, like your Master, and, like *him*, to walk in byways and thorny paths?'

"I smiled as I felt this, but it scattered my indignation to the winds, and I concluded to come again. In two weeks from that day I went over again; and what a change! The cold, bleak winter air was gone, and in its place a warmth like a summer's noon-day. The cold, frigid words had died upon the lips, and thereon were expressions of cordiality and kindness; and they shook my hand with a heartiness that did my soul good. An arrangement was immediately made for me to labor among them once in two weeks, without my even having a thought as to the why of their former coldness, or their present warmth. After services were over, Mr. James McConnell, a talented and very excellent man, and afterward my choice friend, came to me and said, 'Brother Woolley, you were not only surprised, but a little chagrined, at your former reception among us; but a rumor had been circulated among our people that in former life, or in your youth, you had been a profligate

and a wine-bibber. And the commencement of your ministry was said to be in this wise: You were out, one evening, at a bacchanalian revel, with many of your wine-loving companions, when one of them, who had heard Brother Freeman preach, asked, "Woolley, why don't you preach? You could make it go as well as that jackanapes Freeman. If there 's no hell and no future, what difference does it make what a man does? And preaching would pay well, and be far easier than sitting on a shoe-bench and holding a lap-stone. You'd better go at it, Woolley!" You replied, "Well, give me a bottle of wine, and I'll try it." A decanter was handed you, you poured out a glass, drank, passed it to your friends, and, with the bottle in your hands, preached your first Universalist sermon. You succeeded so well, and met with so much encouragement from your drunken companions, that you had continued the business. And, strange as it may seem, notwithstanding your known intimacy with Brother Freeman, and his request that we should settle you as a pastor, there were among us those who thought it best to be *cautious*. Last week I went to Morrisville, and saw Esquire Morey; and when I told him these things, he laughed, and said, "And is it possible that you Lebanon people believe these things? I have known Mr. Woolley for years, and there is not a stain upon his character as big as a pin-head." I came home and reported, and this is the cause of the warm reception you have received to-day.'

"As he finished the last sentence, I laughed, and replied, 'Pretty well told! upon my word. I do not think you or I could have bettered it.' But, to confess the truth, I did feel indignant that Universalists — Universalists, too, who had listened to Brother John Freeman's preaching, and knew what he required of Universalists — I say, I did feel indignant that these people should have given credence to so vile a slander about a successor chosen by himself. But I was young in my great labor then, and did not know that a minister — a faithful, pure-

hearted Christian minister — can know little of righteous indignation, or of the so-called proper way of returning injury and insult. I have since learned that the best way of receiving cold civility, and even meant unkindness, is with Christian courtesy and a kindly manner, if one can successfully cultivate (and one *can*) an affectionate feeling for the most bitter enemy. And the only way to kill a slander is to let it alone and *live it down.*"

After the arrangement was made for his services in Lebanon, he labored among them once in two weeks for several years; and he had not only an opportunity of living down the foolish rumor above mentioned, and many others of the same nature, often reported, not only about himself, but of all the disciples of the new and unpopular faith, but he left upon their minds, as a society, and as his firm, well-loved friends, a precious impress of his manly dignity and friendship of spirit, and his faithfulness and success as a pastor. The high respect and affection with which he was remembered by this society is beautifully exhibited in the following letter, written to the author, soon after her father's departure, by a worthy friend and early member of his old society in Lebanon. Although not intended for the public, I do not hesitate to give a few beautiful extracts, for which, I trust, I may be pardoned.

"Your father was the pastor chosen for us by our good Brother Freeman in his last sickness, and the worthy successor spoken of by Rev. S. R. Smith in his truthful Memoir of Brother F. When he came among us, we were deeply sorrowful for the loss, by death, of our revered pastor; and your father was aware that he had a difficult task to perform. For I have often heard him say, 'No living man can follow John Freeman as a preacher.' But he proved himself equal to the task, and soon held the same place in our pulpit, our hearts, and our homes, that his and our friend had occupied before him.

"He also had to encounter great opposition; for the war waged against Universalism, Universalists, and, certainly, Universalist preachers, was fierce in the extreme. But he was a vigilant sentinel; one that was never caught napping upon the walls of our temple of faith.

"He did not fear to meet the oldest or wisest opponent, and always studiously prepared himself as a sermonizer. His good, warm heart was preparation enough to fit him for a pastor's duty, although he was not as much with us in our homes as he would have been had he not suffered from ill-health.

"For several years he ministered in our pulpit, rejoiced at our bridals, wept over our dead, and told us of the broad, holy home above."

My father did, indeed, feel that "he had a difficult task to perform." And, although he was happy to accept it, he yet shrank from it with a sensitive timidity. Of his settlement he says: "About my labors in Lebanon I was not at rest. I knew very well *whom* I was to follow, and I feared that I was not the man for the society. I searched my character through and through; I tried to lose my own identity, and to look at my mind and ability as I would at another man's; but it would not all do. Though I felt a sincere desire to prove a faithful servant, and knew I should spare neither health nor strength in the fulfilment of my duty, yet I still had fears that I was not suited to the wants of my people. Would not some other man (I asked myself) be better adapted to their necessities?

"My trials of thought, although uncalled for, were not useless, for they rendered me more active and cautious. I never had the first reason to regret my settlement with the society in Lebanon; but, on the other hand, every reason to rejoice. Never had a pastor a more faithful and worthy society or church. And if I did not do for them as well as some other man could have done, I, nevertheless, gave them my time and talent

heartily, and with a free good-will, towards the upbuilding of our beautiful Zion within their borders."

In the spring of 1834 my father removed his family to East Hamilton — so called because it is situated five miles east of the beautiful village of the same name. The day of our removal was as early as the third of April; but the snow was all gone, the grass was getting green, the trees were putting forth their leaf-buds, the roads were quite dusty, and, strange as it may seem for central New York, the sun's rays were so burning as to scorch one's face to a blister.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached our new residence. It was in the wing of a dwelling owned and inhabited by Mr. Robert Usher, his wife, and two youngest children — a son and daughter, already grown to youth. They received their pastor and his family with pleasant smiles and kind words, and, what they needed just *then* quite as much, a hearty, refreshing supper.

My father was a "great help in-doors;" and while the wife and baby (a little girl of three years) were comfortably at rest in "Aunt Lucy's" pleasant parlor, he was assisting my aunt in "getting settled." He unloaded and laid away; unpacked and put down; and kept all in good heart by his good-nature, and enlivened his own labor with snatches of sweet, merry songs.

As he was busily engaged, a little flaxen-haired girl, with great antelope eyes, put her face through the door, and looked about until she saw him; and then she ran up to the spot where he was, and said, "How do you do, Mr. Woolley?" My father caught her in his arms and kissed her, while we three urchins put our heads together and asked, "Who is she?" We did not wonder long; for our father led her towards us, and said, "My children, this is Brother Freeman's daughter." Then the mystery was all explained. The children of his departed friend were almost as near to him as his own. We took her by the hand, and were dancing out of doors, when little John (whom my father called a "a perfect likeness

of Brother Freeman") glided shyly by us, and, going to my father, watched his labor a few moments, as though he did not know what to make of it. At last he asked,

"Mr. Woolley, are you going to live here?"

"I am going to live here a while, if nothing happens to prevent it, Johnny."

The little fellow looked disappointed, and, after a few minutes, asked again, "Then you're going to live here, be you?"

"Certainly. Have you any objections, my little friend?"

"Yes — no — but I heard 'em say you was coming here, and I thought they meant you was coming to *our house*. O, Mr. Woolley, I wish you 'd come there and live! It 's so lonesome, since my pa died! Did you know my pa was dead, Mr. Woolley?"

"Is your father dead, Johnny?" asked my father, in trembling tones, as he laid his hand upon the child's soft, light hair.

"Yes — yes — he 's dead! And they put him in the ground, away off; and yesterday Fanny was going to get him up with the shovel. But mother would n't let her go; she said she could n't do it. Do you think she could, Mr. Woolley?" and he crept nearer to him, as though he thought he might get help. And he did get help — the help which his little throbbing heart needed to cure its sorrow. My father's feelings were sorely touched, and his voice was very tender as he answered his young friend.

"It was only your father's *body* they put in the ground, Johnny. Let it lie there; you could not stir it; it is down too deep. And it could not speak to you, my little boy, if you were to get it out. It would not know you. But your *father*, Johnny, your good, smiling, loving father, is not there. He is with God, in heaven. And he will some time receive you, and talk to you, and love you, as much as he did when he lived in your house. You will go to him, by and by. You have not lost him.

Look up to heaven for your father; not in the grave, for he is not there. He sees you every day, and loves you, too."

"Do you think so?" asked the child, as he raised his great blue eyes, enveloped in mist, to my father's face. "Do you think so, Mr. Woolley?"

"I *know* so, Johnny," was the comforting reply; and a bright, hopeful smile broke over his young face as he continued, "Won't you come over to our house, Mr. Woolley? It 's so lonesome there!"

"O, yes; I shall be over every day, perhaps. And you must come and see me, Bub; we 'll have some fine plays together."

The boy hung around my father until he grew tired, and then passed out without a word to any of us, and returned to his lonely home. Not long after came the widow and her youngest charge. And how glad we were to see her! And how like an angel she seemed to us, because she was *his* wife, and the mother of *his* children!

The next Sabbath my father took his family, for the first time, to the new church in Hamilton. It was about three miles east of the beautiful village of Hamilton, and a few miles from the pleasant little settlements of Earlville and Poolville. It was built upon a little eminence in the centre of a green grass-plot, which was surrounded by a plain, neat board-fence. Upon the east and west of the yard were fruit and shade trees.

Of this Sabbath my father said: "We were early at church; yet it was not long before the horses, full of life and speed, came prancing in both directions up the hill, and soon our yard was filled with carriages, and a horse was tied to nearly every fence-post, both in and out of the yard. It was a beautiful morning; my family were in comfortable health; I was as well as usual; and the faces of the congregation were lighted up with smiles. On the whole, I think it was as happy a morning as I ever experienced. I accepted it as an omen of my ministry to that people."

That night he wrote in his Place-Book: "At intermis-

sion, I went to Brother Freeman's grave. It was fresh and green, and the spring sunbeams lay brightly upon it. His little girl was with us, and my religion could not comfort her, nor my kindness assuage her grief. It may be that I, too, shall go to rest in that grave-yard; and there, perchance, my little ones will come to weep over the dust of their father. O, God! how bitter are these partings! Fearful even to us, who have the strength of manhood, and look with unshaken faith and unwavering hope to a happy reünion with our friends beyond the borders of the grave! What, then, must it be to the child groping its way lonely and fearingly, pleading vainly for the faithful hand that led it safely along the rugged pathway? There is not on earth a grief so hopeless as that of a little child mourning for its departed parent! Grant, O God, if thus it seemeth good in thy sight, that my years continue till the children of my heart have the ability to guard and protect themselves and each other! Yet, not my will, but thine, O Father! When I left that grave-yard and went back to the church, I was better fitted for life's duties; and I felt as though I wore upon my heart an amulet against every ill."

My father met with great encouragement in his labors with both societies. The church in Lebanon was completed, and was a beautiful white edifice, somewhat larger than the Hamilton house; and the hearers gathered from the hills and valleys, and filled it nearly to overflowing, every Sabbath of worship. The society, too, were faithful and energetic beyond a hope. They did not leave the whole work for their minister; but zealously, and in a Christian manner, accomplished all that was possible for them to do. Among them were men of talent and influence, and women of intelligence and worth. And it was not strange that, with the united labors of both pastor and people, their numbers rapidly increased.

The choir, at that time, "could not be excelled" (said

my father) "by any country choir in existence." In it was a high order of musical talent, exquisite taste, and warmth and enthusiasm of soul. Many of these young people, too, would leave their seats after singing and go down to the table of communion with the older members. "It did my soul good," wrote their pastor, "to see them come. Young men, fresh for the battle of life; young maidens, with their hearts untried with grief, and their rainbow-dreams of life undimmed, learning, in the spring-time of youth, of him who said, 'My yoke is easy, and my burden light.' Why should they fear to come and sit with us? Our religion was not a bugbear to frighten them from life's true pleasures, but it made them good, happy and contented, and showed them a beautiful chain of love that encircled all the world."

He was very much interested in the young. He always called youth the seed-time of life, and many of his best sermons were addressed to the young members of his society. The young people who then attended his church in Lebanon were exceedingly interested in his preaching, and became much attached to him. They were generally well educated, and possessed high moral worth; and consequently had great influence among their young companions who were members of other churches, and also with the happy and mirth-loving who were not religionists. Frequently some of these friends would attend meeting with them, and when they had been there once they were certain to come again. One of these acquaintances, a young man of great musical talent, and who had been in the habit of singing in the Baptist church, was one day accosted by an old Baptist friend with, "Why do you go to that white church, up there, so often?"

"Why do I? Why do you go to the house on the hill beyond?"

"You know I always was a professed Baptist. Have you got to be a Universalist, friend?"

"No — no! I wish the stuff was in me to make one, though; but it is not. I never can be good enough.

But I go to hear Mr. Woolley preach because he talks to my reason and my good feelings, and he never says anything to me that makes me hate God or humanity; but he tells me that which draws me nearer to both, and sends me away better than I go."

"Ah! it does very well to live by, but I 'm afraid it will prove a snare to your feet."

"Well, I am willing to risk it. Suppose you go with me once to hear him? You 'll come away the better for it."

So zealous was my father in his labors in this place, and so earnestly and with so much interest did he speak of the congregation and choir, that a good friend, who lived in Hamilton village, and was in the habit of attending meeting at Hamilton Centre, and who thought that nothing could excel their singing, their audience, and their preaching, often bantered him about his enthusiasm. One cold, stormy winter's day, as my father was on his way to Lebanon, he called at the house of this friend, and, as he drew near the glowing fire in the beautiful parlor, his friend exclaimed, "You are a hero, Brother Woolley, to be out to-day. Do you expect an audience to-morrow?"

"Certainly — most certainly; we shall have a meeting, if any of them are alive."

"Brother Woolley, why is it you are so interested in your meetings over there? And do tell me what in the world you have found in old Lebanon that makes your face light up so when you speak of them!"

"Why and what? Why, friend L., you must go over and see. Then you will know as well as I do."

"Yes, I will go and see. But allow me to say, Brother Woolley, that I think you are rather partial in your feelings."

"No — O, no! Or, if I am (and I sometimes fear it is true), it is for the Hamilton society. They were my first charge, and are to me as no other people ever can be. God's richest blessing rest upon every one of

them! But I am disappointed, happily disappointed, in the Lebanon society, and they are equally disappointed in me. When I first went there, they were as cold as a mountain of snow; they had but little confidence in me, and I doubted as to the success of my ministry among them. But we are really doing a fine business there. Come over and help us."

One beautiful Sabbath, in the following summer, his friend rode over to Lebanon. "The church was well filled, the choir in good cheer, and all there, and we were just ready to commence services as L. came in. He looked about in wonder at so large and respectable a congregation, and viewed our house closely. I almost imagined he looked quizzingly at me as I read the hymn, for my former conversation with him was fresh in my mind. The choir commenced singing, and it seemed as though they were determined to outdo themselves that morning. I could not see my friend's face until he sat down, and then I felt inclined to return the laughs he had given me. His face was as bright with happy thoughts as he had ever seen mine. My own soul, too, was all awake, and I never preached more earnestly than I did that morning. Somehow, I always could preach better after hearing good singing. It seemed to rouse my every energy. After the sermon the singers closed with a voluntary of their own choosing, and they sang most gloriously. I was here and there greeting my congregation, and waiting for my friend to come within speaking distance; and as he came towards me he reached out his hand and grasped mine with an earnestness that expressed better than words how well he was pleased. I waited for him to speak, but as I did not see much prospect of it, I asked, 'Well, friend L., how do you think now?'

"'I don't think, Brother Woolley; I only feel.'

"'Well, how do you feel, then?'

"'I feel as though they might sing like that in heaven. And I will come over here every two weeks, if you will preach as well as you did to-day.'"

This friend was one of my father's earliest acquaintances in Hamilton; and he proved a faithful supporter of the doctrine he believed, as well as a wise and devoted companion and friend. "I know he is the truest of friends," my father would say, "for he corrects my faults whenever he sees them. And be sure only he who loves you well will tell you you are wrong, for he desires your happiness and prosperity."

In this way my father judged of those who professed an interest in his well-being. It was not the man or woman who always praised him, who saw nothing in his manners or his sermons to criticize or with which to find fault, that he esteemed the most highly, or took the closest to his heart; but the one who met him with a kindly welcome, and, in a friendly voice, told him that "this was not as well," or, "that would do better." It was this one whose companionship he sought, whose affection he cherished sacredly, and whose memory lingered, like the perfume of his native wild-flowers, forever in his heart. Sincerely attached to his friends himself, he yet never hesitated to give a rebuke if it was needed, or to correct a fault if he saw one; and he condemned a vice wherever he saw one. From this manner of treatment he undoubtedly lost the good-will of many who would otherwise have called themselves his friends; but he always asked and expected to be dealt by in the same way.

Among the many evidences of success while he labored in Lebanon was the conversion of a Mrs. Ford. She was an aged woman, and sincerely and bitterly opposed to the "new religion." She could not bear the thought that her children or husband should attend a Universalist meeting, and it was misery to her if my father entered the house. She did not greet him with "a jar of yeast, or a skillet of boiling water," for she was too sensible for that; but she would have kept him and his theory far from herself and family, if she could. The Universalist preacher — "worse than infidel," as she deemed

him — knew how to sympathize with her, for he had been tried in the same way. I give the following account of her experience, written by her pastor and friend some years after, which I find in the *Universalist Union.* In introducing them the editor remarks: "Brother E. M. Woolley, in communicating the following obituary of Mrs. Anne Ford, gives the following interesting particulars."

"When Universalism was first preached in Lebanon, Mrs. F. was a firm and zealous opponent of the restitution. Her son, Brother Joseph Ford, and his wife, soon found joy and consolation in the cordial embrace of the doctrine.

"By the request of Brother Ford, I made an appointment in the school-house in his district for an evening meeting. I called at his house in the afternoon, and had a little conversation with the old lady. When the time for meeting arrived, she requested her husband to harness the horse, that she might go and listen to Mr. Woolley once, and then she should be better prepared to judge of the doctrine he preached. The request was cheerfully complied with, and, thank God, she *did* listen.

"After meeting I immediately returned to Brother Ford's, and was the first at the house; the old lady came next. The moment she entered the room, she addressed me thus: 'Well, Mr. Woolley, Felix said to Paul, "I am almost persuaded to be a Christian;" and I am almost persuaded to be a Universalist. I have said, many times, that I would rather my children would attend a ball on a Sabbath than a Universalist meeting. But, may God forgive me, it was through ignorance I did it, and I shall never say it again; for, if that is Universalism, may we have more of it in the world!'

"She lived to a good old age, and died in peace."

Among others who embraced the religion he taught, was the young wife of Mr. W. Sheldon, well educated, accomplished, and beautiful. At the time of her marriage with Mr. S. she knew little of his cherished faith,

and arrangement was made that they should attend each the other's meeting on succeeding Sabbaths. This, however, did not last many months. Mrs. S. soon began to prefer her husband's meeting to her own, and, to his great joy, became, under my father's ministry, a joyous believer in the holy faith. Her husband has, we most conscientiously believe, gone to rejoice with his much-loved pastor and friend where error can never come, and she is left to try the sustaining power of her religion.

My father was ordained to the work of the ministry at Hamilton Centre on the 21st of August, 1834. I find a simple and interesting description of this event in a letter written to myself, last summer, by one who was present at the services. I am happy to give it place here, for there are others beside myself by whom it will be read with deep interest.

"Among the many interesting events which I remember during your dear father's ministry among us, is his ordination. I can never forget it. It was on a still summer's day; there were no clouds in the sky, and the wind moved hardly enough to stir the leaves of the trees. Our society were much interested in the circumstance, and our little church was soon filled with an anxious and expectant audience.

"Rev. S. R. Smith preached the sermon, and delivered the Scriptures and charge. As he placed his long, thin hand upon your father's head, he bent a little towards him, and his clear blue eye was bright with a fire that burned in the centre of his soul; and the words came from his lips sharp and distinct upon the ears of the hearers. 'And now, my young brother, I beseech of you to give your health and your strength, your time and your talent, your very life even, to the promulgation of those truths which you and I believe were taught by the Saviour of the world. May your labors be beneficial to humanity, and thereby gratifying to yourself and acceptable in the sight of Almighty God!' These were his last or nearly his last words, and an almost heavenly

beauty hung around your father's broad brow as he heard them. And there was an expression upon his face which told his people that he knew his duty, and was willing to accomplish it.

"I have attended many ordinations since then, but never one that interested me so much."

That my father felt deeply the important duties resting upon him, may be known by a memorandum he made this day:

"How have I longed for, and yet, at the same time, how sensitively have I shrunk from, the approach of this day. It was the day that was to see me dedicated, soul and body, to the defence of the Christian religion among men. But when the hour of services came, I felt no shrinking,—only a gladness that the hour had come; and, with Brother Smith beside me, I felt as though I could withstand the united opposition of the whole world. With such confidence does he inspire one. He was in his happiest mood to-day, and, God bless him, how he talked to me! It shall be the aim of my life to remember his words, and reduce them to practice. And now, may the God of all grace, and the Father of all spirits, so influence me that I may fulfil all life's duties sacredly and cheerfully, and prove a zealous and faithful preacher of the Gospel!"

He was also well aware that he had entered a toilsome field, and exceedingly anxious not to prove a laggard in its labors. He had never lost his habits of study, and was now more desirous than ever for an opportunity of reading and reflection. And he succeeded very well, although sad inroads were made upon his time by calls to attend marriages, funerals, and lectures. He never refused a call to go if he could possibly ride or walk, for he considered that his opportunity of doing good was thus increased, though it took him so often from the pleasant retirement of his study.

He was always willing and happy to instruct those of the weakest capacity, and the most illiterate; and he

was fortunate in so simplifying his manner that a child could understand him. But he was also desirous to render himself a pleasing companion for the good and intelligent, many of whom were embraced in both his societies, and to become an acceptable associate for his brethren in the ministry, among whom were those to whom he looked with a feeling of great affection and veneration. Of the latter number was Rev. D. Skinner, then editor and publisher of the *Evangelical Magazine and Advocate*, published in Utica. Mr. Skinner's opinion of him is beautifully expressed in the following extract from the *Christian Ambassador* of May 28th, 1853:

"In the death of Rev. E. M. Woolley our Universalist brethren of Michigan, and the denomination at large, have lost one of the ablest, most earnest, and clear-headed, of our ministry; one who honored his profession by a pure and upright life, and a conversation such as became the Gospel of Christ.

"From the very commencement his labors were acceptable to the public, and useful to the cause of truth. In his style of preaching he was terse and sententious, yet earnest, warm-hearted, and faithful,—apt to teach, adapting both his subject and manner to the time, place, and circumstances attending. On the whole, he was decidedly a successful and popular preacher, endeared to thousands of hearts in central New York, and wherever he was known.

"During several years of his labors he was severely afflicted with bronchitis, insomuch that he was obliged to suspend his public labors. Temporarily and partially recovering from this severe affliction, he removed to Michigan about six years since; and, though in feeble health, he continued, as long as his strength lasted, to proclaim the great salvation and preach the unsearchable riches of Christ in that new state, making many of its hardy pioneers rich in the possession of that glorious faith which embraces an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for a ransomed world."

CHAPTER VII.

DEATH OF HIS FATHER — DEBATE WITH THEOLOGICAL STUDENT — "OLD WOOLLEY" INCOG. — SUICIDE'S FUNERAL — SICKNESS AND DEATH IN HIS FAMILY — POETRY — DISCUSSION IN POOLVILLE — SICKNESS AGAIN — PRAYER TO A METHODIST FUNERAL SERMON.

THE second winter of my father's labor in Hamilton, his aged father was attacked with a short but fatal illness. My father had been out to see him, and was again on his way to Cazenovia, when a messenger was sent to Hamilton with word of the immediately expected departure of the sick parent. My father had preached on the Sunday, at five o'clock, in Hamilton village, and, remaining there all night, started early the next morning for Cazenovia. In this way he missed the messenger, and arrived at his father-in-law's, in Nelson Flats, before he received any intimation that the cheerful voice that had always gladly welcomed him would not be in the earthly home to greet him when he came.

He was fastening his horse in the stable, when his little daughter ran out, and said to him, "Father, grandfather's dead." He looked up to his father-in-law, and asked, "Is father dead?"

"Yes, he died last night."

"Has word been sent to Hamilton?"

"George went for you yesterday morning. We hoped to get you there in time to see him die."

He gave no expression of sorrow, but covered "Dolly" warmly, gave her a plenty of oats and hay, and when he entered the house he greeted them all cheerfully, and then went to his chamber. We heard him walk the

floor of his room for several hours; but when he came down to the supper-table, his face, though very pale, was calm, and we never knew what a struggle it cost him to let his good old father go to the better land.

After tea, he rode out to Cazenovia. His aged, feeble mother met him at the door, and, as she gave him her wasted hand, the tears rolled thick and fast over her wrinkled cheeks, and she asked, "Did thee know thy father was dead, Edward?" He put his strong arm around her tottering form, and led her back to a seat, and his voice was steady as he said, "No, mother, 'he is not dead, but sleepeth.'" She looked up into his face, and a smile broke over her before saddened countenance, and she exclaimed, "God bless thee, Edward!" After he had become warm, his mother opened the door of a little back parlor, and called, "Edward, will thee come here?" He took his little daughter by the hand and entered the room; and there, in the same place in the room, and arrayed in the same manner as his own children afterwards saw *him*, lay his sleeping father. He was dressed in a brown vest, dark pants, and soft knit stockings, and the points of the brown silk neck-cloth lay smoothly upon the white linen that glistened over his silent breast. The silver hair hung thinly about his hollow temples, and the placid, happy expression of his face was like that of a patriarch gone to his pleasant slumber. My father cut a lock from the white hair, and put in his pocket-book (and, years after, this lock of hair was found, during a dangerous illness of his own, safely folded in papers, in a wallet of his pocket); then he asked, "Is this your grandfather, my child?" She answered by looking into his face, and asking, "Is it he, father?"

"No. It is only his body you see here. His warm, kind heart is not here, any more than it is in your wax doll, but is with God, in a better world. Your grandfather will know you and all of us there. He does know and love us all *now*. Never think of him as dead, my little girl, but as good and happy in heaven."

There had been no arrangements made for a clergyman, although the aged man had died a happy and exulting Universalist. But the children wished in all that was possible to consult the wishes of their mother, for she had been his companion nearly fifty years. It was arranged between them that my father should ask her who she wished to have called. Accordingly, he said, "Mother, they have put it upon me to ask you whom you wish to preach father's funeral sermon." She answered, "Why does thee ask me, Edward? I want Mr. Biddlecom. Thee knows he would be thy father's choice." My father smiled at this answer, for it was the first intimation he had had that she had changed her views. And the contentment of her manner, as she answered him, told him that she had.

The next day was the burial. A path had been shovelled from the door-yard, across the meadow, up over the low hill-side; and while a few snow-flakes fell around their passing feet, the bereaved ones followed the father and friend to the resting-place he had chosen. It was on the home farm, but a few rods from the house; and the aged mother and widow stood by the window in her home, and saw the husband of her youth lowered to his silent chamber. A few years later, and another grassy door was opened, when her form went down to slumber sweetly by his side.

My father always spoke cheerfully of his departed parent, and an extract from a letter written the next summer to an early friend in Duchess County shows that he had not studied the precepts of his religion in vain; but that he who had ministered so successfully to hearts bereaved knew where to go for strength and consolation in his own hour of trial.

"Well, here I am, seated by my desk, in our little home in Hamilton, on this sunny morning, with pen in hand, writing to my friend of 'Auld Lang Syne.' 'Auld Lang Syne!'— how that word makes my heart tremble, and brings me back, fresh and green, the joys of life's

young existence! How it carries my feet away to tread my native hills, or wander by the silver brooks that meander through the meadows around my boyhood's home! 'Auld Lang Syne!' God bless the man that wrote it! for it gives me again the quiet beauty of Pleasant Valley, all the noise and jostle of Poughkeepsie, the grandeur of the rock-girded Hudson, the music of the West Point band, and, dearer than all, the friends of my boyhood and youth.

"Friends of my boyhood — friends of my youth — friends of my manhood — where are they? Some are fighting courageously the tiresome battle of life, and others

> 'Sleep the sleep that knows no waking,
> Morn of toil, or night of breaking.'

"My cherished old father — yes, my friend — good-humored 'Uncle Edward,' lies asleep, this glorious summer morning, on a low hill, upon my own little farm in Cazenovia. Lies asleep, did I say? Yes — and why did I say it? Because that is the way we mortals talk. They wanted me to dress in mourning when he went; but I said to them, Nay. What! — clothe myself in a black robe, when the father I loved and venerated had put on the white garment and the angel's crown! Sooner would I array my body in weeds when a new-born spirit tries its unfledged wings in the heavy air of this lower world. Yet not even then would I mourn. No — not for anything God has done, or will do. There is much, perhaps, that I would like to have different, much in this life I would strive to change. But, if I should not succeed, then let me say, with Paul, 'I have learned in whatever state I am, therewith to be content.' For God 'is God, and there is none else.' Rejoice, O my soul! — for he hath done all things well."

The students from the Baptist Theological Seminary in Hamilton village were often at the Centre to attend meeting; and, as my father always gave liberty at the

close of his services for any one to speak, they held numerous and interesting discussions. Among them was a young man by the name of Dick, in whom my father was much interested. One Sabbath afternoon, as they were earnestly discussing the salvation of the world, Mr. Dick asked, with a smile upon his lips, as though he thought it the most absurd thing in the world,

"Mr. Woolley, can it be possible that a man of your wisdom believes that God will save people in their sins?"

"Allow me," replied his disputant, "to answer your question upon the Yankee plan of asking another. Did my young brother ever see an inebriate reeling through the streets,— his face bloated, his eyes bloodshot, curses failing from his livid lips, himself a curse to his family and to society,— did my young brother ever see this?"

"He has, many times," was the answer.

"Did he afterward see this man redeemed from his wine-cup, reformed from his great evil, walking God's broad earth proud and happy, a blessing to his wife and children, a good neighbor, and a respectable citizen,— did my young brother ever see this?"

"Yes," was again the answer.

"Was that man reformed *in* his drunkenness, or *from* his drunkenness?"

"*From* his drunkenness, certainly."

"Well, then, does God save people *in* their sins, or *from* their sins? You can answer your own question, now."

"But, Mr. Woolley, how are you, with your great determination that everybody shall be saved,— how are you, I ask,— how is God going to get every one to heaven? Many people have no care whether there is a heaven or a hell. They riot and delight in all kinds of wickedness, and are only happy when abusing others. The idea of a heaven, unless it were a heaven filled with trouble and discord, would be worse than the sting of death to them. Will God drive these people to heaven, when they have no desire to go there?"

"Let us take for granted, a moment, my brother (in order to bring the thought nearer home), that you are the worst man the world ever saw. You are so bad that Nero could not begin to reach you in wickedness; you not only commit great crimes, but you have also the disposition that delights in wrangling, in originating and repeating all the petty, vile slanders in existence, and exult, heartily rejoice, in all the little bickerings and animosities you can create, either in home circles, neighborhoods, or communities. These iniquities seem to constitute your entire happiness, the only happiness you are supposed capable of enjoying. You have tried this way a long time, and you honestly believe there is no way to enjoyment except in sin. By and by, God, in his wisdom, sends some one to you, who, finally, after a long time perhaps, succeeds in convincing you somehow — no matter how — that you have been all your life long deluded, — following an 'ignus fatuus,' that leads but to destroy. He shows you that the little joy you have experienced in your evil way is but as a drop of water to the boundless ocean, compared to the happiness you would receive by doing good. He finds for you the inlet, in even your dark character, through which the waves of peace and purity may flow, to wash the sin-stained heart within; he discovers the Jacob's ladder by which you may ascend to heaven, and he has the ability and the power to make this as plain to you as the letters of your alphabet; and really awakens in your heart a sincere desire to receive this greater happiness. How long would it be before you would enter upon the better way?"

"Why, I should not be the same creature. I should be another man."

"And, as another man, how long would it be before you 'ceased to do evil and learned to do well'?"

"Not long, I think. The very necessity of my nature would make me good. Who could do anything but right, with a wish to do good, and knowing how to be so?"

"Well, my young brother, do you believe God is infi-

nite in power? In one word, do you believe that he is almighty?"

"Most certainly I do."

"Then he can, in his own best way, convince and reform the vilest sinner; and if God ever drives any one into heaven, my young brother, it will be by making that one better."

The following anecdote will show the reader the somewhat ludicrous manner in which he was frequently treated in his journeyings among men. He had preached in the village of Cazenovia one Sunday evening, and having rode the next morning as far as Morrisville, he entered the sitting-room of a tavern, and sat down by the fire. He was enveloped comfortably in furs, and a large muffler, with his cap, nearly covered his face. As he entered, two ladies, who were journeying, and had evidently come from different ways, were very busily engaged in conversation. The elder woman was middle-aged, with sharp features, and a sharper voice. She did not discontinue her conversation, as my father sat down, and greeted them very kindly with "A very cold day, ladies."— But she kept on in this wise: "Yes, and they say he has a full house, and makes converts fast. Even Sister M—— went to hear him. I'd as soon cut my own throat as to go and hear him! But sister's husband told me that the people run in all directions to hear him. They must have him at every wedding, and all the funerals. He's leading the poor people down to hell faster than anything else. He ought to be shot! Hanging would be too good for him!"

"Hut! hush, my good woman! Who can this bad man be, you think should be treated so severely?" said my father.

"Who?—Why, Woolley,—old Woolley! He's all over the country, making converts to his dreadful doctrine, and sending souls to ruin. I'm glad hell is waiting for him, yet!"

"He may be a very bad fellow, this old Woolley; but I should think, now, you might give him a very good caning, if he ever comes in your way, and let that answer. It does seem to me to be almost too bad to shoot the old sinner, and then send him to hell too!"

At this moment the landlady, who, with her husband and children, was a friend of my father's, entered the room, and, giving him her hand, said, "Brother Woolley, Mr. L. has put out your horse, and you must stay to a family dinner with us."

"I shall be happy to do so," he replied, "but I hardly think I shall be safe with so bitter an enemy as this good woman in the house."

As he threw aside his coat and furs, the woman looked sharply at him; and, though she was a little abashed, she could not remain quiet. She asked, "Be you the Universalist minister that preached in Cazenovia last night?"

"I am, madam," he answered.

"Why, you don't look very old, man! I thought they called you old Woolley!"

"I am thirty-one years old, madam,—only thirty-one. You have seen more years than that, I think."

"You don't believe in a devil, Mr. Woolley! What do you go round the country for, telling the people there 's no devil?"

"You are mistaken, my good woman; I believe in devils,—yes, in legions of them. They trouble humanity very much. If I mistake not, one of them vexes you a little to-day."

"You don't believe in any hell, and you don't tell your hearers there is any!"

"Mistaken again! I tell my hearers of hell; I believe in even the lowest hell, in which David said he was."

"You 're very cunning! But, if you believe in a hell, do you tell the thieves and robbers, and murderers and drunkards, that they must go there?"

"I never preach to such people, madam."

"You don't?"

"No, madam; such people never come to my meeting. They would not like to hear 'old Woolley' preach!"

This winter my father preached three times every Sunday, and once, twice or thrice, on week-day evenings. He was called almost constantly to deliver lectures on doctrinal subjects during the long evenings. The next spring and summer he was as busily employed. Warm weather was accompanied with a great deal of sickness in the vicinity of his home, and he was frequently called twenty, thirty, and even forty miles, to attend funerals. He could hardly administer consolation to one circle of mourners, before he was called to the open grave with another band of bereaved ones. For two weeks of this summer he not only preached three sermons upon the Sabbath, but he also attended one or two funerals every day. He was often called to give comfort to those who differed with him in faith, and that, too, under circumstances peculiar and embarrassing, as a little incident may illustrate.

The son of very worthy parents, living not far from the town where my father resided, had been wild and profligate, and finally terminated his career by committing suicide. The father of the young man went, in person, to see a Presbyterian clergyman, and asked him if he would come and comfort his suffering family. This clergyman was an honest and good man, and he replied to his friend thus:

"I have no source of consolation for you; your son has been very wicked, and has, with his own hand, put an end to his existence; and, according to my belief, he is suffering the just punishment for his sins. I don't like to say this to you; I should not like to say it to your heart-broken wife or suffering children." He paused a moment, and then continued, "You had better send for Mr. Woolley; I don't believe his faith, but, if there is a man on earth that can comfort you, it 's he."

My father was sent for, and he thus describes this scene of mourning: "The home to which I was called was one of wealth and splendor; and as I walked up the broad flag-stone walk, underneath the drooping branches of the heavy elms, I could see distinctly, in the centre of the broad hall, the black pall that fell over the mahogany coffin, and swept the soft carpet with its heavy fringe. The father met me at the door, looking more like a ghost than a living man; and, as we were walking past the coffin, he pointed to the uncovered face, and, exclaiming 'O, my God!' bowed his broad chest over the pall. The features upon which I gazed were finely cut, and with an aristocratic stamp upon them, and had there been a holy expression there that face would have been divinely beautiful. It was the face, I should say, of a youth of fine talent, acute sympathies, and deep feeling, without restraining or balancing power. The complexion in life, I think, must have been a clear olive, and the eyes very dark. Around his forehead hung heavy masses of the blackest hair I ever saw, and it was thoroughly damp with the scalding tears of those who loved him.

"We passed along to the foot of the hall, and entered the luxuriantly-furnished parlor. As we stepped through the open door, the father summoned strength of voice enough to introduce me, and then he leaned his elbow upon a piano near the door, and rested his forehead upon his hand. The two young sisters leaned their heads against the back of the sofa where they were sitting, and sobbed like little children. The brother, a youth perhaps of twenty years, folded his arms across his chest, and walked the room; but, in spite of his effort at self-control, the tears would fill his black eyes, and fall over his cheeks. The mother (who, in defiance of her weeping eyes and sable weeds, was an uncommonly beautiful woman) sprang towards me, grasped my hand, and exclaimed, 'O, sir! Our boy,—our poor, self-murdered boy,—is there any hope for him? Or must,—

O, God! must —' She could not finish the sentence. I held her hand gently, and said, 'Who is there among you, if his son ask of him bread, would give him a stone? If you, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven know how to give good gifts unto his children?' She understood my meaning, and said, 'O, if it can be so!'

"I saw at once they were a superior family, and so deeply attached to each other that they would 'let go heaven' unless one and all were there.

"I talked to them the few moments that intervened before services, and I chose for my text that beautiful and expressive passage, 'But go, rather, to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.' They were very attentive, and a good deal comforted; and I never thanked God so sincerely for any one gift as for this blessed truth, that lifts up and sustains breaking hearts. Never before had I so rejoiced in my ministry as when I saw that family of mourners come back from the grave of that son and brother, and gather around the supper-table, while upon their faces the smiles of hope broke through the tears of sorrow."

It were well, perhaps, to say that this family became the cherished friends of the strange clergyman who comforted them in their hour of woe, and also firm believers in the religion he that day taught them.

The sickness, this season, did not spare his own family; and while he was from home to attend a funeral, the spirit of a little blue-eyed babe went away from its earthly home, to join the cherub band above. My mother had been in feeble health for a long time, and was then confined to her bed. My father came home in season for the burial; and after a beautiful and consolatory prayer by Rev. L. C. Browne, the little coffin was passed to the bed for the bereaved mother to look at the cold form of the babe, and then it was carried away to the graveyard. And those who were left have since realized that

the household which gives a little child to the care of the great Shepherd keeps always a cherub's happy face, a cherub's precious form.

Amid all this hard labor, and the weariness resulting therefrom,— amid sickness, and death, and the grave,— he could still write, —

"HE IS GOOD UNTO ALL, AND HIS TENDER MERCIES ARE OVER ALL HIS WORKS."

Amid all change one truth endures,
Amid all grief, one joy ;
One promise stands forever sure,
That time cannot destroy, —

The promise that Jehovah gave,
To prophets in old time,
To save from "hades" and the grave
All nations and all climes.

For he is merciful to all,
His goodness all must know,
His blessings on the good will fall,
And even on each foe ;

Until he calls us all around
His sacred throne above,
Where no dark sorrow shall be found,
Naught but a world of love.

There Jew and Gentile shall agree,
And sin shall come no more ;
There Christ the ransomed world shall see,
There shall the world adore !

Health was once more restored to his family, and through the fall and winter he was again very much engaged in labor. He devoted all the time he could to study, and enjoyed very good opportunity for reading. Many useful and interesting volumes were also added to his little but well-chosen library. Yet his Concordance and Bible were the principal books which he studied. About him, then, it was Bible-faith and Bible-theory he was called upon to defend and preach. "The people around us," he says, "were most of them zealous religionists, and could not be influenced by any mode of reasoning except a 'thus saith the Lord.'"

Early in the winter of 1835—36 my father held a discussion with a Methodist clergyman, in the little village of Poolville. Although this disputation was short, extending only through one or two evenings, yet, from the few rough notes taken of it, and from the description of those who were present, it seems to have been, not only interesting, but of good effect. Mr. H. was a manly opponent, and resorted to argument rather than the swaggering and boasting which so many disputants are pleased to use.

"The house," said my father, "was well filled, and every hearer knew what he was there for. I don't think there was one person in the house that lost a word."

When the discussion was nearly through, Mr. H., who had been a zealous opponent, said, "Mr. Woolley, I do not consider your doctrine a safe one to preach. It gives the wicked too much license. There is no way that man can be made to repent, or kept in the narrow way, except by fear."

"Very well," replied my father, "you undoubtedly think so; but let us see. We will suppose that two young sons, after they arrive at the age of twenty and twenty-two, grow dissatisfied with their situation in their father's family. It is true that they are provided with good clothing, plenty to eat, and are greeted morning and evening with kindly voices. They work when they like, and play when they please. But this is not enough. The father still keeps the reins in his own hands, for he thinks rightly that young H and B are not quite capable of managing all things yet. This, however, does not suit the sons, and they talk of different arrangements. H says to B, 'I don't think father does quite right with us. I believe I could manage better. He don't give us enough. We don't work very hard, but then we have but little spending-money. I have been in hopes he would be more liberal; but, instead of better, things grow worse with us.'

"'I know it,' replies B, 'I've thought so a long time.

I don't like this way of dragging. If he can't do any better for us, we 'll do better for ourselves. We 'll leave him,—then see what he 'll do.'

"'What! go from home, B?'

"'Go from home — yes! What 's home or life without liberty? Freedom 's what I want, and I can't be free here. Neither can you. Just go away a few months, and he 'll be glad enough to call us back.'

"'I guess it would be better,' replies H; and off they go. But, as strange as it may seem, the home business goes on as usual. Things do not all run to rack and ruin, and the old, wise father seems to be capable of managing his own affairs, without calling upon his run-away boys.

"Time passes on. Months and years go by, and yet the sons are wanderers. They journey through many lands, and sit as exiles by the hearth-stones of strangers. As they see, at their resting-places on the way, children climbing their father's knee, or hear the tones of family affection, their own hearts are stirred, and memory, winged for flight, goes swiftly back to the father's home. Many times are they just ready to return; but the tempter rises in this way: 'We have been wicked. He will taunt us with our sins, and will not take us to his heart.' There is no good angel by to drive the doubt away, and they harden their hearts and go on.

"The father, notwithstanding the truants have forsaken him, makes an arrangement by which they can be supplied with necessary funds of money, and in this way does all that he can to render them comfortable. They know not where these gifts come from, and are surprised to find that they never need a coin but it comes to them.

"One day B says to H, 'What does this mean, our being so well supplied with money? We have a good angel somewhere, who means that we shall be well provided for.'

"'That we have,' replies H; 'but who he is, is more

than I can tell. I wish I knew who he was. I'd go over all the earth to thank him.'

"'So would I. But I can't think, for the life of me, who has interest enough in us to do so much for us.'

"'Do you think it can be father, B?'

"'Whew, no! What does *he* care for us?'

"'O, just nothing, I suppose. But, B, after all, though we thought it would suit us so well, this roving, rambling life is not the pleasantest thing in the world. No one to love us, no one to love. I tell you, B, my heart does go back to father's house, in spite of me.'

"'Well, mine don't; though, I confess, I'd like to know who our benefactor is. I think I should like him. But, father,—he don't care for us. We are men now, and he would n't own us as his children. There are others there he loves far better.'

"'I know it, B, but I can't think the old man was so much to blame, after all. We are far worse than he is.'

"'O yes,—worse,—worse! I know it, and that 's it. He won't take us back, I tell you.'

"By and by a man goes to these two sons, and he goes with the thunders of their father's vengeance. He tells them of their great transgressions, and says, 'Stay from your father's house as long as you will; but he has the power to bring you there at last, and he is preparing himself with all the vengeance of an angry father for your punishment when you go. The longer you defer it, the worse it will be for you; and you had better go now.'

"'No! no!' they both exclaim; 'we thought father was bad enough, but this makes him far worse than we supposed him. We 'll never go, if we can prevent it.'

"They journey on a few years longer, when, one day, after they have become tired with travelling, and sick with thought, a stranger comes to them,—a stranger with mild eye and gentle mien,—and he says, 'I have come for such as you.'

"'For such as us!' they exclaim.

"'Yes, for are you not weary, and do ye not need rest in a father's house?'

"'Alas!' they answer, 'we have no father's house.'

"'No father's house! You *have* a father's house, and a father too!'

"'He cares not for us, though. His house is filled with others, whom he loves.'

"'No better than he loves you. If he did not love you, would he have provided a means by which money could be furnished you so many years, to relieve your wants?'

"'He never did this?'

"'I know that he did thus for you, for I was the agent that held it, and I have followed you over the world that you might receive it.'

"'Then have we been wrongly informed. Not long since a man told us that our father was angry with us, and preparing every means to bring us to judgment.'

"'I tell you that he is not angry at you,—that he loves you as he loved you when you were little children; and that his heart would rejoice more exultingly over your return, than it does over the whole family around him.'

"'I can hardly believe,' says B. 'We have been years from his sight. We came away young, now we are men. Could he know us?'

"'Could he receive us as his children?' asks H.

"'He sent me for you, to seek and to save his children, and restore them, purified and happy, unto his pleasant home. Put far away every evil thought from your hearts; turn your weary, toil-worn feet into the green and beautiful paths that lead to your long-deserted home. Let your eyes rest once more upon the gold-crowned mountains of your native land, and your ears hear again the sweet music of your flower-rimmed streams, that sing through your father's fields. Go with me upon the old door-stone, and knock upon his door, and it shall be opened for you. The fatted calf shall be killed;

there shall be music and gladness in your father's mansion; and that father will receive you with open arms, and tears of joy.'

"They are convinced. They look at each other and say, while tears roll over their faces, 'How foolish we have been! seeking pleasure when we had left her far behind. How wicked, too! Let us arise and go to our good old father, who waits to welcome us.'

"And now, my brother, do you not think this would be the way with the sinner?"

"It is a very good illustration," replied Mr. H., "but I am afraid there are hearts so hard that the latter part of your remarks, even if applied, would not subdue them."

"But cannot God, in his wisdom, find means to subdue the heart of the most stubborn sinner?"

"He *may*, but it must be in season."

"He may! My brother, that implies a doubt. *He* WILL is stronger. He *will* do this; for he has said it. 'The word has gone out of his mouth, and shall not return unto him void,—that unto him every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall swear,—surely shall say,—In the Lord have I righteousness and strength!' God has all seasons for his own, my brother."

The next summer he was called upon to endure another affliction, in the serious illness of my mother, caused by a fall from a carriage. She had been out, one afternoon, with my father and good Mrs. W., upon a social visit, and when returning in the evening the horse became frightened by the glow of moonlight upon water. My mother was thrown from the carriage, and brought home insensible; and her long and serious sickness prevented attention to ministerial duties, except upon the Sabbath.

If it were possible, my father always visited, as a friend, all who were sick in his neighborhood, and made a practice of attending funerals near him; for no sectarian

prejudice, no religious or petty animosities, could prevent his sympathizing with the mourner or the suffering.

Whenever he attended a funeral in his own vicinity, he was generally invited by the clergyman officiating to pray after the sermon was finished. And he always made the occasion one in which to present the strongest points of his faith; particularly if his sympathies had been much aroused during services. An incident of this kind occurred during the last summer, before mentioned. A man of not very good moral character, living near my father's, was one day thrown from a load, in a fit of intoxication, and seriously injured. He was borne home in a senseless condition, and died without a moment of returning reason. His young wife, who was a religious woman, and member of a Methodist church, was almost distracted, and her shrieks and screams rent the air when she was told that her husband was dead, for he had died without giving the slightest hope of repentance. The funeral was held in the pretty little settlement of Colchester, and a Methodist clergyman was in attendance. He had no word of consolation for the mourners, and the moans of the bereaved widow drew tears from the eyes of every hearer, as Mr. G. pictured the never-ending sufferings of the lost. After the sermon was finished, Mr. G. very politely invited my father to close the services with prayer. My father's feelings had been very much aroused during the sermon, and he was anxious to give the sorrow-stricken ones in that old school-house refreshing consolation from the great fountain of joy he had for them. He rose slowly from his seat, and folded his arms deliberately across his broad chest, and, raising his starry blue eyes to heaven, earnestly thanked his heavenly Father for the better faith that had been unfolded to him. His prayer was very long, and when he concluded he had successfully refuted every argument of Mr. G. which would take the deceased forever from those he loved, and which would prevent the mourners from viewing him, redeemed and purified from sin, before the feet of the Father. It

was one of his happiest efforts; the widow forgot, for the while, her grief, in the thought of the last happy reünion. Smiles of joy were on the faces where a moment before tears glistened; and all within the sound of his voice felt to thank God for that great ocean of love where the sinner may wash and be cleansed, while they saw the better way, wherein one may walk with unstained feet to the heaven and home above.

After services, as the congregation dispersed, a very good-hearted but rather rough-spoken man stood in the entry, looking at the mourners. Turning to a neighbor, he said, "I feel better than I did an hour ago."

"Why so, friend?" was the response.

"Because my blood fairly boiled when I listened to that sermon; but now I am willing to see the dead laid away, for if G. preached him into hell, Woolley prayed him out; and if that prayer can have any effect, he 'll 'keep out.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS PRESENCE IN THE SICK ROOM — MIDNIGHT VISIT TO BROOKFIELD — BITTERNESS OF THE OPPOSITION — LOSSES BY A FRIEND'S FAILURE — THE SPOILED SERMON — TIC-DOULOUREUX, DYSPEPSIA AND BRONCHITIS — EXHAUSTING EFFORTS TO PAY DEBTS — A SONG OF PRAISE — FAREWELL TO HAMILTON AND LEBANON.

My father was often called, not only in his own neighborhood, but several miles from home, to pray by the bed of the dying; and, if it were possible for him to go, he never refused. His presence in the sick room was a charm against all sorrow or unrest. Death was to him so much God's great, best messenger, and he had such perfect trust in his heavenly Father, and his face wore such an expression of quiet happiness when he stood with some departing spirit upon the beautiful shores of the promised land, that the dying one, if he had been restless and fearful before he came, was lulled into repose and hope as he entered. And the great hope that filled his own spirit fell from his lips in no set phrase or studied words, but in language simple and expressive, in those precious words which heart utters to heart; and while it bore the passing spirit to the untried realities of the better world, fell, also, like a healing balm, upon the hearts bereft of the mortal presence of the loved, till they could say, without fear or doubt, "Of immortality, if I had before doubted, I could doubt no longer; for I have seen one enter upon its joys, and with an angel's smile and a gentle wave of the hand pass on to her eternal home."

In his own family he was the all-in-all in the hour of

sickness or trial. If *he* was in the sick room, as the soothing tones of his voice fell upon the sick one's ear there was no fear or trembling, though the valley of shadows was open before them. Even his little child would lie quietly upon its pillow and strive to hush its moans as he sat beside the crib, with no fear of death hovering over its little spirit, only the happy thought that the Father in heaven would take it home.

Incidents enough to fill a volume might be gathered to illustrate this happy peculiarity of his character; but I will only give one, which not only shows his soul-cheering influence in the room of the dying, but also exhibits his willingness to embrace every opportunity to administer consolation.

Upon a cold, stormy midnight, in the winter after the summer of which I have been writing, he was called to go upon the high, bleak hills of Brookfield, to the bedside of a man who was supposed to be dying. My father was in a sound slumber when a rap on the door announced the arrival of the messenger. When the door was opened and he entered the house, he was so chilled he could hardly speak; for the wind blew furiously, the snow was piled from five to ten feet in the road, and the man had been from four o'clock the afternoon before digging his way through the snow. While my father made a fire the stranger told his errand: "Mr. Woolley, Mr. Richard B., of our neighborhood, is supposed to be dying, and he has sent me to see if you will come and talk with him."

"Where do you live, my dear sir; and why come you at so late an hour?" asked my father.

"I live in the northern part of Brookfield; and I left Mr. B.'s at four this afternoon. He had not given up all hope of getting well till that hour, when his physician told him that he could not live twenty-four hours. Mr. B. then requested me to come immediately for you, for his whole family were so bitterly opposed to Universalism that none of them would come. He has heard you preach once, and has something upon his mind that he wishes to

say to you. The roads are terrible, and the wind freezing cold; but Mr. B. hopes to see you before he dies."

At this moment good Mrs. U., who had heard the noise and supposed some one was sick, came in from her part of the house, and asked, in her motherly voice, "Mr. Woolley, what 's the matter? are you sick here?"

"No, Aunt Lucy, not sick, but here is a man wants me to go all the way to Brookfield, this Lapland night, to see a man that is supposed to be dying. What do you think about it, Aunt Lucy?"

"I don't know, Mr. Woolley. It 's very late, and a cold night. Don't go, any way, till Mr. U. comes;" and she hurried back to consult her husband. As she went out, the messenger asked, "Can you go, Mr. Woolley?"

"Yes; I will endeavor to get there between now and morning."

The stranger buttoned up his coat, and said he must be going; and to my father's query of "Why not wait until I am ready?" he replied, "I can't wait; I must go now, and I will tell them you are coming."

Mr. and Mrs. U. came in and asked, "Are you going, Mr. Woolley?"

"I think so."

"I don't consider it safe, Mr. Woolley," said Mr. U., in his thoughtful way. "I should not be surprised if this man had been sent to lead you into a snare. Opposition is so strong now that I sometimes think the good, pious people would delight to shed the blood of a Universalist minister. It is very strange that this man could not wait for you! How are you to find your way alone through these snow-banks, at midnight, to the house of this stranger? It looks dark to me."

"I have preached in that neighborhood once, and think I can find the house. And, as for my religious enemies, if they get the better of me, I shall never die in a better cause."

"At all events, don't go till morning," said my

mother and Mrs. U., whose fears were considerably aroused.

"The man may be dead then. If I would do good, I must go now. My Master went safely through greater dangers."

Young "Robert" saddled and bridled "Dolly," and brought her to the door; and as my father sprang upon her back, good white-haired Mr. U. said, "Brother Woolley, if you do not get back by to-morrow at three o'clock, we shall come after you."

He rode away, and, after digging eight or ten miles in the snow-drifts, reached the house about nine o'clock the next morning. Mr. B., whom he was called to see, was yet alive, and could talk, although in a low voice. As my father sat down by the bedside, Mr. B. said, "I have sent a great distance for you, Mr. Woolley, over these bad roads, and in this stormy night. But I could not die without seeing you, for I have something to say to you, and through you to the world. I heard you preach one sermon last summer, and that sermon not only gave me new religious views, but it made me a better neighbor, a better son, and better husband and father. And the only reason that I have sent for you now is, to tell you that I die a Universalist, and to have you comfort my family. Out of regard to the feelings of my wife and mother, I have not mentioned it to them; but they must know it now. I have been anxious to wait for this hour, — for I knew it would come before many years, at least, — before I disclosed my new opinions — that I might try it. Now I have done so, and I am ready and willing to go."

At the announcement of his religious views the wife groaned, the mother walked the house in agony of heart, and one or two brothers exclaimed, "Is it possible?" To quiet the storm, the sick man asked my father to pray. In a clear, calm voice my father prayed earnestly and sincerely (as he always did) that the holy peace which lay upon the spirit of his departing brother might rest upon the stricken hearts of his family. "And it

seemed," said he, "as though my petition was granted; for, when the last words sounded in the room, every sob had died away, and a glory like the very light of heaven hung around the face of the dying. As I rose to leave (my engagements being such that I could not stay longer), Mr. B. pressed my hand, and said, 'Mr. Woolley, when I die you will not be sent for to preach my funeral sermon, the opposition of my whole family is so strong; but, whenever you hear of my death, I want you to preach my funeral sermon, even if one has been preached before. Promise me that you will.'"

"I will, if God lets me live," father replied. And then the dying man said, "May God send you with the light of the Gospel to other hearts as benighted as mine was before you brought me the glad tidings which shall be to all people!"

Father's narrative of the result I will give in his own words: "I went home, and soon after Mr. B. died; and, sure enough, as he told me, I was not sent for to attend his funeral. It was not till the next summer that I heard of his death, and then I was in that neighborhood to preach. I gave notice, all through the neighborhood, of the promise I had made to Mr. B. when he was on his death-bed; and, said I, I intend to fulfil it. I shall preach his funeral sermon next Sabbath, in the Universalist church at Hamilton Centre. The Sunday came, and what a crowd our church saw! It was literally jammed full, — gallery, stairs, entry and steps, — and the windows outside were darkened with hearers. I took for my text the golden rule, 'As ye would that others,' &c.; and if the wife, mother and brothers, of Mr. B., would not gratify the last wish of the departed, I had the satisfaction of knowing that God had let one man live long enough to do it."

To the great delight of his friends, my father returned safe. But their fears were not unreasonable; for it was a general time of "revivals," and my father was prayed for in the corners of the streets and in the churches.

And the petitions that ascended for him were not of the mildest kind. Some prayed that his mouth might be shut quick; and one good Christian brother came beneath his window and prayed that God would shake his bedstead, so that he could not sleep!

The white robes of Winter vanished slowly from the valleys, and his glistening feet lingered a while on the hill-tops and in the woodlands, and then the smiling face of bonny Spring was greeted with answering smiles upon the faces of my father and his family. But trial and misfortune came with the rustling of the green garments of Summer time.

My father had loaned money to a friend residing not many miles from the town of Hamilton, and also given with him his name as security upon a heavy note. This friend failed early in the summer of 1836; and the failure was one that ruined not only the man himself, but most of his business connections. News of his failure reached my father in Hamilton, but he could not believe it. As he was making arrangements to go and see, he would say, "I can't believe it. Upon my word, I cannot believe it. He is the very soul of honor, my friend; and it must be that he has provided some way to pay the company debt, if no more." But when he reached the place of his destination, he found it to be too true. The great amount of property had been given over to two creditors, who were requested to first pay the company debt, which would come upon my father, and also the money he had loaned. But when the business was settled there was nothing left for this friend and his family; and less, if possible, for my father.

It was a mid afternoon in the early part of the leafy month of June that my father reached the little village of B., and he says: "When I found that the truth had been told me,—that my friend had lost all, and there was no hope,—I left the house where he had resided, and went up the hill-side and sat down in the shadow of the old

weather-worn church. The lambs and cattle were grazing opposite me, and the din of business life was dying away in the streets below.

"But I was in no mood to see or hear; for, do the best I could, I could not master the spirit of indignation that stirred my breast. The labor of years was gone at once; and, though to many it would be nothing, to me it was much; for I had earned it to bless my children with education and intelligence. And I had given it, foolish man that I was, to help, where I might have seen there was no help. I had robbed those depending upon me, and had really benefited no one. But, bad as it was, that was not all; the implicit confidence, the unshaken trust, which had blest my heart, I feared would come back no more, forever. I had no thought that I could ever possess it again, for any living being. And in that hour I could believe anything evil of him who had so fearfully wronged me. I thought he had done it knowingly, maliciously; and none but God can know, for none but God saw, the agony I then endured. If ever a human being sincerely prayed for strength in an hour of woe, it was I; and if ever petition from human heart was granted, mine was; for a rest crept into my heart, a strength came to my spirit. I watched the slant sunbeams as they crept around the white feet of the little lambs at play in the pasture, and, as they faded across the old gray church, and day deepened into twilight, I arose from my low seat and walked down into the village, feeling that through it all God would be with me, and I need not despair. I had lost much, but had I not also much left? Was there not much to make me happy,—many blessings for which I should be thankful? And those beautiful because truthful words of Eliza Cook came to my mind,—

'Then say not the world is a desert of thrall!
There is bloom, there is light, on the waste;
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall
There are honey-drops, too, for the taste.'"

When my father returned his manner might have been somewhat sorrowful, but he was very calm. He had met with a great trial. He had hoped to make use of the money he had lost, to educate his children; for he could not endure the thought that they should struggle through life as he had done. His time was entirely occupied by his professional labors; and although he delighted in his ministry, yet a minister's salary in that day would not support four children and a sick wife, and pay a heavy debt. But, though a heavy cloud hung over him, his Father's face was behind it, and he had not only hope for himself, but for those about him. The night after his return his little daughter sat upon his knee, and asked, "Father, is it true that you have lost so much money?"

"Yes, my child."

"And have you got that debt to pay you was talking about?"

"I must try to pay it."

"Then can we all go to school, and have those new books you told us about the other morning?"

"I don't know, my child. But God knows; he will provide the best way for all of us."

The following anecdote, trifling as it is, will show the patience and playfulness of my father's nature. He had written very busily, one Saturday, and had nearly finished the last manuscript sermon for the morrow (and it was a sermon upon which he had devoted much thought), when a pet chicken flew upon the desk, and upset the inkstand upon his manuscript. The black fluid went bubbling through the leaves, and there was no saving the written thought. He undoubtedly regretted the accident; for, if the manuscript was not of more value than gold to him, it was a hard labor lost. But he put the bird upon the floor, with, "There, Tom, you dunce you, you've spoilt my sermon! Now, Tom, *you* must preach to-morrow."

Constant and excessive labor in his profession, with the care of and sickness in his family, together with the trial he had met, wore heavily upon his health. While in Munnsville he had suffered untold misery, unthought of by those who have not experienced it, by that most agonizing of all diseases, tic-douloureux. This summer he was again troubled with it, and with this was combined the worst form of dyspepsia, and a severe attack of bronchitis. But he could not find time for a moment's rest. If he could sit in his buggy a half-hour, he went to his appointments, although he was compelled to give up lecturing upon week-day evenings. He lost flesh so fast that he looked like a skeleton; and his only food was corn-meal pudding and molasses, though his appetite was voracious.

He was not able to drive his horse, or to be trusted alone, this summer; and, though I was a child of but ten years, I became his companion, while my brother Edward was left at home to bring the cow, and get the wood, and do the out-of-door "chores" for my mother. When the Sabbath for the appointment in Lebanon drew near, my father would get into his buggy, and, while he clasped both hands around his cane, and leaned his head upon it to support himself, I sat by his side, and held the lines in one hand, while with the other I carried an umbrella, to shield him from the summer's sun. It would not be expected that I could manage a horse very expertly; but I could give the alarm if my father fainted, or fell from the wagon; and good old "Dolly" was as gentle as a lamb, and she knew every step of the way, from the gate before my father's dwelling to the door of the white church, ten miles distant. She was a very friendly creature, too; for she had a desire to call and see every friend my father had upon the way. In this manner we journeyed nearly all summer; and though my child's heart was sometimes wrung with the fear that my father would die before we could reach any dwelling, yet the memory of that summer stands out in my mind like the

picture of a beautiful landscape, never to be forgotten. It was the fair meadow of early life, where the flowers grew and the birds sang, but where the snow had never fallen, and over which the chilling wind had never blown. It was the violet-strewn footpath, leading through green and fertile valleys, to the bleak, ice-crowned mountains beyond. I was of that tender age when the mind receives impressions easily, and when they generally become lasting. My father sometimes thought it a trial for me to be taken so much from the society of my mother, and my little brother and sisters; and he strove, as far as possible, to bring his conversation to my understanding. He was no moody companion, brooding over his sickness and sorrowing over his trials; but he forgot his own ills, to comfort and make happy those about him; and he always had a pleasant smile and a word of cheer for his friends, whenever they expressed a regret at his failing health. If I became alarmed as a pallor overspread his face, when I was driving for him, he would laugh, and say,

"Don't be frightened, my little girl! What if I do faint away? it is not the worst thing in the world. You must try to keep me in the wagon, and drive on, until you come to some house; but don't be frightened. I shall probably get over it; but, if I do not, you must think that it is the best time for me to go."

He talked to me much about death, and a great deal of his own departure, which he seemed to think was very near. "You are a little girl, I know," he would say; "but you are old enough to understand, for you have always been taught, that death is nothing to be feared; certainly, not to be feared by the good. The good always die happy, my child; and I want you to remember, now and always, to do right. Study hard to know what right is, and when you have had an opportunity to form an opinion of right and wrong without ignorance or prejudice, then do that which you intelligently and honestly believe is right. Many persons, perhaps, will

not like you as well; but you will have a friend in your own soul that will sustain you, and you will know that God, who sees you, approves your conduct. And when people understand your motives,—when they see that you act because you must act from a sense of duty,—they will respect and love you, for every human heart has something in it that likes goodness. And above everything else, my little girl, be honest; never, on any account, not even if the money of the whole world were offered you, tell a falsehood, or deceive in any manner. You need not always tell what you think; but, when you *do* speak, tell the truth. Never take anything, not even a penny, that does not belong to you; for stolen or pilfered property — whether you get it by open robbery, or sly cunning — brings a curse with it. Keep your heart pure as it is now, and use your judgment and your conscience, and nothing, no one on earth, can really harm you. I want you to remember this one thing, to prefer death, rather than to do wrong. Then you will not fear to die; and if you remember the religion I have taught you, you will, if you live to be a woman, be willing and glad, perhaps, to see those you love best go home to God. If I should die while you are little, remember that I shall always love you all, and always be near you; and that I shall see you if you ever do wrong. You must remember, now, all that I have told you, and talk about it to your little brother and sisters."

He would always wait for me to get out of the wagon and gather any flowers we might see by the road-side; and, if the air was very warm, he would fasten old "Dolly" to a tree in the edge of a little wood, and lie down to rest in the dappled shadows close by some clear-flowing woodland spring. Then, when the scorching sun-heat was gone, and the twilight came on, he would ride on to the residence of some friend and stay over night, when everything was done for his comfort.

My father was frequently cautioned by his friends for riding in this way, with no one but a little girl to watch

him. But he would cheerfully reply, "It is the best I can do now. My boy must stay at home to do for his mother what this child cannot do; and she can drive very well, for Dolly will mind her every time. On the whole, my friend, I believe I ought to thank God that he kept this sickness from me till my boy was old enough to wait upon his mother and sisters, and this girl could drive Dolly out to old Lebanon for her father."

"But you must stay at home, Mr. Woolley, and get well. We can lose you better a few Sabbaths now, than always at last; which we must do, if you keep on."

"That undoubtedly is good advice; and three months ago I should have abided by it. But now I not only labor to spread the Gospel among men, but I must work while life lasts to pay my debts. If I die with this heavy debt upon my shoulders, my wife and children will be beggars!"

One day, as he was riding over a level road, a friend stepped to the side of the wagon and asked, "Brother Woolley, are you not presumptuous in riding in this manner? Supposing your horse should get frightened, or you faint away,—what could your little girl do for you?"

"Well, my friend, I am not presumptuous; for I am doing my duty. And, if I am to die by falling from a wagon, then that will be the best way for me to go. You forget that God can always do the best for us."

One Saturday, late in the month of August, as we were riding to Lebanon, he told me to drive slow, for he could not bear the jar of the wagon, easy as it was. That night he staid at Mr. James McConnell's. At early dawn, the next morning, one of the daughters ran into my room and exclaimed, "Your father's dead!" It proved, however, to be a swoon. He had risen early, and gone into the open air; and Miss McConnell, standing in the door, saw him fall, and, in her alarm, supposed he was dead. He preached only one sermon that day, and then rode part of the way home.

The next day we had passed through the village of

Hamilton, and were upon the edge of a high, long bridge, built up quite steep both ways from where it met the road; and this bridge was at the foot of a steep, stony hill. We had just reached the edge of this bridge, when my father said: "I am going to faint away before many minutes; you had better hurry Dolly up the hill as fast as you can, and call to the people who live in the house on the other side. But you must not be frightened." I stood up in the wagon until he could lay himself across the seat, and then I sat down against him to prevent his falling. When I turned around to drive up the hill, his face was as colorless as the snow. I dared not look at him, for I was afraid Dolly would not go straight if I did not watch her; but I spoke to him, and he did not answer. I called "father" as loud as I could, and yet he did not make any effort to reply. I thought he was dead; and the way up that hill seemed like the way around the world. The people came out from the house before mentioned, and carried my father in, and laid him upon a bed. The motion seemed to arouse him, and he soon recovered from his swoon; and, towards night, we reached home. A friend of my father's, from Munnsville, was there; and as we drove up he saw us, and told mother that we had come. She was across the room, but she could see my father's face through the open door, and it startled her. "He 's very sick!" she exclaimed, and came out to help take him into the house. My father got out of his wagon, and, with the help of his cane and the arm of his friend, he entered the house. After he laid down upon the bed, Mr. T. said: "Brother Woolley, you need rest, and something that will strengthen you. You say you have tried the doctors long enough, now let me try my skill."

"Very well, go to work!" said my father. Mr. T. drove Dolly back to Colchester, and soon returned with a quart of rum and three pounds of loaf-sugar, which were to be placed in a glass jar, and kept in a kettle of boiling water for three hours. It was bed-time

before the medicine was ready, but the children begged to sit up "till father took a dose;" and when it was done, and he had taken a table-spoonful, his little boy (who had heard every word about the medicine, and had obtained the impression that it was to cure at once) stood by the bed a few moments, and then asked, "Are you well now, father?"

"Not quite well yet, my boy."

"I thought a spoonful could n't cure you. Why don't you take more?"

"That 'll answer for to-night. I shall be better to-morrow, and you may go to bed now."

"I shall be better to-morrow!" — how it made our feet dance out of the room, and sent us joyous and contented to our little beds! As we were going up stairs, our little brother, to comfort us, said, "Don't cry now, girls; father 'll be better to-morrow; for he never tells us wrong stories."

Ah! we were children then, and we talked as children do. We did not know that a disease had fastened upon our father that must destroy him. The next day, however, he was better, and I think he preached upon the following Sabbath, though his health was such as would have kept most of people in bed, and in charge of a physician. But I find a beautiful poem which he wrote this fall, expressive of his Christian strength and joy.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

The Lord has provided a rest for his people,
And given them promise that never shall fail;
Our souls shall be glad, and our hearts shall be willing,
When light and the Gospel shall wholly prevail.
Then strike the loud timbrel, and give God the glory!
His children are ransomed, — the enemy slain;
With songs and thanksgiving we 'll tell the glad story,
For Satan is vanquished, — the victory gained!

Now thanks for his goodness, that saved all the nations!
We 'll not be ungrateful, but praise him again;
We 'll shout hallelujah, and publish salvation,
Till all shall believe that Messiah will reign.

For the Lord he will help us, and always be with us, —
Let our watchword in battle be ever his name ;
While we trust him for wisdom, for strength and salvation,
Who died to redeem us, and rose for the same.

When fall came on my father's health improved considerably, but he could not discover any way to relieve himself of debt, unless he accepted invitations to preach in new societies, and labored upon his farm. He had thought of this ever since the failure of his friend, but he could not bring himself to it. At last he concluded it would be for the best, and made arrangements accordingly. He had long known how many heart-throbs it would cost him, and he had counted well the strength he had to endure it.

In the month of February, 1837, he removed his family to the farm in Cazenovia, and preached his farewell sermons in the white churches of Lebanon and Hamilton. I should like to give the reader extracts from these sermons, but, like many of his best efforts, they were extempore. I find among his papers a rough note of these Sabbaths, which reads as follows : "Well, it is all over, at last! I have preached my last sermons to my first and long-loved societies. Once I had thought to live and die among them, but God in his wisdom has ordered it otherwise. But the world will look darker, in spite of myself, when I go to a strange people, and labor in a new vineyard; and, were it not for the great, the glorious hope that gives a home where there shall be a universal gathering of the loved and parted, my heart would faint within me.

"They came around me last Sabbath and to-day,— the good old friends I have met upon each succeeding Sunday for the last three years,— they came around me, as they always did, with a warm greeting and a clasp of the hand. But, alas! the clasp was a parting one, and the greeting the last for years, if not forever!

"May they find a pastor who will love them as deeply, and labor for them as faithfully; and, finally, upon every

home and upon every heart fall the richest blessings of Almighty God!"

This separation was not only painful to himself, but equally so to his societies; and they would not consent to his leaving them except upon the condition that if he ever left his farm he would return to them.

CHAPTER IX.

ARDUOUS LABORS — HOME AND MOTHER — A RATTLESNAKE NURSE — A NARROW ESCAPE — A MISTAKE AND INHOSPITALITY — AN ALMOST DISCUSSION — A BIGOT CONVERTED — HER TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

AFTER my father removed to Cazenovia, his societies were from eight to twenty-five miles away from his home. There was no Universalist society or church in the village of Cazenovia, and most of the believers in the faith which my father preached generally went, of a Sabbath morning, from that village to the little settlement of Oran, some six miles distant. My father preached in Oran once in two weeks, and upon these Sundays he went to Watervale (a ride of five miles) at five o'clock. The other two Sabbaths of the month were given to the society at Howlet Hill, in Onondaga County.

His home was situated two miles south of the beautiful village of Cazenovia, and, like many farm residences in inland towns, was as secluded as a monastery. The road from the south, leading to the village, bounded the farm upon the west, and the carriage-road turned away from it, and swept around the hill, and led down through a green yard in front of the house. The dwelling was a large, old-fashioned, two-story house, with a basement under the front part. The front chamber windows overlooked the broad yard, the green meadow and the hill, with the white stone at the head of my grandfather's grave; the green pastures, skirted with the light woodland, and the white or brown dwellings of the neighbors. In the rear of the house were fields of maize or wheat in

summer time; and on the outer edge of these fields was a small cluster of elms and maples; while down at the grassy base of the little hill warbled a clear, silver-lipped stream. Here, in the shadow of these heavy trees, in the heat of midsummer, if he could get leisure from physical exertion, my father would sit, hour after hour, with his pen, ink and manuscript, preparing his sermons; and this little spot was to him the charm of the home he had chosen for his old age. "Here," he would say, "I may come to repose in the warm summer days, or in their solitude arrange my manuscripts, or prepare my mind for its many labors. Here I may bring my children, and, as they listen to the babbling of this little brook, and watch the waning shadows cast by these ancient trees, I may teach them, as best I can, those high principles of honor which are absolutely necessary to constitute a holy, and, consequently, a happy life."

His mother was a resident in his family, and, though very aged, she was extremely patient and cheerful. She rested contented in her religious views, and while no darkness enveloped her future, she quietly waited for the coming of the good time when God should call her to join her husband and child in the eternal home above. She had suffered, for years, with bronchial consumption, and could hardly walk out of doors without a strong arm to support her; and the tenderness my father expressed in his care of her could not be surpassed. No lover was ever more careful of his cherished bride than was this son of his kind old mother. It seemed to him that she must be lonely in the solitude of her little room, for he could not forget the years when she was the joy of his father's household; and he would say to those of his children who were old enough to amuse her, "Go up and stay with grandma a while; she 's lonesome; and, though she is old and sick now, she was once little and well, like you." Sometimes, when the family meal was ready, if she did not come down, he would go up to her room and ask, "Come, mother, and have dinner with us." Then

he would take her in his arms as daintily as he handled his own baby, and, if she laughed and called him foolish, he would say, "You know the old saying, mother,—'turn-about 's fair play.' You carried me so once; and as you do to others, so shall it be returned to you. Do you know that, too, mother?"

"Yes, yes, I know that, Edward. But I'm afraid thee gives me better than thee ever received."

"Well, I don't like to be too much in debt,—suppose we settle up accounts. Let 's see,—there 's three years, at least, I kept you running after me days, and waking for me nights; then there 's thirteen more years you was my washer-woman, seamstress, cook, nurse and doctor. Now, come to pile on three or four years more of good deeds, and how does it look?—Rather dubious to me, I declare! Don't it, mother?"

"Rather dubious, I think," the old lady would reply, as she tucked up the white muslin tabs of her Quaker-cap, lest they should be soiled by a drop of tea, or a crumb of potato, "rather dubious. Thee has a heavy debt to balance, but thee has plenty of little ones here to pay it back to thee."

"Yes, mother; and if I do my duty with them, I have no fear of the settlement."

This aged mother required great care, although she was very fearful of making trouble; and my father was always ready to leave his work and give up his sleep to attend to her wants. She would, at times, chide him for his over-watchfulness, and say, "Don't let me trouble thee so much, child. Thee 'll need thy strength for thine own trials."

This beautiful spirit of consideration for the feelings of others he himself possessed in an uncommon degree. And it was almost impossible to prevail upon him to allow any one to watch with him, were he ever so sick. When bedtime came, he would say to his family, "Place my medicine on the stand, and I will manage to take it, if you 'll set it here, close by my bed. There—that

will do. Now go to bed, and try to sleep." When told that one or more of the family was to stay with him, he would reply, earnestly, "No, no! go and sleep while you can. Suffering will take your rest away soon enough. I shall rest better alone than to know you are wearing yourselves out for me." And the only way to satisfy him was to go into another room and watch every movement carefully until the hour came round to give his medicine; and then he would say, "Foolish child, to trouble yourself so!"

In the neighborhood around my father's home I think there was not one Universalist. The neighbors were all Baptists or Methodists; but they were good people — kinder hearts never beat in human bosoms. And though they thought Universalism was the heresy of all heresies, yet they thought Mr. Woolley, aside from his religious opinion, was a good man. And one old gentleman, a near neighbor and a Christian, would often say, "I can't tell you anything about what Mr. Woolley believes, but I do know that he is a good man, and I don't believe God will ever send him to hell. Any way, I'd rather stand his chance than ours, my friends." This neighbor had a brother not far distant, who was very sick, and required the most faithful of watchers. The neighbor, being in his brother's room, told him "he should bring Mr. Woolley to watch that night."

"Bring Mr. Woolley!" exclaimed the sick man; "do you suppose I would have a Universalist minister to watch with me in sickness? I would as soon trust myself with a rattlesnake!"

"I'll come with him; but he must come, for he is the best nurse we can get."

"Don't you bring him, I tell you! I won't have him near me!"

"Did you ever see Mr. Woolley?"

"See him! Did I ever see him! No, and I never will see him, if I can help it. You 're getting wonderful fond of this Mr. Woolley! He 'll be teaching you his cursed

faith next. Don't you bring him here, I say! I 'd rather you 'd throw firebrands among us!"

"Very well; keep quiet, and I 'll try to get some one else."

The brother went out to see the family, who were more considerate; and it was arranged that Mr. Woolley should come, and the sick man not know his name. Mr. W. came to see my father, and, after relating the above conversation, said, "You must go."

"I 'll be in readiness to accompany you," replied my father; "and, if the man likes my nursing, how I 'll 'poke fun' at him!"

When evening came, my father and Mr. W. proceeded to the house of the sick man. Mr. W. went into his brother's room first, and, in reply to the question, "Who have you brought with you?" answered, "A friend who called upon us to-day."

"Very well," replied the sick man; "I am glad you did n't bring that Woolley."

About nine in the evening my father entered the room, but the sick man was so weary that he did not notice the intruder much. As the hours wore on, Mr. W., who was up all the night previous, laid down upon the lounge, and my father took charge of the suffering man, who seemed to be pleased with his care. In the morning, as they were to leave the room, the gratified patient asked of my father, "Are you to be near my brother's long?"

"Some days, I presume, if not longer," was the answer.

"When will you watch with me again?"

"I could hardly keep my risibles down," said my father; "but I told him I would come any time when he wanted me, if he would send word to his brother."

It was hardly sundown when Mr. W. came over and said, "Brother E—— had sent down to have that good man come and watch with him again. I do not suppose you can go, but I thought I would run over and tell you, and see if you can go to-morrow night."

"I am not very tired, neighbor W, and I believe I'll go again to-night."

The week wore on, and, with the inconsiderateness of many sick persons, the sick man sent for his "good watcher" every night. And nearly every night the "good watcher" went. At last, after some weeks, the invalid recovered enough to be convalescent; and, as his brother and my father sat one evening in his room, he turned to my father and said, "Confound the doctor's stuff! It never did any good, any way. I should have died, I know I should, in spite on 't, if it had n't been for you, sir. And now I 'd like to know your name, sir!"

"My name! Well, you must ask your brother; he can tell you."

"Come, Joe, what is his name? Let 's know?"

"What do you think his name ought to be? Something like 'rattlesnake,' 'firebrand,' etc.? Will that do, E——?"

The truth darted through his mind, and he asked, "Is it — no, it can't be, Mr. Woolley?"

"That 's what we call him, E——. What do you think now about watchers, eh!"

"Think! — I think I was a confounded old fool, and ought to be punished for my ignorance!"

As they were about to leave the room, he asked my father to come up and see him often; and received for reply, "I don't know, my dear sir,— perhaps you had better be a little careful of Universalist ministers!"

"No, no; come and see me. If Universalist ministers are all like you, I 'll risk them!"

My father was compelled to be very industrious while he lived on his farm; and he frequently arranged his sermons while he made hay and tilled the ground. He hoped by doing this to be able, in a few years, to devote himself again entirely to the ministerial duties. He rode to his appointments, generally, on Sunday morning, and returned either late on Sunday night, or early on Mon-

day morning; and he was often sent for to attend a funeral or a wedding, and found by the messenger holding the plough or wielding the scythe. The opinions people sometimes formed of him, who saw him thus engaged, were rather ludicrous when expressed. He was one day in the field ploughing, when he heard a voice ask, "Can you tell me where Mr. Woolley is?" He looked up and saw before him a very fine-looking man, in the richest of satin and broadcloth, and the softest of silk beavers; and the gentleman asked, "Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Woolley?"

"My name is Woolley, sir."

"But you are not Rev. E. M. Woolley, the Universalist preacher?"

"I am a Universalist, sir, and I preach sometimes."

"I was sent from the village of Cazenovia to request Rev. E. M. Woolley to attend a funeral there, to-morrow, at ten o'clock."

"Very well, sir; you may tell them he will be there, God willing."

The gentleman looked as though he was doubtful whether he had found the right man; but, after asking, "I may say that you will come?" and receiving his answer, he made a polite bow, and stepped daintily across the ploughed field. The next day my father repaired to the house of mourning, and as he entered he saw the gentleman who came for him very busy in making arrangements for the funeral. The gentleman, however, did not remember him; but after the sermon he came to his side and grasped his hand, saying, as he did so, "I saw you enter the house, Mr. Woolley, but I did not suppose you to be our minister until you entered the desk."

"Perhaps you expected to see the broad-brimmed hat and brown frock!"

"Not that, exactly; but I did not recognize you, that is certain."

"Ah! a person's garb does make quite a difference

in his looks, and 'fine feathers make fine birds,' you know."

"Sometimes, Mr. Woolley, and with some men; but if we get better acquainted, which we shall, you will find, I trust, that I do not claim affinity with that class."

"Undoubtedly a respectable share of attention should be given to every one's dress; but I suspect, my dear sir, that our Master knew but little of glittering garments."

My father sometimes went a great distance to exchange with a ministering brother; and late in the fall of 1837 he went to a small village upon the shore of Oneida Lake, to exchange with a clergyman in that place. It was late on Saturday afternoon when he left home, and in the night a terrible wind arose. His family were always uneasy about him if he was out in the storm, notwithstanding he had so long buffetted the tempests; and this night, the gale being unusually severe, they were more troubled than they had often been. About four o'clock on Sunday morning his little boy came down to his mother's room, and began to make a fire. "Why are you up so early?" she asked.

"O, I'm tired lying in bed."

"Why, my child, you did not go to bed till midnight."

"Well, I can't sleep. I'm afraid father's drowned. I saw him and Dolly go down in a lake. Did he have to go on a lake before he got there, mother?"

"I guess not. He probably staid with some good friend all night. You had better go to sleep."

"No, mother, I shan't sleep any more till father comes home, my dream made me feel so."

The little fellow made a fire, and sat quietly by it until morning; then he attended to the "chores" that were left for him, and returned to the fireside. But he could not throw the weight from his heart; the horrid sight of his revered father going down beneath the cold boiling waters haunted his little mind, and took the smile from

his lips, and the merriness from his voice. Near sundown his grandmother looked out of the window and said, "Thy father 's coming, child." Away flew the young feet, up the hill bounded the boy, and he was on the seat by his father's side ere his father had time to speak to him. "What ails Edward?" asked my father, as he came in; "he 's half crazed with joy."

"He has had the impression that you were drowned."

"I saw you go down under the water, — you, and Dolly too. Have you been on a lake, father?"

"Yes, and I went down under the waves and took a thorough drenching; and we concluded to give up the meeting, and not try to go over; for the waves dashed our little boat about like a feather in the wind. We returned to Mr. D.'s, where my clothing was dried, and, in defiance of the storm, I concluded to try my way home; though, to tell the truth, I thought it doubtful whether we came out from those cold, foaming waters with life."

Like all other preachers of Universalism in that section, my father was sometimes treated in the rudest and most impolite manner; and the following incident will show how well his happy disposition constituted him to bear it. He had been requested to attend a dedication and association in North Norwich, in the winter of 1837, and was told to call upon a Mr. T——, of that place. His account of this short journey runs in this way: "It was late in the afternoon of a cold, cheerless winter day when I arrived at the village of North Norwich, and I had travelled a long way, and was cold and very tired. I inquired at the hotel for the Mr. T—— to whom I was directed, and his residence was pointed out to me. I rode over, tied Dolly to the fence, and rapped at the door. It was opened by a young lady with a very pretty face and soft curls, and I could see a whiskered and fine-booted young gentleman by the fire. I entered the door and introduced myself; but a blank stare, that said 'I don't know what you are here for,' was all the answer I received. I then told them why I had come, and that Mr.

T——, who wrote to me, requested me to call at his house, and I had been told at the hotel across the way that he lived there. But they made no reply. I knew that something was wrong, and thought I saw where the trouble lay. I walked to the fire; the young lady shut the door, but the young gentleman did not stir. I found that I must wait upon myself, and accordingly went to work. I took off my overcoat, folded it and laid it on a chair, put my cap on top of it, and my muffler and mittens on top of that. I then helped myself to a chair, and sat down by the young exquisite. He had a volume of the 'Pleasures of Hope' in his hand, and said 'he did not see how Mr. Skinner thought of competing with such a man as Mr. Campbell.'

"'Did you suppose,' I asked, 'that the Campbell of the Campbell and Skinner discussion was the same as the author of the "Pleasures of Hope"?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Well, then, allow me to tell you that you are entirely mistaken. They are no more the same man than are you and I.'

"Soon another daughter came in, and then the mother. The former was very quiet; the latter had a proud toss of the head, and she gave the poor heretic a most withering look. Supper was soon ready, and the mother, son and daughters, gathered around the table. I found a seat without an invitation; but they had politeness enough to help me to something to eat.

"After supper I strolled over to church, where I found a few strangers, and among them Brother T. J. Smith. 'Where do you stop, Brother Woolley?' he asked.

"'A few steps over the way.'

"'Have you room for another?'

"'Would you like to go along? You can share half the room I get.'

"'I think I'll go, then,' he replied, and we went back. Soon after we returned, Mr. T—— came in, and the evening passed very agreeably. After we retired to

rest, Brother Smith asked, 'Brother Woolley, have you had any supper?'

"'I have — have you?'

"'No — and, what is worse, I am completely chilled through with my long ride, and was sick to begin with.'

"'Well, upon my word, my good fellow, yours is a hard lot; but I fear I can't help you. It was a hard matter to get my own.' I then related to him the manner of my reception. He looked like a starved, frozen chicken when he replied, 'Why, Brother Woolley! why did you not tell me of this? I would not have come here, on any account, if I had known it. How came you in such a fix?'

"'That 's just what I should like to know, though I can't find out yet. I suspect there 's a mistake about it.'

"The next day a Mr. B—— came to me and requested me to go home with him. Before I gave him an answer I asked, 'Is your wife a Universalist, sir?' 'Yes, yes,' he answered, 'a far better Universalist than I am.'

"'Very well, then, I 'll go with you.' Brother Smith put his hand on my arm and said, 'Brother Woolley, if you go, I shall.'

"'Here, friend B——,' said I, 'have you room for another Universalist minister?'

"'Yes, for as many as have a mind to come.'

"We went home with him, and, although he was a good Universalist, we thought he told the truth when he said his wife was a better one. I told Brother Smith he was a little bit crazy; but he declared he was not, and said he had only come out of the frozen wilds of Siberia into the warm glow of an Italian summer. 'Why, Brother Woolley, that woman and her children would have chilled me to death in one day more!'"

It is well to say that my father had been directed to a brother of the Mr. T—— who wrote to him. This gentleman was the only one in the family who was a Universalist, and, as far as he could, he rendered his short stay agreeable.

This winter my father preached once in two weeks, on Sabbath evenings, in the village of Watervale. One evening, after his discourse was finished, a Baptist clergyman rose and wished to address the meeting. Liberty was of course given, and he made many remarks concerning the sermon, and proceeded to say that "He should be very much pleased to have an opportunity of discussing the truths of these different religions with any Universalist minister. He had," he said, "long been very anxious to have a chance of this kind, but among their most talented speakers he had never found one willing to meet him; and he doubted if a man of a good share of common sense would dare to place himself in so unpleasant a situation." My father replied: "I am really sorry for my brother that he has struggled so long to find an opportunity to bring a Universalist preacher into the struggle of argument; and, from his description, our talented clergymen must be in truth faint-hearted. I presume he never met with one of our denominational leaders so weak as myself; but I wish him to understand distinctly that, if I have no 'common sense,' I have good sense enough not to fear an antagonism with him, or any other friend he may please to bring. I will meet him *to-morrow*, if he likes."

"I could not meet you to-morrow," replied the Baptist brother, "as I am engaged."

"Very well; let it be next week, then."

"Next week I cannot give the time; for my labor is promised, and this village is so far from my home."

"No matter; it may be next month, or next year, when or where you please, and last as long as you like; only let us make some arrangement satisfactory to yourself before we separate. It is too hard, my brother, that you have been compelled thus long to waste your breath upon the desert air. You have found one Universalist clergyman who has compassion for you."

No arrangement could be made to satisfy the strange

clergyman, and the matter was never brought to a discussion between them.

That night the snow fell very deep, and the next morning the wind blew tremendously. My father had an appointment that evening in the village of Cazenovia, and, as the storm did not subside, he put one of his little girls, who was with him, in the cutter,* under the buffalo-skin, and, with a spade to dig his way, started for Cazenovia. When he came to the foot of the long hill between Watervale and Oran, the valley was completely filled, and not a track to be seen. With walking, and digging through snow-banks, and leading his horse, he pushed through to Mr. B.'s, in Oran, where they gave him a kind reception, and the needed welcome dinner. It was useless trying to persuade him to stay, for he never disappointed a congregation on account of a storm. When the time for meeting came, the wind had gone down, and a goodly number assembled for services.

Of this determination not to disappoint his congregations, I find an extract in the *Christian Ambassador*, from a letter to Rev. D. Skinner. The author of it is a friend of my father's, residing in Herkimer County, New York. He says: "Very few have performed so much mental labor and preached so many sermons in the same time. Always punctual to his appointments, regardless alike of poor health, or rain, or snow, he once remarked to me, after wallowing ten miles through the snow-drifts, that he '*never failed but in one engagement to preach.*'"

It was this never making appointments unless he thought he could fulfil them, and never failing to fulfil them if he could possibly go, that caused in a great degree his success. It was this strict adherence to his promises that rebuilt for him, or helped rebuild, old societies, and did much to sustain them for him. A society seldom, if ever, grew dull under his ministry. An old

* The New York name for a "sledge," or one-horse sleigh. — A. B. G.

society, that had been dead when he went among them, might, after reviving, go back into some of its indolent ways, but never went down while he remained. And the call came to him from all quarters: "Come and settle with us. We are lukewarm; come you and build us up."

In the following spring my father went out to Howlet Hill on Saturday, and stopped with a friend, with whom he was somewhat acquainted, living about eighty rods from the village. I am very happy to give this little sketch in his own words:

"I was received by my friend with that warm greeting which the herald of universal salvation is sure to meet from those of like precious faith. Everything that kind hearts and willing hands could do to make the weary pilgrim comfortable was done. An old lady sat by a little wheel, spinning flax. From the conversation between my kind host and hostess and myself, she learned that a Universalist preacher was in her presence. This was too much for her nature to endure in silence. The wheel stopped, the stick to which the flax was fastened was put in its place, and all necessary preparations made to attack the 'Heaven-daring infidel.' She turned round from her wheel, put her right hand upon her glasses and lifted them to her forehead, looked me steadily in the face a minute, and then commenced her tirade thus:

"'You are one of them fellers that go round the world telling people that there 's no hell, no devil, and no punishment for the wicked. An't you?'

"The attack was so unlooked for, and the appearance of the old lady so demon-like, from the excitement of her mind, that for a moment I was thrown all aback. However, I soon gathered up my scattered senses, and replied to her as follows:

"'No, madam, I am not one of "*them* fellers." I never denied the existence of a hell; and, as for devils, I believe in any quantity of them.'

"'Ah,' said the old lady, 'don't lie, now!—You don't believe in hell or devils; I know you don't. You tell the wicked that they will all go right to heaven in their sins. I know how you preach.'

"'Did you ever hear me preach, madam?'

"'No, I never did; and that an't all,—I never will!'

"'How do you know what I preach, if you have never heard me?'

"'Don't I know what *Universalism* is? I guess I know all about it; and I know how you preach. You can't make a fool of me!'

"'True, mother, I cannot make a fool of you; perhaps the Almighty has been too quick for me!'

"'That 's just like you Universalists! Call me a fool! An't I old enough to be your mother? Did n't I know all about Universalism before you was born?'

"'You are old enough to be my mother; but you may remember that the old are not always wise, nor the young always foolish. And, old as you are, mother, you know nothing of Universalism. We *do* believe that the wicked will be punished in hell, and, if you can prove an endless hell in time or eternity, we will believe that also.'

"'Prove!—what good will it do to prove anything to a Universalist? Don't I know all about them? They don't believe the doctrine they profess, unless they are bigger fools than I am. If I believed in Universalism, I would leave this troublesome world, and go to heaven, just as quick as a good razor would send me there; and so would you. Don't tell me no, for I shan't believe you! If you believe what you preach, you would find means to rid yourself of the world, and get home to heaven, pretty quick.'

"'Why, mother, would you kill yourself? Would you commit murder if you were a Universalist?'

"'Yes, I would! What difference is there between virtue and vice, between murder and no murder, if Universalism is true?'

"'But, mother, vice is vice, and virtue is virtue, whether Universalism be true or false; and Universalism teaches us that, "though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished." At the same time, it tells us that punishment, in the economy of God, is not an end, but a means to obtain an end; and the end is, the reformation of the transgressor. Moreover, it gives us positive assurance that the end will be obtained, and the whole world be saved from sin and suffering.'

"'Don't talk to me about what Universalism teaches! I know what the Bible teaches, and that's enough for me.'

"During our laughable dispute the old family clock, true to its duty, told the hour of nine. As I rose to retire, I asked the old lady, 'Do you intend to stay over night, madam?'

"'What do you want to know that for?'

"'Because you have affirmed, again and again, that if you were a Universalist you would kill yourself immediately in order to go to heaven. Now, for aught I know, you may take it into your head to send a Universalist minister off to heaven between this and morning.'

"'Do you think that I'll kill you? I was only ——.' I shut the door, and hastened to my room.

"In the morning the old lady was moving long before I was, and I learned from her tongue, which was going as if under whip and spur, that she was in high glee about something. The first words she uttered when we met were: 'Well, Mr. Woolley, where will you preach to-day? You can't have the meeting-house, for we 've got a preacher. He came about sundown last night, and notice has been sent far and wide. Where will you preach?'

"'I can answer your question, good woman, by saying, I shall preach in the village.'

"'Shall you go to the meeting-house, sir?'

"'Yes, I shall go to the meeting-house; and if I cannot preach there, I can preach out of doors.'

"The time for meeting arrived, and we all started for

the church. Mr. L. and his wife took the lead, and the old lady and myself brought up the rear. We reached the church, and found, as we expected, a large congregation of 'sheep and goats,' collected from almost every point of the compass, and so shockingly mixed up that you could not separate them. After a long talk, and a loud talk, it was arranged that the Universalists should occupy the house in the forenoon, and the Presbyterians in the afternoon.

"I have said it was spring-time, and the roads, anything but good in the morning, soon became intolerable, in consequence of the rain that began to fall in unbroken torrents a little before it was determined who should occupy the house in the forenoon.

"Well, here was a fix, sure enough! To go away was to take a shower-bath that even the most zealous hydropathist would not like. To stay was little better, for a sermon without an endless hell and an almighty devil might do more harm than a thorough drenching with cold water! The old lady, too, had determined *never* to hear a Universalist preach while she lived! But, with the other poor souls, she was caught. They must stand it as well as they could; and they undoubtedly thought they could keep Universalism away from their hearts in the house better than they could keep cold water from their bodies out of it. Services commenced,—the congregation was seated,—and there sat the old lady in all the dignity of one who cares for nobody. She did not look upward to heaven, nor downward toward hell; she did not turn to the right nor the left; but there she sat, bolt upright, with a look that said, 'Do your worst,—I can stand it!'

"I took for my subject, 'Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ.' For ten or fifteen minutes the old lady remained perfectly quiet,—as still as a marble statue. Then her head came gradually up, and she looked me steadily in the face. Never in my life have I seen astonishment written in more legible char-

acters than upon her countenance. How a Universalist minister could take such a text,— how he could, or why he should, recommend Christ to his brethren as an example to copy,— was undoubtedly more than she could comprehend. When she learned that in order to become Universalists we must imitate Jesus, and obey his holy rules, her prejudice began to yield, and she was all attention. As the subject progressed her attention increased, until everything in the wide world was forgotten save the text and the explanation. The deep and ardent feelings of her nature were aroused, and, for once, fastened upon the illimitable goodness of Mary's Son, and she could not resist the conviction that he was indeed the Saviour of the world. Tears came up from a heart just touched with 'love divine,' and spoke a language tongue can never utter. And *still* they came; until, like mountain brooks enlarged by recent showers, they leaped the boundary nature set, and fell over her cheeks, unheeded by her who let them fall.

"At the close of the morning service, appointment was made for a meeting in the school-house in the afternoon. The rain was yet falling, and the roads as bad as bad could be. The hour arrived, and those who worship God after the manner some call heresy were gathered in the school-house. The house was large, and full in every part. After much effort, I succeeded in reaching the table which was to serve me as a desk, and directly in front of me sat that same old lady, pleasant as a May-day morning, and nearer heaven, no doubt, than she ever had been before. She had left the church, the people, and her minister, and journeyed through mud and storm to listen to the man who, the night before, she declared she would never hear preach. She did hear, and for the time she was happy as mortal could be. For once new wine was put into an old bottle with good effect. At times she would weep like a child; anon, she would laugh as though her very heart was bursting with joy. At the close of the service she approached me and gave

me her hand, with the emphatic remark, 'If *that* is Universalism, it won't harm nobody! It is just what we need, just what *everybody* needs, and just what everybody *must* have before the world is as it should be.'

"'But, mother, did you not call it a lie, this morning? Did you not say you would never hear it preached?'

"'Hush! hush! I knew nothing about the doctrine. I knew not what manner of spirit I was of. Go on, my dear sir! preach it while you live, and God Almighty must and will bless you and all who listen.'

"Many years after, while residing in the town of Bridgewater, Oneida County, I was sent for to see this old lady die. She was in the same home where I first saw her, and cared for by my old host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. L. She was very aged, and, as I entered her room, she gave me her hand, and smiled as she said, 'Brother Woolley, this is rather a more civil greeting than I gave you when we first met.'

"'Yes, yes, true it is, mother; but you are of a different spirit now.'

"'I *am* of a different spirit, and you made me so. You taught me who my Father was — who my Saviour was — who my brothers and sisters were. You told me the way of life, and gave me bread instead of a stone. You showed me the good way, and my *last* days have been my *best* days. I have done more good since I became a Universalist than I ever did in all my life before. I could not talk to any human being now as I talked to you the first evening I saw you. I have sent for you to have you attend my funeral, and to give you my dying blessing.'

"'Well, mother, the journey's not a dark one; for Christ, our elder brother, went before you.'

"'O, no! not dark, but bright as the rainbow that spans the clouds! Good-by, my children! good-by, Brother Woolley!'

"The fingers, thin and wrinkled, stiffened in my grasp, and the spirit of the happy old lady was at rest with God.

I had blessed *her* in life, — she had blessed *me* in her death! Such glorious deaths — so free from doubt or sorrow — do they not repay the minister of the restitution a thousand-fold for all his labors, all his woes?"

The above truthful incident brings to my mind the beautiful words of Rev. J. M. Austin, in his remarks upon my father's departure: "We know it will carry sadness to many a heart when we announce the departure of another herald of the cross, our beloved brother in Christ, Rev. E. M. Woolley. He died at Birmingham, Michigan, on the 4th instant. As the sun was sinking behind the horizon his wearied spirit left its frail tenement of clay, and went up to its endless rest, and its crown in heaven. Brother Woolley was well known in this state, where he labored most of his ministerial life; and none knew him but to love him. We are confident we express the feelings of the entire circle of his acquaintance when we say, that for kindness of heart, purity of life, devotion to the duties of his calling, and all the graces which adorn the true Christian, there were few who excelled him. He was an able and successful preacher, and many souls now enjoying the rich hopes and consolations of the Gospel of the world's redemption owe their conversion, under God, to his faithful and eloquent ministrations. His decease is a loss to the denomination which will not easily be repaired."

CHAPTER X.

DEATH OF A FRIEND — CONVERTED METHODIST — CONVERTED PRESBYTERIAN — ANOTHER — HAPPY DEATH — HOWLET HILL — ALBUM TRIBUTE — THE REFORMED INEBRIATE — WORD SOWN IN THE DARK — ITS FRUITS.

AMONG the various funerals my father was called to attend were those of his chosen friends. He formed but few intimate friendships (for every good man could not be his intimate friend; he required uncommon frankness and honesty in friendship), and those to whom he gave the name of friends were very dear to him. There was no policy, no thought of being benefited by these companionships; but when he found one who came up to his great idea of a Christian,— who lived rather than talked the holy principles of a pure and good religion,— he gave this one his confidence freely, from the depths of his own great heart; and always received the highest confidence in return. Of these, so loved and worthy, was Mr. James Chamberlin, of Pratt's Hollow.

My father had been away to preach, and when he returned a messenger awaited him with word of Mr. Chamberlin's death. "I find it a great struggle to attend Brother Chamberlin's funeral services," he said. "What can I say to the family that they do not know — that the husband and father has not already taught them? I cannot, of course, refuse to go; for I would not deny the request of his family. But I feel that I, too, need sympathy. One upon whom I leaned trustingly has departed. One in whom I confided has entered upon the life that lies beyond the Jordan of death. And I would

rather not look upon my brother in his winding-sheet. Then I should have only the memory of his manly face and cheerful smile. But God will be with us as we lay away the cold form of the man we loved; and 'the cup he hath given us, shall we not drink it?'"

I find a few lines in his book of poems commemorative of the above event. They exhibit the strength and tenderness of his attachments, and also the never-failing trust in the religion he taught to others. Though he keenly felt the trials that fell upon him, he had within him a consolation no grief could destroy. The lines above alluded to are entitled

THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

O, God! how from us go the beings we
Have loved! How miss we, on our weary way,
The sound of footsteps we have pined to hear,
And the clear tones of voices, falling once
Upon our ears like the rich ringing of
Our old church-bell! How feel we that we need,
In the wild jostle of this lower life,
The cheering light of quiet faces, white
Beneath the coffin-lid! and the great strength
And hope we gained from hearts made warm with the
Deep blessing of the Saviour's love!

Gone from us
Are they — in our wild-wood walks, and in our
Rambles by the singing streams. Some from the
Circle round the broad home-hearth, and from the
Altar in our house of prayer.

And yet
This is not all; for o'er their path there lies
A glory born of love — a light, soft shining
From the bright stars just o'er the new-made graves.
And thou, O Friend! not lost, but journeying
In the better world, may'st come with thy new
Truth to teach me holier deeds, and lead
My wandering spirit up to God and thee.

While my father was pastor of the society in Oran, a middle-aged lady, who was a Methodist, became interested in the Universalist meeting; and she would fre-

quently leave her Methodist friends in the village and go to hear my father preach. Her husband had become a Universalist under my father's preaching: but his wife was a very quiet woman, and seldom expressed her opinions. One evening she went with her husband to a Methodist prayer-meeting, and, after many of the members had spoken, she rose and said: "My friends, it is long since I saw you here, and it may be longer ere I see you here again. For, my friends, near as you are to me, happy as I have been with you, I have at length found a broader table of communion, where all of earth's children may sit and partake. I have found a more bountiful love, that is to all people: and I rejoice that it is so. I believe that God is better than we have believed him; and if he will save me — so weak, so faulty — I see not why he will not stoop a little lower, and save the vilest sinner. You will be surprised to hear me, but listen — I am a Universalist!"

The silence of death was over the house when she sat down. But one of the members, who knew her well, and thought, if she had made up her mind to a new faith, there was no use in opposing her, said: "No matter, no matter, Mrs. S.; we don't care what you believe, if you don't say anything about it. We want you here. We don't want to lose your influence."

"Ah!" replied the good woman; "you should not try to teach me hypocrisy! I should dislike to leave you in anger or dissatisfaction; but I think I shall go to the house on the hill, and listen to Mr. Woolley, after this."

Among my father's manuscripts I find the following papers: "During my ministry in Oran I became acquainted with Mr. W. W. He was not only a good man, in every sense of the word, but what gave him more influence with many people was the fact that he was very wealthy. He was an intelligent and active Universalist, and the good Christians about him were uncommonly anxious to save him from the endless hell to

which he was hastening. They made long prayers and loud prayers; they talked to him in his house and in his corn-field, on the highway and in the mill or the store. Anywhere, everywhere, they were at him, one and all of his good religious friends, to convert him from the evil of his way. 'It was such a pity,' said one good man, 'that Mr. W. should give his money to support heresy, when he might do so much good with it in our cause! He is so rich, too! Not a man among us could do so much to further the prosperity of our society, if he could only be saved from his dreadful faith.'

"Yes, yes; he was all they said he was, and well worth saving. But the more they prayed, and talked, and scolded, the more zealous he became in the great work of the world's redemption. He was always at meeting, let the weather be brown or light; let the roads be smooth, rough or muddy; let the snow-banks lie ever so high or white before him, it made no difference. To meeting he went as steady as his minister; and how thankful that minister was for his assistance in pushing forward the good cause, none but God and his own soul knew.

"The beautiful, thrice beautiful home of this friend, was at the base of a long hill, between the villages of Cazenovia and Oran; and I often called there on my way to Oran, or returned with him from meeting. His wife was a *woman* in the highest meaning of that word. To a high order of natural talent she added the attraction of an excellent education; for she had been an only child, and all that love or money could bestow had been lavished upon her. With these she combined beauty of person, and grace and ease of manner. She had been brought up a Presbyterian, and when I became acquainted with her she was a conscientious believer in that faith. But it did not give her rest. Her husband was a Universalist; her children she feared would be; and the religion that separated her forever from these nearest and dearest to her planted a thorn in her breast, that pierced deeper and

deeper every day. She said but little about it; and even her husband did not know how much the thought troubled her. One Sabbath morning, as her husband was getting ready for meeting, she said, 'I believe I will go with you to-day; and you must invite Mr. Woolley home with you, for I wish to talk with him.'

"'I am very glad you are going; and we will bring Mr. Woolley home with us. But you must be careful, E ——, very careful, or he will convert you. Don't you know Mr. O. told you, the other day, that Mr. Woolley was sending more souls to hell than any twenty other men?'

"'Yes, I know. But I am going to *hear* Mr. Woolley; and I am going to *talk* with him. And I hope — *I do hope* — he may convert me. For it 's as well to die one way as another; and I am literally dying of my old faith.'

"Mrs. W. came to meeting with her husband, and I returned with them, to tarry over night. After tea, as we were gathered in the parlor, Mrs. W. asked, 'Mr. Woolley, what does the passage mean which says, The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God?'

"I explained it to the best of my ability, and she went on. Every passage between the lids of the Bible that had a doubtful meaning was talked of, and the meaning made as plain as we could make it; plain enough, at least, to satisfy us. We sat up until nearly morning, conversing upon the truth of Universalism; and when Mr. W. or myself urged her to desist until to-morrow, she would say, 'No, no; let me talk now, for to-morrow I must go and see father.'

"The next morning, as soon as we had taken breakfast, she said to her husband, 'Come, W., get up the team now, and take me to see father.'

"'I think you had better wait, E——, till you get over being excited; and it 's a rainy morning. But I 'll get the horses, if you think best.'

"'I know I am excited; but I must go. Father will hear that I have got to be a Universalist, and it will nearly make him crazy. I must tell him of it first. Get the horses and carriage, and let 's go.'

"I went up the hill towards my home, and Mr. and Mrs. W. rode to the top of the hill with me, and stopped at the residence of Mrs. W.'s father. When they reached the gate, Mrs. W. laughed and said, 'Now, W., you must go back. I want to stay all day, and I'm going to see father alone. Come to-night, and, believe me, I will go home sane."

"'I don't know,' replied her husband, jocosely; 'I doubt it some. Your father 'll call you crazy in less than five minutes.'

"She went into the house, threw off her bonnet and cloak, and sat down by her father's bed. The old gentleman was surprised to see her, and exclaimed, 'Why, E——, what on earth has sent you out, this drizzly morning?'

"'What on earth, father? Why, I've something to say to you; and you must promise me not to say a word till I am done talking. Promise me, father, will you?'

"'Yes, I promise. Now begin, crazy-head!'

"Mrs. W. told me she could not remember one half she said to her father; but, said she, 'I commenced in this way: "I went to hear Mr. Woolley preach yesterday, father; and he came home with us last night, and I made him and W. sit up and talk with me all night; and the result is, I came up here this morning to tell you — bend your ear a little nearer, father — that I am as sincere a Universalist as W. is."' He looked blank enough at this,' said Mrs. W., 'and tried to speak; but I put my hand on his lips, and told him to keep quiet, and I continued, "I came to tell you, father, before any one else could have an opportunity. And, more than all, I am going to make a Universalist of you before I go home. Don't make up your mind that I am irretrievably lost, father, and mourn over *me* as I have mourned over *my* husband

and children. O, father! what misery can the world produce like the awful thought of eternal separation from those we love? What misery can come to a wife and mother like the one never-ending grief which springs from the faith that gives the husband of her heart and the children of her affection to an undying misery, from which she cannot save them? What agony so intense can be brought upon the strong, loving heart of the husband and father, when he sincerely believes that the bride of his youth and the mother of his children is to go away with the little, happy creatures he has fondled in infancy to that ceaseless wretchedness from which there is no returning? One year ago, everything I had in life, all the blessings lavished upon me, could not satisfy me. And if my husband, or one of our children, had died, I should have been a maniac. Do you ask why? I should have feared they were in hell. But, now, rob me of all I possess, separate me from those I love by distance or death, break up our family circle, and I can patiently bear it all; for we shall be gathered together again, sooner or later, in the mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. O, father! I shall always thank God now!" '

"Mrs. W. staid all day; and when her husband went for her she said to old Mr. S., 'Don't say a word now, father. But next time I come you'll think just as I do!'

"'Mr. Woolley,' said Mr. S. to me when I went to see him, 'E—— was crazy that day. Why, her tongue ran like a steam-mill all day; and when she went home she ran out of the room like a child, and bounded into the carriage as quick as she ever did at sixteen. I told her she was crazy; but she would have it that she was only happy.'

"If Mrs. W. did not tell her father the truth when she said, 'You will think as I do when I see you again,' she was *nearly* correct; for before spring came (this was in the fall) he became a conscientious believer in

the religion she had embraced, and was as happy as his daughter was when he told her she was crazy.

"The news that Mr. S. had embraced Universalism went like wild-fire through the country, and his old friends came from all parts of the country to labor with him; for he was one of the firm pillars of the Presbyterian church, and they could not afford to lose him. One Mrs. H. said to him, 'Mr. S., you *think* you are a Universalist; but when you die you will give it up, and return to your own faith.'

"'It may be,' he replied; 'but we shall know before long. Shall I send for you to see me die?'

"'Yes — send for me. I know you can't die a Universalist.'

"'If you can be brought here, you shall come!'

"One night, in early spring, Mr. S. said to his daughter, Mrs. W., 'I shall not live till morning. I promised to send for Mrs. H. to see me die. Tell W. to go for her quick.'

"The night was as dark as a secret vault, the roads muddy, and the rain came down in torrents; but, with the aid of a lantern, Mr. W. reached the house of Mrs. H., and returned with her before morning. As she entered his room, Mr. S. said, 'Mrs. H., I have sent for you to see me die. You told me that I could not die a Universalist. Now the hour has come; and my faith does not waver, but grows stronger and stronger unto the perfect day. And I want you to tell my old friends that I die rejoicing in the faith that sees a world saved from sin and suffering.'

"At early sunrise the spirit of the aged man fluttered away from its mortal tenement, and went on to its eternal joy and rest. I had been requested to preach his funeral sermon; and a procession nearly a mile long left his old residence for the church on the hill, in Oran. Mr. S. had been universally respected, and people flocked together from the east and the west, the north and the south, to see him buried. The church was crowded full,

and there was joy as well as mourning on the faces of the bereaved. How the light of a glorious hope silvered over the tears of Mrs. W., as she leaned upon her husband's arm, when he led their children to the coffin of her father! and how tenderly she soothed their sorrow, and told them (as she could not have done one year before) of the happy home prepared for us all above!"

Incidents like these gladdened the heart of my father, and sweetened the toils and privations of his ministerial life. If his spirit fainted by the wayside and his body became too weak to endure his labor, the thought of some new soul freed from the thraldom of sin, of another heart rejoicing in the sunlight of truth, gave strength to his weary body, and hung an atmosphere of joy around his troubled soul.

In the summer of 1838, while he was at Howlet Hill, a young member of his society gave him her album, and requested him to write in it. He took his pencil and wrote:

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

And thou dost ask a gift, young friend, from me—
What, pray thee, fair one, shall the offering be?
It were all folly that I wish thy life
Free from the toil, the jostle, and the strife.
God has so made us that we all must know
One moment joy, another moment woe;
The world we live in is no glistening wave,
O'er which thy bark may glide and see no grave.

Then may some angel o'er thy life preside—
To peace and virtue be that life allied!
Unfailing hope forever be thy guest—
Boon of kind Heaven, given to the blest!
Sweet bliss, reserved for those that live
In love with all, and to the needy give.
No blessing can bring to thee peace of mind,
Save truth and virtue in thy heart enshrined.

When my father first went to Oran to preach, he saw before him, one Sabbath morning, a man who bore upon his face and person marks of inebriety. He did not like

to have such hearers, unless they reformed; and he generally gave utterance to some strong condemning expression, that kept them away, or caused them to do better. But he stayed the rebuke that rose to his lips this morning; for he thought, "His face bespeaks the *man;* possibly I may do him good." As he was sitting with Mr. B. at dinner, he asked, "Who was the man in that threadbare coat, directly in front of me, this morning?"

"Mr. A.," was the reply.

"He is almost too fond of the wine-cup, I fear," replied my father.

"Yes, yes; *too* fond of the wine-cup. It is his ruin."

"His face shows that he has the natural good man in him."

"He is one of the best of men when he has not been drinking liquor. He is capable of doing any business; is gentlemanly in his manner, and kind in his disposition. But when he gets liquor it 's all gone; he can't do anything, for he don't know anything."

"What a pity! Can't he be saved?"

"I fear not. We have tried every way; for every one likes him, and every one is anxious to do him good. But it seems as though it was his destiny."

"Destiny! Do you remember the expression, 'The good own no destiny'? I hope it is not this man's destiny to live and die so. Do not let us give him up. Has he a wife?"

"Yes; and she is a very estimable woman. Here she comes."

The door opened, and Mrs. A. entered. She was introduced to my father, and before she left asked him to call and see them. He promised to go down the next time he came to Oran.

In two weeks my father went out to Oran again; and on Saturday afternoon he called at Mr. A.'s. He found Mr. A. at home; and, though he seemed to know that the mark of the serpent was on him, he was sociable, and

invited my father to call again. "Mrs. A. looks like a heart-broken woman; but we hope to save her husband for her," said my father when he came home.

When my father preached in Oran again, Mr. A. was at meeting, and seemed to be free from the effect of wine. He became quite regular in his attendance at church, and lost his bloated, inebriated look. He was also becoming able to attend to business, and his wife, with my father and their friends, began to hope that the enemy was destroyed. But, one Sabbath of the next fall, my father saw Mrs. A. at church alone. Going to her, he asked, "Where is Mr. A.?"

"At home. *He was not able to come.*"

"I will go home with you to-night."

"Not to-night, Brother Woolley."

"Very well," replied my father; for he respected her feelings, and she did not wish to have him see her husband intoxicated.

But the next Sabbath Mrs. A. was again at church alone. After services my father went to her, and asked, "Is Mr. A. here?"

"He is at home," was her reply.

"I shall go with you to-night," said my father. "It is of no use to tell me no, for I *must* go."

"You are welcome to go, Brother Woolley; but you can do no good."

"Hush, hush, woman! Who but God knows whether I can do good? I believe that you, and I, and all of us, *can* do good. We must not give up in despair."

They found Mr. A. recovering from the effects of his debauchery; but he presented a bloated, loathsome appearance, and my father's presence seemed to intimidate him. As they entered the house, my father asked: "You are not well, Brother A.?"

"Yes, I am well."

"Why were you not at meeting, then?"

"You know *why* I was not there."

"If I had known, I should not have asked you."

"Everybody does know, Mr. Woolley."

"I don't belong to that class called everybody."

"If you did n't know before, you know now that I am a poor, miserable, ruined man! You know it, Mr. Woolley."

"No, no, Brother A.; I don't know any such thing. You are a miserable, but not a *ruined* man."

"That does very well to talk, but it does no good. People have told me they thought I could do better, and they would say, 'Try, Mr. A., do try and rid yourself of this dreadful habit. And I have tried, again and again, but in a few months it 's all over. Mr. Woolley, it 's of no use."

"Don't give up so, Brother A. People tell you you can do better, they *think;* I tell you I *know* you can do better, and I 'm going to help you."

After supper my father said, "Brother A., we have a meeting to-night. Will you ride up with me?"

"Mr. Woolley," asked Mr. A., "Mr. Woolley, would you ride through the streets with such a ragged, wretched-looking creature as I am?"

"I am about my Master's business, Brother A., and he saw a brother in worse-looking men than you are. I should be glad to ride with you. Will you go?"

"Yes, Mr. Woolley, I will go."

"Will you go along, Mrs. A.?"

"Don't ask her to go," interposed Mr. A., "for I know she 's ashamed to go with me."

"No, I am not ashamed to go with you," responded the faithful wife; "I shall be glad to go, Mr. Woolley."

They rode up to the church; my father went in first, and Mr. and Mrs. A. followed him. He seated them, and went into the desk. "Your father, so it seemed to me, never preached so well as he did that evening," so writes a friend from Oran. "Every heart in the house was touched with a living spark from the altar of God, as your father portrayed to us the all-powerful, never-failing love of the 'Father.' Mr. A. wept like a little boy, and

it did seem as though your father was sent of God to save him."

The next morning, before my father left Mr. A., he said to him: "My friend, don't give up to this 'I can't.' You *must*, you CAN, and you WILL, break from this thraldom that binds you, and become a happy and respectable man."

"You talk as though you knew, Mr. Woolley. Perhaps you do. If it *could* be so, it would gladden other hearts than yours and mine."

"It *will* be so, my friend; believe me."

My father had left a little business for Mr. A. to transact, and in a few weeks it was correctly finished. Then another friend gave him something more to do, and in this way they kept him busy. Every time my father was in Oran he called to see him, and "always," says Mr. A., "did he give me words of encouragement that seemed like a real God-send."

In a few months this man passed through a great change. The purple, livid hue of his countenance had gone, and in its place came the more natural hue of temperance and health. He could stand erect, and walk steadily about his business. He was able to clothe himself and family comfortably, and was a firm supporter of the Universalist society. In a few years he had won the confidence and love of community, was in the possession of a beautiful home, and his wife and children were contented and happy as any man's wife and children need be. His love for and devotion to my father were boundless. When speaking of him, he would say: "He told me to love the Saviour, but *he* was my saviour. He took me, ragged and dying, out of the ditch, lifted me up, encouraged, and strengthened, and made a man of me. Others tried and failed; but he said he could do it, and he *did*, because God sent him to save me.

"Where was I — what was I — when he first saw me? — A curse to the world! What am I now? — A blessing to myself and my family, and, I hope, to society.

Life is worth possessing now, as he told me it would be. But it was all *him* that did it."

This veneration he yet carries in his heart; and when a relative of my father saw him in Syracuse, two years ago, he said to her, "That Brother Woolley,—the world has few like him!"

It was this affection that embraced the whole human family, and caused him to bend down and lift up, and encourage, and *love* the lowest, the vilest, the most degraded of God's creatures, that won for my father, wherever he was known, so many ardent and devoted friends. His heart was upon the level with the great heart of humanity, and had an answering beat for every throb of a human breast. It was the business of his life to make people happy, by making them good; and he prized this ability above all his intellectual gifts. Whenever he saw sadness or misery, he was anxious to leave happiness in its stead; and he always had a good word for the troubled or sorrow-stricken, in whatever situation he found them. These words were sometimes "like good seed sowed upon good soil, producing sometimes a hundred, sometimes a thousand-fold."

I give the following little life-incident, not because it is much of itself, but it shows the good he sometimes did in secret by the utterance of the love and hope within him.

In the fulfilment of his ministerial duties he journeyed in all directions, at all times, and in all seasons. He rode to respond to calls in the morning, at noon, in the evening, and at midnight.

He was once called to attend a funeral in the western part of Onondaga County, and, to be there in season, he was compelled to leave home about sundown, and ride all night. He was alone, on horseback, and as he rode along past the hotel in Oran, a horseman came out from under the shed and rode near him. "He kept several paces behind me," said my father; "and it was near

midnight, I should judge, when he rode up by my side, and greeted me with

"'Rather a dark night, sir.'

"'Somewhat dark, friend; yet one can readily find one's way.'

"After a short silence, he said: 'You and I are strangers, sir, yet our paths seem to lie in the same way.'

"'The same way at present,' I replied; 'but they will undoubtedly diverge again for a while before we have rode many miles.'

"'Ah, yes, that's it! — the way with us all; a short journey together, and then a separation. And, for me, it makes but little difference which way I journey or where I go. But, sir, I did not understand you. What did you mean when you said, "They will probably diverge again *for a while*"?'

"'Friend, allow me to notice your other remarks first. Did you tell the truth when you said to me that it made no difference to you which way you journeyed, or where you went?'

"'Yes, sir; I meant it all,— every word of it.'

"'Then, indeed, you are a miserable creature! A man in life without an aim, without a hope, without a love, is the most wretched of human beings; and you must be without all of these, or you could not truthfully make such an expression. With me it is far different. It *does* make a difference, and a *great* difference, in my feelings, where I go and who I am with.'

"'Perhaps you have never been weighed down with trouble, and broken in energy with failure and disappointment?'

"'No, I have not yet been broken in energy by disappointment; and, though I would not insinuate that your griefs are not the heaviest of all griefs, yet I have generally found that he who complains the most suffers the least. The grief that comes up to the surface, and tells itself in words, and groans, and sighs,— there is a

relief for that. It will die away in time, and the sunlight of joy will glisten and the flowers of hope blossom in its place. It is only the grief that turns away and hides itself in the stricken heart, as the bleeding dove hides her wound — it is only this sorrow that kills. And I should think, friend, that there might be some happiness in store for you.

"'Now,' added I, 'I will tell you what I meant by those few words, — we journey together a few miles, and then we separate. Your path lies one way across the earth, mine another; but they both stop at last somewhere upon the boundary of that happy country which lies over beyond the valley of the shadow of death. Who can say that there they will not wind together again?'

"'You must be a very happy man,' he replied, 'if you have this view of life.'

"'I *am* a happy man, my friend. If all the trials of this world were heaped upon me, they could not render me as unhappy as you told me you were. For the love of my "Father in heaven" would be with me, his boundless mercy would be around me, his almighty arm would support me.'

"'We cannot all feel alike. I sometimes think that there is no joy for me.'

"'The good man — the man who means to be good — is never very unhappy. He must have a source of joy within him. And I hope, and I think, that life must have some blessings for you yet. Don't give way to sorrow. Bear it like a man, and you will come out of the trial like the sun from the mist of the morning.'

"We had now reached the Corners, in Manlius, and here we were to separate. It was yet too dark for us to see each other's faces distinctly, and he rode closer to my side, and gave me his hand, saying, as he did so: 'Now, sir, we part. I have not asked your name; I do not care to know it. But there is a providence in this, that I should find just the friend I needed, and just at

the time I wanted him. Good-by, sir; and if there is a God he will reward you.'

"I shook his hand, and said: 'Don't despair, my friend. Many a good day you 'll see yet.'

"And thus we parted.

"Many years after, I was riding, one fine summer's day, through a beautiful village in Monroe County. As I stopped before the door of the hotel, a noble-looking man stood upon the steps. I asked the landlord if he had room and feed for my horse. He had not time to reply before the stranger upon the steps came to me, and, with as joyous a look upon his face as if he had found an old friend, gave me his hand, exclaiming, 'Thank God, sir, you have come!' I was amazed, but he had recognized the first sound of my voice, while his voice was so changed I could not tell that I had ever heard it.

"'Do you remember, sir,' he asked, 'a midnight ride, years ago, with a stranger who came out from under the shed of the tavern in Oran, Onondaga County, and kept you company to Manlius?'

"'I do, sir.'

"'Well, I am that man.'

"All this time he had stood with his arm over the neck of my horse, to prevent his being taken away; and now he jumped into my buggy, and said: 'You must come with me. I can't, I won't take no for an answer.'

"He took the reins in his hand, and drove across the road, a few rods to the east of the village, and stopped before a beautiful country residence. A young boy came out, to whom he gave the horse; and he entered a long hall, and opened a side-door into a sitting-room. There, upon the softest of carpets, was a beautiful boy of three or four years, rolling marbles; and by an open window, wreathed with a rose-vine, sat a woman engaged in pencilling. As the stranger threw open the door, he said to the woman, 'Here, wife, this is our good angel! I can't tell you his name.'

"I gave them my name, and, while his wife attended to our dinner, he said: 'You remember how discouraged I was when I saw you. We had then just lost a sweet little girl; I had failed in business; my wife was very sick; and I was then returning home from the burial of my mother. My friends were all in affliction, and no one had a word of encouragement for me, till I met you. After we parted I rode on thinking over what you had said, and by the time I reached home I was quite reconciled to life. I told my wife that I had seen our good angel, and so you have proved to be; for whenever I was ready to despond, your words, "There are good days for you yet," came to my mind; and "the good man is not always unhappy" worked like magic with me.'

"They urged me to tarry all night; but my business led me on, and we parted."

CHAPTER XI.

SELLS HIS HOME TO PAY THE DEBT — LINES TO HIS MOTHER — PROFANITY REBUKED — LEBANON AGAIN — NORTH NORWICH — STATE CONVENTION AT FORT PLAIN — INCREASING ILL HEALTH — SARATOGA IN VAIN — DECLARATION IN VIEW OF DEATH — ALBUM LINES.

My father's health failed constantly, and he found that he must either relinquish the farm labor, or give up his ministerial duties. He saw, also, that he could not balance the debts against him without disposing of his little property; and although it cost him a heart-struggle, which only those can know who have been, or may be, similarly situated, yet he nevertheless concluded that it must be done; for he was scrupulously honest, and never could endure the thought that another should wait longer than the appointed time for the settlement of a debt with him. And, though this money difficulty had not come upon him by any extravagance of himself or family, he nevertheless considered himself bound morally, as he was legally, to pay it. Consequently, in the fall of 1838 he sold his farm, and made arrangements to leave the home of the parents, which he had purchased with his own hard toil and much self-denial. His mother was so aged and feeble that she could not go with him to his new home; and arrangements were made for her stay with her son Alfred, who had formerly resided in the same house with his parents. I shall never forget the morning of her departure. The furniture of the little room she had inhabited for years was packed for her to take with her; and she was so fearful of leaving some old relic of the treasured past, that she sent one of her little grand-

daughters to look in every nook and corner, to see if she could find any article she had missed. In one corner of the closet opening out of grandmother's room, where her clothing had been kept, this little girl found a pair of old steel-bowed spectacles, and a worn-out vest. She carried them to the old lady, who rolled them up very carefully, and, as she put them in her satchel, said, "Thee thinks thy grandmother is a foolish old woman, don't thee? but these were thy grandfather's, child. All I have had in this little room, we had together — he and I — when we sat by this very fireplace, before you was born. I could not live without them." My father brought his covered carriage to the door, and went up into her room to carry her out. She had on her bonnet and cloak, and started to go to the door; then she turned back and tottered across the floor to the window that looked out upon the hill where was her husband's grave; and as she leaned her wasted hand upon the sill, it quivered and trembled like an aspen-leaf in the summer breeze. She did not weep, for in her old age she had not lost her wonderful self-control; but when my father took her in his arms and sat upon the seat in the carriage, I saw the tear sparkle upon his cheeks. And he told me, years after, that he did not speak to her during their ride, or even when he left her to go home. "She knew," he said, "that I had not lost my respect and tenderness for her, but that it strengthened with every year of my life. And much as she felt her own grief, she tried to forget it all to comfort me. 'Don't despair, Edward,' she said. 'God will help thee, though thy old mother cannot." But, in return, I did not speak to her. I could not then, if it had been to save the whole universe from destruction."

This was the greatest trial that had yet come upon him. Not for his own sake, or that of his family; for he could gather them all around another hearth-stone, and the associations that kept them here, though pleasant to retain, were few. But with his mother he knew that

it was far different. She had come there years before, and had settled quietly down in the rural little West, with the pleasing expectation that to her there should come no more change of homes till she was ready to "shuffle off her mortal coil" beneath the shadow of the heavy cherry-tree, whose branches overhung the roof. Here the lover of her girlhood, the companion of her maturer years, and the friend of her old age, had gone away to his eternal rest; and here she, too, wished to await the coming of the white-robed messenger. Her husband had selected a burial-place for both of them; and when she consented to go to her son Alfred's, if my father must remove, she said, "I must go, and I will go willingly. But, Edward, thee must see that I am buried by thy father, on the hill yonder."

"If I outlive you, mother, you shall be buried there. If I die first, I will make such arrangements that your wishes shall be sacredly remembered. Be sure, mother, that your dust shall repose by the side of father's."

How sacredly this promise was fulfilled remains yet to be seen. It was this knowledge of his mother's feelings that so tried the heart of my father. From his own attachment to place and home, he was prepared to sympathize and sorrow with her; and though he expected to miss the sweet sound of her calm voice, and the loving light of her quiet eye, around the new fireside, yet he felt how far more her aged but warm heart was wrung with sorrow to leave, just as her trembling feet were treading the sloping borders of the grave, the home which had been the gift of love, and endeared to her by an affection winding, like a jewelled chain, through fifty years of her life. In his Place-Book, made in Pleasant Valley soon after his departure from his boyhood's home, is a little poem, written the night after his mother was carried by himself to his brother Alfred's, and affectionately dedicated to this aged parent. I do not know that she ever saw it, for his poems were the instantaneous expres-

sion of his feelings, and always embodied a good thought, and pointed a moral.

LINES

TO MY AGED MOTHER.

Upon thy earthly way, mother,
What changes thou hast known!
What joys have gathered round thy heart,
What precious hopes have flown!
What sunlight round thy footsteps played,
What clouds o'erhung thy head!
What blessings with thy heavy griefs
'Our Father,' God, hath shed!

On green Long Island's shore, mother,
Where sea-waves dash their spray,
Dwelt those who heard thy childhood's laugh,
And watched thy childhood's play;
And they who loved thee went to rest
In sound of ocean waves,
And now the willow-leaves are brown
Above their sunken graves.

Then came the bridal hour, mother,
Where thy young feet would tread;
And years, so winged with hope, go by,
Unheeded as they sped;
Thy children's home —— but now, alas!
Strange hands must tend thy flowers;
Loved as it was, thy trembling voice
No more may call it "ours!"

And this, *this* hearth-stone, too, mother,
By which thou 'st dwelt so long;
Cheered by the love of that great heart,
So happy and so strong —
This home, round which thy trusting soul
Let its green tendrils twine,
O! never more, in this broad world,
Will it be mine or thine!

But what, ah! what of that, mother?
'T is but a little way —
It may be one dark, troubled year,
Or one short, sunny day,
When we, who miss the homes below,
And grieve and mourn to-night,
Shall gather in the home of love,
Up in the land of light!

The man who purchased this home was anxious to enter the house as soon as possible, and immediately after his mother's departure my father removed his family to the town of Nelson, where they were to remain until his appointments were fulfilled in Howlet Hill and Oran, when he was to return, according to the old arrangement, to his society in Lebanon.

We have already seen how the society in Oran increased, and the friends at Howlet Hill had the same reason to be encouraged. Their meetings gradually grew to a large audience, and the society members were becoming more numerous. Their congregations were composed, to say the least, of those who bore good moral and religious characters, and were highly respected even by those holding a different faith. My father always took particular notice of his hearers, and if he saw among them one who bore the impress of wine-drinking, or heard from one's lips who listened to him profane language, he was sure to rebuke it in no measured terms; and the guilty one must either reform or stay away, by becoming dissatisfied with such pointed condemnation.

One Sabbath morning, before services commenced in the place of gathering on Howlet Hill, he overheard a man outside of the door give utterance to several terrible oaths. He stepped forward far enough to notice the speaker, and when the people came in he saw this man enter. In the course of his sermon he looked the man steadily in the face, and so arranged his remarks that the words "Swear not at all" came appropriately from his lips. His invective was earnest, severe, and truthful. It went home with such force that the hearer was not seen in his meeting again. In speaking to a friend, who remarked that he had lost one hearer, he said, "Would to God I might lose *all* such hearers! We do not want such people among us. They do us no good, but rather injure us. We can never do anything, my friend, with such men among us. When other societies look upon us and see that we number such hearers, Sabbath

after Sabbath, they have reason, great reason, to say that we countenance immorality. Universalism will not own such children; but she claims the contrite in spirit, and 'the pure in heart.' Let such men and such women go from us. We do not want them."

There were many persons in the country through which my father journeyed who were anxious to see him, if from no other motive than mere idle curiosity. Those who learned to respect him by hearing him well spoken of, and who were not strongly prejudiced from differing religious opinions, expected to see something very superior in his looks and manners; while others, who were his religious opponents, and possessed something of the vindictive spirit, looked for as much as one cloven foot, and a face representative of the satanic majesty they feared so much. An incident illustrative of this feeling once happened in the pleasant little village of Jamesville. He was riding to his appointment on Saturday, and had one of his little daughters with him. It was a bitter cold winter's day, and he stopped at a hotel to warm, and went into the sitting-room and sat down by the fire with his child. Two ladies sat in the room, sewing. They did not notice the entrance of strangers, and neither of them had ever seen my father. They kept on with their conversation, and one asked of the other, "Then you never saw Mr. Woolley?"

"No," was the reply; "I never saw him. Some of my friends have heard him preach, and I am very anxious to. If I can ever have an opportunity, I shall certainly go."

"I advise you to keep away. Such meetings never do any good, and they sometimes do harm."

"O, it's not to hear how he *preaches* that I want to go, but to see how he *looks*. W. says he's the handsomest man he ever saw."

"Fie! don't you believe him. I'd as soon expect to see a handsome man from the abyss below."

"Tell me, now, if you imagine he looks so very bad, how you think he would seem to a human being?"

"Why, I suspect he is long, lean, and bony; with clump feet, and eyes and skin like an Arab."

"I thought father would laugh then," said the little girl, as she was relating the conversation, after they returned home, "he twisted the corners of his mouth around so! But he did n't. He asked me if I was warm, and when I told him yes, he led me out of doors, and the ladies did not even know who he was."

This fall and winter my father suffered exceedingly with ulcerated sore throat and lungs. But he lost few if any Sundays without fulfilling his appointments. My mother was also confined to her room most of the winter, and was hardly able to remove in the month of February, 1838, when my father once more became the pastor of his well-loved society in Lebanon. I think Mr. Williams was then preaching in Hamilton, and my father had accepted an invitation to supply the society in North Norwich.

"Back again in the old Lebanon desk," said my father; "I felt quite at home. There were most of the old friends I had left; and, as far as I could see, my flock had been watched by a faithful shepherd."

This shepherd of whom my father speaks was Rev. W. M. Delong. He was in Lebanon at the time of my father's return, and his health was so poor that he was unable to preach. His home was about two miles from my father's, and both himself and my father prized the privilege this gave of enjoying each other's society. As Mr. Delong's health improved, he sometimes supplied my father's place in the desk; and I am led to believe that he formed of him an exalted opinion. I find in the proceedings of the Chenango Association, held in Binghamton, where Mr. D. resided at the time of my father's death, a resolution offered by himself (Mr. D.) expressive of the highest regard and esteem for his departed brother.

In the winter following our removal to Lebanon, a

very thorough series of revival meetings was held among the members of the Presbyterian church in the little settlement about one mile from my father's residence. The good people were, of course, very anxious to change my father's religious views; and not only to affect him, but to make converts of his little children. Wherever they saw one of them, if it were in the street, they presented the religion of their creeds in language as glowing as they were able to express. One of his daughters, a child of ten years, went one afternoon, during this excitement, to have a dress made at the dress-maker's. The dress-maker was anxious to improve her opportunity, and to impress upon the mind of this child the awful heresy her father preached. As she was sewing she asked the little girl, "Is your father at home?"

"No; he 's gone away to preach."

"I wonder that people will send for him to preach such a horrid, wicked doctrine! Don't you think it 's wicked for him to preach such stuff?"

The child was surprised, but she answered: "I never heard my father preach anything wicked. I should n't think he 'd preach wicked things, for he says that the wicked will surely be punished."

"Ah! that 's mere stuff. He tells people that they are going right to heaven in their sins, and that everybody 's going there just as we are here. Wicked and good, it makes no difference. An't that the way he tells you?"

"No; he never tells us so. He says people are good in heaven, and always happy, for they never do wrong there."

"Did he ever tell you there was a hell, and that every one must go there if they don't believe in Christ?"

"I don't know what you mean!"

"There! I thought so. Mean!—I mean a great place of fire and brimstone, where people burn all the time!"

"O, no! he never told us of that place. I should not like to go there, should you?"

"Well, you *will* go there, with your father, if you believe his horrid doctrine."

"What makes you talk so? My father *won't* go there! I know he won't!"

"Do you think your father believes what he preaches? I don't!"

This was a little too much. The child was old enough to understand that her father had been called a hypocrite; and, without saying a word, she gathered up the materials of her dress, and went home.

"Why have you come home so soon?" asked her mother, as she entered the door.

"Well, mother, I'll tell you. Miss D. called father a hypocrite, and I was n't going to stay and hear it!" She was a child, and did as a child would do, without judgment, perhaps. But these missiles always fell as harmless upon the minds of his children; for nowhere on earth can the soul reveal itself so truthfully, so faithfully, as in the daily life, amid the circle at home. And those whom he nurtured and cherished, who shared his daily kindness and care in the family circle, knew that the doctrine he preached was the very fountain of his life.

While a resident of Lebanon my father enjoyed the privilege of attending the State Convention of Universalists, which assembled in Fort Plain. For two or three years he had been so engrossed with cares that he had not been able to attend these sessions, and he hailed this opportunity as a great joy which his soul needed. "Here," he wrote, "I met many of my beloved brethren in the ministry, and listened to sermons that not only interested me while I heard them, but remained with me, to strengthen my spirit for its high aims and noble purposes."

In the evening of the second day of services, the church of Fort Plain was recognized and taken into fellowship, and my father was selected to preside at the table of communion. He did not refuse to do this; but he wished to avoid it. It was long since he had been with this

body, and he saw around him brothers whom he considered so much wiser than himself,—one of whom, he thought, should fill this important position,— that he would rather have been relieved of it. Besides, though he was self-possessed and graceful in his manners, he had not yet overcome his natural diffidence; and the duties of his profession sometimes cost him a struggle which could only be known to those of a similar nature. As he was going to his temporary home, with Rev. S. R. Smith (for they both tarried with the same host), he said: "Brother Smith, do make an excuse for me, and fill my place to-night."

"Brother Woolley, what do you mean?" responded Mr. S.

"I mean that I had rather preach ten sermons than to stand before that table of communion. If it were in my own little church at Lebanon, I should feel no embarrassment; but in the presence of so large an audience, and among so many clergymen older than myself, I shall feel out of place."

"I cannot do this for you, Brother Woolley. Your tormenting diffidence will always trouble you, unless your friends help you break it down. And I sincerely thank God, Brother Woolley, that Brother Freeman found a way to break you into the Gospel labor. And be you sure that nothing, save serious illness upon you, shall cause me to fulfil this duty for you."

"I may well plead sickness, for my physician told me that it was with the utmost presumption that I came here. But it was my mind to come, as I thought it might be the last time I should meet with this assembly in this world."

"That is true of both you and me, Brother Woolley. But, weak as you are, you cast more of a shadow than I do!"

"Mine may be the greater shadow, but yours the greater substance."

I give the following description of the evening's ser-

vices, from the pen of a young ministering brother who was present at the time. He writes:

"The even-time wore on; and, as the hour of service drew nigh, the worshippers gathered to the temple. The clergymen were seated in the front body-pews, and the table, spread with bread and wine, stood between them and the pulpit. Four wax candles burned upon the arms of the desk, two each side of the large Bible, and four were upon the table. The house was filled, and, before the sermon was to be delivered, Brother Woolley arose from his seat with his brother ministers, and walked in his usual dignified manner to the table of communion. He stood just in front of the desk, with his face toward the congregation; and, though he was sick, it was that deceiving sickness which gives the rose to the cheek, and the lustre to the eye. He was a noble specimen of manhood, as he stood there in the soft, mellow light; his tall form erect, and the glow of religious emotion spread over his beautiful face. One who did not know him well would never think of a feeling of timidity beneath that calm, child-like manner; and his voice was sweet and full of cheerfulness (as it always was) when he leaned his right hand upon the table, and, in a few appropriate words, asked the blessing of the 'Father' upon the symbolical service he was about to perform. Then, as he took the bread, he said: 'Jesus took bread, and *blessed it*, and brake *it*, and gave *it* to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave *it* to them, saying, Drink ye, all, of it; for this is my blood of the new testament which is shed for many, for the remission of sins.' As he poured the wine he said: 'And this do we, my brethren and sisters, in memory of the Christ sent of God, the Father, to teach us the better way; that the "kingdom of heaven" might come down to us; and who also brought to light the glorious knowledge "that all men shall be saved, and come to a knowledge of the truth." Ours is no narrow table of communion; for the blood flowed and the flesh

was pierced for all nations and all people.' The deacons of the church took the bread and wine and carried it, one down each aisle; and when they returned to the table, Brother Woolley folded his arms across his broad breast, and, with his blue eyes raised above, gave utterance to the most beautiful prayer that I ever heard from any man.

"There were hundreds in that church, that night, but they still remember the impressiveness of that communion service; and years cannot efface the sight of that noble brother, as he stood before them, breathing that touching prayer for the whole human brotherhood. As we went out of the porch, I saw Father Smith put his hand on his arm, and heard him say, 'Brother Woolley, you 've lived it through.'"

A short extract from the sermon preached at this time will give the reader an idea of the manner in which my father frequently illustrated his sermons. It was often said of him that he possessed the art of so simplifying his sermons that a child could understand them; and, if we may believe the testimony of those who were qualified to judge, he also made them interesting to the deep, strong thinker. He had chosen for his subject these words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." During his remarks he saw fit to show how this principle works with the human heart; by relating an incident which came under his own observation.

"Once in my life," said he, "it was my good fortune to know a man who had determined to commit suicide. He was in affluent circumstances, and possessed every pecuniary opportunity for happiness; but he had nothing to sustain him in his hour of trial but cold, unsatisfying infidelity. And, however well it might have pleased him in the hour of pleasure, when the day of trial came he found it like a rope of sand. At last his spirit sunk under combined difficulties, and he concluded that he could no longer bear the burden of life. He looked his last upon his home, and turned from the door to enter

it no more in time. As he was going down the steps, his little girl asked, 'Father, may I go with you?'

"'Not now, my child,' he answered.

"'May I go with you next time, father?'

"'If I go *again*, you may go with me,' replied the father.

"It was a clear summer morning, and the man walked from his dwelling to the high bank of a deep-flowing stream, overhung with heavy willows. The grass was fresh and green at his feet, the flowers bloomed along the river's bank, and the music of the happy birds filled the air. But he heeded them not. Grief tugged at his heart-strings, and the journey through the valley of time had become wearisome to him.

"As he was standing upon the bank, ready for the final plunge, he felt something pulling at his coat-skirt. He looked around to banish the troublesome intruder, and saw a ragged, dirty boy, begging alms. 'O, sir,' said the child; 'do not refuse me a sixpence! My father is sick, and my mother is starving!' There was something in the boy's voice and countenance that touched the heart of the man, who, a moment before, was ready to take his own life, and he replied, 'I will go with you, my little fellow.'

"The boy led the way, and, after a walk of nearly a mile, they entered a miserable hovel, where he saw a man, in the last stages of consumption, stretched upon a bed of straw and rags, in one corner; while a woman, with wan cheeks, hollow eyes, and attenuated form, sat beside him. A little, filthy creature, called a babe, was creeping about in the dirt, and the appearance of everything about the hovel was that of squalid misery. 'O, sir!' exclaimed the woman, as they entered; 'we were not always thus. Sickness—long, yearly sickness—has reduced us to this. Those who have helped are tired of giving so long, and now we must starve!'

"This man, who walked the streets in velvet and broadcloth, whose home contained every luxury, whose children were well clothed and well educated, who suf-

fered no want that money could relieve — this man, ready to throw himself into eternity, had never witnessed wretchedness like this. He had never been in the huts of poverty; had never searched out God's poor in the corners and byways, and cheered his days and sweetened his dreams by relieving their wants, and teaching them, if they needed it, the lessons Jesus taught to his disciples. And what wonder, then, that this was to him a strange sight? His kindly feelings were aroused, and he was all astir to lift them from this suffering condition. Before night a comfortable house was found, and the family removed; a physician was provided for the sick man, and from the abundance of his own store provision and clothing were given to the sufferers. That night, as he laid his head upon his pillow, a well-spring of joy was flowing in his heart; and he asked of his own soul, 'When life gives such a field for ministering to others' happiness, such an opportunity of doing good, why should I strive to rid myself of life, or why grow weary of the world? With so much good to do, why should I not feel happy and contented?'

"That man, my hearers, felt as every other human being feels when he first learns that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Now, let us apply this principle to the great Creator and Sustainer of all things, and what wisdom can begin to understand the length and the breadth, the height and the depth, of the happiness of that God who fully knows how much more blessed it is to give than to receive!"

As my father was coming down the pulpit stairs, Rev. S. R. Smith came near the desk, and, reaching his long, slender arm over the heads of many of the hearers who were passing out of the church, grasped my father's hand, and exclaimed, "God bless you, Brother Woolley! that story was worth telling."

After my father returned from the convention, his health failed rapidly. His throat and mouth became badly ulcerated, and he grew very emaciated and weak.

He had a slight chill and fever every day, with night-sweats, and a troublesome cough; and a hue bright and fresh as the June-roses carry in their hearts lay upon his cheek, and a lustre like the brightest of sunshine glistened in his eye. His attending physician became discouraged, and called counsel; and this council of physicians said to him: "Mr. Woolley, you must go to Saratoga. If the water and change of air do not help you, nothing will. You cannot live so six months."

It would be expected that this was a trial,— to tear himself from his family, and go so far away, perhaps to die. But it held out to him a chance of recovery, and he said: "I must do all I can to preserve my life, for my family need it. But, if God sees fit to take me now, he will provide some way for them."

The necessary arrangements were made, and he left home for Saratoga. An anecdote is related of him, while there, that shows the kindliness of his nature. He was sitting one morning with the boarders, in the parlor of the house where he tarried, when a pale, slender lad, of twelve or fourteen years of age, entered the room and asked alms. He was allowed to pass each person without receiving a copper, until he came to my father, when the coin for which he asked fell upon the palm of his hand. The tears sprung to his eyes, and with a hardly heard "thank you, sir," he hurried from the room. After he had gone, one said, "Mr. Woolley, I fear you have done harm."

"Will you tell me why, sir?"

"I should not be surprised if that money furnished a good dram for some poor creature."

"I think not, sir. If I can judge anything of human needs from human faces, that boy asked for money because some one he loved needed it. Let it be as it will, *I* shall feel better. I could not sleep well to-night with that pale, sad face looking so pleadingly into mine."

He stayed in Saratoga only two weeks, constantly growing worse. His children (those who were old

enough) were in school when he came home; and a good neighbor, who had seen him at the gate, called at the school-house and told the teacher that he had returned. This teacher was a member of his society, and she went around by the children's seat and said to them, "Your father has come home. You may go, if you wish." The four glided noiselessly out of the door, linked their little hands firmly together, bounded around the clear, bubbling spring, and ran with all speed up the hill, for home. Our father had the blue-eyed babe in his arms when we entered the house, but he put her down to greet us, and we all asked, at once, "Have you got well, father?" Those parents and children who have parted and met under like circumstances may know the joy and sorrow that mingled in that welcome.

He was now given up to die; but, at the urgent request of his wife, sent for a physician in Cazenovia, who had before raised her from a dangerous illness. Dr. S., a Thomsonian in practice, came, and, after sitting with my father a few hours, said: "Mr. Woolley, I can see no chance for you to get well, and I do not wish to prescribe for you."

"It can do no harm to try,— can it, doctor?" asked my father.

"If you could live through a warm bath and an emetic, you might get better. But I honestly think you would die in the operation."

"Well, no matter; go to work, and if I die under the effect of your medicine, my ghost shall never haunt you."

"But I don't want the glory, just now, of killing a Universalist minister; and, if you die on my hands, it will be said that I murdered you."

"No matter, Doctor! Every one agrees that I must die. Now, I can but die, any way. So go to work."

"I will give you a bath to-night, and see how you bear it." There was little sleep in the house that night, for those who were old enough to understand were watching the effect produced by the new doctor. Dr. S. staid until the next night, and when he went away pronounced his

patient rather better. He came again in two weeks, and found my father one mile from home, a-foot.

From this time my father's health gradually improved, until he, at times, called himself well. But he never saw a day, in his after life, when his lungs were free from disease. The destroying hand of bronchial consumption was upon him, and he wasted slowly, but surely, beneath its grasp.

Some months after his recovery, one of his children stood by his desk, one day, when he was looking over the contents of an open drawer, and, taking up a written paper, read it, and then asked, "May I have this, father?" He took the paper, and, looking at it, answered, "Yes, it 's of no consequence now."

The paper was carefully laid away, among many other scraps which the child had carefully preserved, and kept as a treasure, until it was contributed for this volume. It reads as follows:

"This certifies, that I, being given up by my physicians to immediate death, and fully believing, myself, that I stand upon the threshold of eternity, and am about to enter upon the untried realities of the life beyond the grave, do hereby witness: That I have, as far as in me lay, fulfilled the duties of child, husband, father, friend and pastor; and that I cherish no ill-will towards any human being, but bear only 'peace and good-will' to all of the human family. Furthermore, that I go happy in the faith I have preached, and rejoicing that God will raise up others, more worthy, to preach it after me.

"Written and signed, this 24th day of July, 1840, by

"E. M. WOOLLEY."

The above paper was written and laid away, to be found after his departure, just after his return from Saratoga; and it were useless, perhaps, to say that it has always been kept as a priceless treasure.

During this sickness he gave, in answer to a request for an album contribution, the following lines:

I am asked in thy album a word to indite,
And this I will cheerfully do ;
Yet not of myself nor of you will I write,
But of *Him* who is faithful and true.

Of Christ, the Messiah and Bishop of souls,
Who gave himself freely for you,
That you might discover what prophets foretold
Respecting the Gentile and Jew.

A light to enlighten the Gentile's dark mind, —
The glory of Israel too, —
He came to deliver, to seek and to find,
That in him all things might be new.

Then lift up your voices, disconsolate souls !
Rejoice, for transgression shall die ;
For *His* is the kingdom, the power and control,
Of all earth, all ocean, and sky.

CHAPTER XII.

DEATH OF HIS MOTHER — U. S. CONVENTION AT AUBURN — CHARITY AMID PROVOCATIONS — DEATH OF FRIENDS — NOT A "WEIGHTY" PREACHER — EXTRACT FROM A SERMON.

THIS summer his mother died. She went to her rest as quietly as an infant sinks to repose in its mother's arms; and her last earthly request was heeded, for she was buried by the side of her husband, on the old home farm. When he sold this place my father recorded a deed of this burial-place of his father, which deed gave the little hill to him and his heirs forever. And nearly his last care, before he left his native state, was the building of a new, strong fence around these cherished graves; and he left them, as a sacred charge, to his children and his children's children.

My father also lost, this year, the friend before mentioned in this volume, Mr. Pratt, of Stockbridge. He had concluded to go to Wisconsin, and in that then new and far-away territory make a home for his old age. He was one of the friends of early days, one of the small band of believers when believers were few; and my father prized his friendship, and disliked to lose the occasional visits he enjoyed with him. When Mr. P. came with his wife to make the last visit at my father's before removing West, he said, "Brother Woolley, I shall have you in Wisconsin yet." And after he had purchased a heavy tract of valuable land, lying about the village of Whitewater, in Wisconsin, he wrote to my father that he would give him, if he would remove to Wisconsin, eighty acres

of good land, assist him in building a house, and pay half of the expenses of removing his family. My father was much pleased with this expression of friendship; but my mother would not hear a word to the proposed removal, and the project was then given up.

While residing in Lebanon, my father attended the United States Convention of Universalists, assembled in Auburn. Here he saw, for the first time, that great, good old man, whose praise lingers upon every tongue, HOSEA BALLOU. When he returned to his home, he said, "I saw Father Ballou in Auburn." Then, from the lips of the whole family, came the eager questions, "O, tell us how he looks — how he appears!" And how beautiful the answer, — "As the New Testament teaches you the Master did!" It was told in a few words; but ever after that father in Israel was associated in our minds with the meek and holy Galilean Shepherd.

In the fall of 1840 my father was called to the town of Nelson, to attend a funeral. After he entered the desk he saw, immediately in front of him, a very zealous Presbyterian lady, who had frequently been heard to say that "Mr. Woolley dare not preach such stuff to her; for she could look him down." And, from her appearance, she had evidently come in for that purpose. She sat very erect, and looked my father steadily in the face. After a few remarks, he turned his eyes towards her; and, having arranged his words for a sudden and overwhelming effect, he brought his long, slender forefinger down over the desk, and exclaimed, emphatically, "And for *you* is this condemnation." The woman held down her head, and did not raise it till services were over. But she was never heard again to say that "she knew she could look Mr. Woolley down."

The benevolence of my father's nature not only prompted him to relieve the immediate wants of the suffering, but it consisted of a beautiful and wide-spreading charity, that gave to his feelings and conversation a just consideration and tenderness for others, under all circumstances.

When he saw a deed — in one, perhaps, whom he had looked upon with respect — that told powerfully against a good heart and pure morals, he would say, "I did not expect it from such a source. It looks rather dark, I admit; but let us wait a while before pronouncing judgment. We may yet discover a governing motive that will give holiness to the act; and if we do not, we should have only love and pity for that one; for we know One that lieth not hath said, that 'he that sinneth shall die' — that 'the way of the wicked is like a troubled sea, casting up mire and dirt.'"

It was his natural and cultivated disposition thus to overcome evil with good. I remember once a son of his had been rudely, even insultingly, treated by a neighbor, who in a moment of anger forgot the many kindnesses this boy had bestowed upon him; and not only forgot them, but resorted to hard words to express his irritated feelings. The boy's indignation was considerably aroused, and he was about to vent his anger upon this neighbor in no measured terms, when relating the circumstance to father. "Hush! hush! boy," said our father; "where did you learn that rule of conduct? It don't sound much like 'overcome evil with good.'"

"Well, father, he 's a confounded ——— "

"Be careful, boy, be careful what you say; wait an hour, and then, after you remember his many good deeds, you may put this bad one beside them, and tell *what* he is."

"Well, I do say he 's an old dunce, father," said the boy, laughing, "and I never 'll speak to him again!"

"I don't like to hear that, my boy. I had rather hear you say, 'Let him treat me as he will, it shall be my duty to greet him not only politely, but kindly.'"

"Well, father," continued the son, whose wrath began to die away, "if I do speak to him, I 'll never go into his house."

"What, my child,—would you be guilty of uncivil conduct toward his wife and children, because you please to

take his conduct so much to heart? I fear you would run into the greater evil. There is a good old rule I would like you to remember, which *One* far better and wiser than we are gave us, and that is, 'As ye would in all things that others do unto you, so do ye unto them.' Try to square your life to this rule, and these harsh and abusive words will fall upon you harmlessly as fire-sparks upon a rock."

A few evenings after, he was going in to see this neighbor, and he said, "I am going to neighbor G.'s, boy; will you go along?" The boy looked up into his father's quiet face, and laughed as he said, "Yes, yes, I'll go, father. Neighbor G. is not quite so bad as I thought he was."

In this way he quelled, without any difficulty, those little trifling trials that often are allowed to disturb the peace and quiet of neighborhoods and homes. And his character could not be better expressed than by the relation of these little incidents, which exhibit so well his good judgment, as well as show the daily, almost hourly, practice of his religion. He always strove to impress upon the minds of his family that, in the jostle of life, they must bear and forbear, forget and forgive. "Strive to do right yourselves," he would say; "avoid, as far as possible, even the appearance of evil, and the gossip of an idle world will not trouble you. Cherish in your heart a feeling of tenderness, even for your most bitter enemy (if you are so unfortunate as to have one); learn to look with kindness upon the immoral and the vicious, and while you give them boldly to understand that you know and disapprove of their wrong, do not, at the same time, hesitate to give them a helping hand towards the better way, if they will receive it; and if they will not, it can never harm you to meet them with a pleasant smile and a kind word. In this way you will build a heaven in your own hearts, that no hand but yours can take away."

This spirit of charity he carried with him in his deal-

ings with mankind. It influenced him in his business relations, and governed his conduct in failure or success. After he removed to Bridgewater, a friend, whom he knew in Lebanon, failed in business, and was immediately sought out by his creditors, as though they were birds in search of prey. He was indebted to my father, who said, "I shall not trouble him. He will pay me if he can." Some months after, my father went to Lebanon to preach, and this valued friend invited him to go home with him and tarry over night. He went, and said he, "I enjoyed my visit more than I can tell." No mention was made of the debt, but when my father's horse was brought to the door, the friend drew my father's hand in his, and led him into another room, and when he handed him the money, he said: "Brother Woolley, you have not mentioned this matter to me, and I believe you thought that I would pay you as soon as I could. But you are the only creditor that has not sent me an invitation to 'settle,' and you are the first man to whom I have paid a copper. And you should have your due, my friend, if it cost us our last bed and our last stick of fire-wood."

"But, my brother," he replied, "I could not take it, if it cost you anything like that."

"Thank Heaven, it does not! I shall, I hope, balance all my debts yet; but I was fully determined that *you* should not suffer by me."

My father was once compelled to hire a house of a man who was a stranger to himself, and his friends said, "Don't go there. You can't live near him; no one can." But the house was hired, and the family settled in it; and, in speaking of this man, my father would say, "I could live near him without difficulty all my life. I never knew a kinder neighbor."

During the time of my father's pastorship in Lebanon, he lost two members of his society by death. One, a very intelligent and estimable woman, a daughter of Mr. J. McConnell, whom he had united in marriage with the

companion of her life-journey, but a few months before he was called to administer consolation at her funeral.

The other, Miss Urzelia Stetson, became very near to him, not only as one of the young lambs of his flock, but also because she was the cherished friend of one of his daughters. She was much in his own home, and he knew that every thought of her young heart, every desire of her young spirit, was as pure as the holy faith she believed. She always attended meeting when she was strong enough to ride (for she was a little, feeble creature, always suffering with a scrofulous consumption); and as she sat in the gallery, arrayed in her white muslin dress, and her face lighted up with joy during services, the hearers were wont to say of her, that she looked like an angel ready-robed for the heaven to which she was hastening. She became (as the young always did) much attached to her pastor, and the religion he taught her covered her sick pillow with flowers, and strengthened her young spirit for its journey home. My father had gone to North Norwich to preach on Christmas eve, when word was sent for him to visit this young, child-like friend. Soon, before he returned, came the sorrowful tidings of her death, with a request for him to administer consolation at the funeral. In his absence, Rev. D. Ackley, of Hamilton, was called. My father returned home on the morning of the burial, and immediately rode over to the house of Mr. S. After he had greeted the family, the mother led him to the coffin of her child, and, while the tears fell over her cheeks, she exclaimed, "One week ago to-day how she suffered! and it wrung our hearts so to hear her say, 'It will be over soon. Don't weep so for me. I am going home, where you will all come.' I hope never to witness suffering like hers. And, O! Brother Woolley, how glad I am that she is at rest!"

Mr. Ackley preached an affecting and impressive sermon, and then my father rose to address the mourners. It was some time before he could speak after he had risen

to his feet; and he could not drive the tears that trembled on his eyelashes back to their fountain. "He could not," said one who was present, "have seemed more affected had one of his own children lain in the coffin before him." But in a few moments the struggle was over, and his voice, though low, was clear and distinct, as his words, rich with joy and hope, fell upon the ears of the bereaved. "How," he asked, "how, my suffering friends, and with what words, shall I come to you this morning? I, too, have a struggle to pass through — a grief to overcome. For I shall miss one of the lambs of my flock as my people gather together on the Sabbath. There is a little hand that will grasp mine no more; and a sweet young face, that often gladdened my home, upon which I shall look not again in time. But, my friends, what is this pang in my heart, compared to the heavy sorrow under which your spirits shrink? Yet, my friends, strive to remember, in this your hour of woe, that God gave you this loved, this idolized child. You received her as a blessing, and he was good enough to leave her with you till you had tenderly guarded her infancy; till you had held her tiny hand and guided her little trembling feet through early childhood; till you had gladdened and blest her youth; till you had labored for her by day, and watched for her by night; till you had stood by her bed of suffering, weeping and mourning over her anguish; and then, in his kindness, he called her to participate in that joy prepared for Christ and his redeemed. Can you not thank your God for all this, my friends? Can you not thank *him* that you have so faithfully fulfilled your various duties to this fair child while she tarried with you? Can you not, shall we not, all of us who have known her, thank him for the memory of this holy, this unstained life, that will come to us amid earth's din and turmoil; and, when we weary of our pilgrimage, and almost doubt the existence of purity in the world, will drive our fears away, and say to us, in our darkness, 'Earth hath its angels, for she was one!'

Is not this something for which to thank our heavenly Father? Let us strive, then, my friends, and, as far as lies in our power, rejoice always, and in all things give thanks!"

A part of the winter of 1841 my father's health was so feeble that he could not preach; and the desk in Lebanon was sometimes filled by Rev. D. S. Morey, or Rev C. L. Shipman. The first time Mr. Shipman preached in Lebanon, he went to my father's, after meeting, and, as he entered the door of the dwelling, my father met him and gave him his hand. Mr. Shipman stopped, looked earnestly at my father (who was then very thin in flesh, and the lower part of his face looking much smaller than usual, underneath the heavy forehead), and then asked, "Is this Brother E. M. Woolley, of whom I have heard so much?"

"I am E. N. Woolley, Brother Shipman; but I cannot say that you ever heard of me before."

"Then I am disappointed," said Mr. S.; "I thought you must be a man that would weigh two hundred!"

"What led you to suppose that?"

"I'll tell you, Brother Woolley. Do you remember that sermon of yours from the words, 'And Israel said, it is enough'?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"Well, my mother (and a good mother she is, too) laid that old sermon away, under the till of her chest, more choice than she would silk or satin; and every Sabbath, when we could not go to meeting (and in Ohio we cannot always do that), she would get out the paper, and we would read it over together. She told me that I must come and see you, for her, and tell her how you looked. But, Brother Woolley, we concluded that a man who could write that sermon ought to weigh two hundred. And here you are, a pale, slender man. Why, there's nothing of you but head!"

A few extracts from the sermon above alluded to may express his views of Universalism as well, perhaps, as anything he ever wrote:

"With the history of Joseph I presume my readers are perfectly acquainted; consequently, a repetition of his history would be like a thrice-told tale — void of interest or instruction. But the language of his father is replete with meaning. The temperate and intemperate, the sceptic and the Christian, the moral and the immoral, would all do well to give it a careful examination; and it would be wisdom in them all to compare their daily walk and religious opinions with the words of the text. And after they have made the comparison, let them lay their hands upon their hearts, and put the question home to their conscience, 'Is it enough? Have I done all that I should do? Have I acted well my part?'

"In this age of excitement and contention, judgment and reason are seldom allowed to speak. Passion — loud, boisterous passion — is the propelling power by which the car of religious fanaticism and folly is pushed along. The sober morals and wholesome precepts of Christ and his apostles are, in a great degree, discarded, and a new order of things introduced. Paul was very careful to impress upon the minds of his hearers the important fact that 'God is not the author of confusion, but of peace.' If Paul was right, then those composing the great majority of the religious world are wrong, or God has ceased to be as he was, and placed his seal of approbation upon turmoil and confusion.

"In speaking from the words under consideration, I shall call your attention, in the first place, to manners and customs that are decidedly wrong; and I shall endeavor to prove, to the satisfaction of the candid hearer, that the man who has imbibed those habits is not doing enough for himself, for community, or for his God. In the second place, I shall call your attention to what I believe binding and obligatory upon men, and especially binding upon the Universalist. As I proceed in the discussion, I beg your undivided attention; and I pray God that a blessing may be pronounced from on high

upon both speaker and hearer; that, at the close of our meeting, we may say, as did Israel, 'Lord, it is enough!'

"In a government like ours, it is the duty of every individual to give his undivided support to principles that are positively republican, whether in politics or religion. In the Declaration of Independence it is said: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident — that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' Whenever these principles are attacked, by enemies without or foes within, by the strong arm of the law or the cunning craft of the externally religious, there should be no compromise with duty, no counting of cost or contingency, no fear of the result of a well-directed effort; but, having determined what is right and what is duty, there should be a firm resolve to go forward, and trust the result with that being who is 'too wise to err, and too good to do wrong.'

"It is unfortunate for us, as a denomination, that our doctrine is not understood by the mass of community; and the reason why it is not better understood by our opponents is, that they will not 'come and see;' for in every instance in which it is understood it is embraced. But the wilful ignorance of our opponents is not all we have to contend with; for it is a lamentable fact that many who have named the name of Universalism know little or nothing about it. They think they understand it,— they believe they know all about it, — when, in fact, they know little more about it than its worst enemies. Those who have a correct knowledge of Universalism are positively convinced, beyond a shadow of doubt, that it embraces everything excellent and good. It provides a recompense for the vicious that no mortal arm can turn aside or defeat. If it be true, 'let the wicked forsake his way,' or prepare to endure (as did David) 'the pains of hell.' Its language is, 'Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished.' God is not man, that he should change or tell a lie. He

has said, 'The wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him.' Therefore, be wise, O man! and believe not those who would have you suppose that the wickedness of the wicked shall or may be transferred to another. 'It has no salvo for sin,' no escape from deserved punishment, no mystery to bewilder the simple and credulous, no angry God to frighten the heart of the timid, and no trick or manœuvre by which justice is defeated and its claims disregarded. In the mean time, it sanctifies the punishment, 'that it may yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them who are exercised thereby.' It has grappled with the devil and his kingdom; and will destroy, in the fulness of time, 'death, and him that hath the power of death, that is, the devil.'

"On the other hand, it provides or points to a reward for every virtuous act, which is sure and certain, even in this life. God has never said, 'Say unto the righteous, it *may* be well with him;' but his language is, 'Say unto the righteous, it *shall* be well with him.' For God, himself, united sin and misery, virtue and happiness, upon the earth, and all the devils in the universe cannot divorce them.

"To spread abroad this principle of eternal truth, in which justice and mercy are combined, for the good of the whole intelligent creation, many choice spirits have buckled on the helmet of salvation, and fought the good fight of faith. There are those before me, this morning,* who were rallying around the standard of truth while the speaker who now addresses you was laboring in the ranks of the enemy, contending with zeal, if not ability, for the doctrine of unending sin and misery — a doctrine he honestly believed, and over which he shed many a bitter tear. Your labors have been abundantly blessed of 'Him who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not.' The increase has been more than equal to your most sanguine expectation. You have grown old in the warfare; and your locks have whitened in the service of your Lord

* At the session of the Central Association, in Marshall, N. Y., June, 1839.

and Master. You have seen the 'wilderness bud and blossom as the rose;' 'and the barren places of the earth have become vocal with the praise of God.' For tens the Lord has given you hundreds, and for hundreds, thousands. And can you not, this day, as you take a retrospective view of what the Lord has enabled you to do, 'thank God and take courage,' and, like Israel of old, say, 'It is enough,' even more than we expected?

"But let me ask my hearers who have come to a knowledge of the truth more recently, if they can look back upon their past conduct, and compare it with the acknowledged claims of Universalism, and say, 'Lord, it is enough.' It is not enough that an individual is willing to say, 'I am a Universalist.' He may do all that, and yet be an injury to the cause. Yea, he may discard the doctrine of unmerciful vengeance, in all its ramifications, and, after all, know little or nothing of the doctrine for which he professes to contend. Ask such an one to explain a passage of scripture, and 'give a reason for the hope that is in him,' and he is bewildered at once. The Bible to him is a sealed book. It has never been the man of his counsel; and its consoling truths are to him like diamonds hidden in the earth — invisible. Presently an excitement begins in the neighborhood, and this man is seriously excited. The clergy, aware of his ignorance on theological subjects, adduce scripture, scripture, scripture, to refute the doctrine preached 'by all God's holy prophets since the world began;' scripture, too, that has no more bearing upon the subject than the east has upon the west. Every well-informed believer in the Abrahamic faith is well aware of the forced application, and perfectly familiar with the correct illustration of the testimony; but this man, being entirely destitute of correct information upon the subject, is confused, frightened, and converted! And then, and there, upon the altar of a l-o-n-g meeting, he renounces Universalism! Strange renunciation! Like unto a man who squandered a fortune in a month, but who never was worth a dollar in his life!

"Again; it is not enough that an individual understands the theory, and is able to silence every opponent. He should possess a character for honesty and virtue, in every sense of these words. Such a character is in the reach of almost every one, and no man should presume to call himself a Universalist without it. It is *this* that gives weight to a well-made and well-applied argument. It is *this* that will enable a man to look an opponent in the face and say to him, 'You see in me and my conduct the salutary effects of the doctrine I love.' It is *this* that carries conviction to the mind of the unbeliever, and converts him from the error of his way. It is *this* that stops the mouth of the gainsayer, and multiplies converts to the truth. It is *this* that causes the hearts of the righteous to rejoice, and strengthens the minds of the weak.

"It is not enough (though many think it is) that, as far as its *morality* is concerned, it is reduced to practice. You should exhibit the light,— the lamp and the oil,— that both cause and effect may be seen by others, that they, too, 'may glorify God in their bodies, which are his.' Hundreds have committed a fatal mistake on this point. They seem to think it of little or no consequence whether they say a word or lift a finger in favor of Universalism, if they only give good weight and measure, and live within the pale of the civil law. This (I repeat it) is a fatal mistake — fatal to the man himself, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred such men are left with only the theory in the head, without the substance in the heart. Such an one will excuse himself by saying, 'I am alone, and can do nothing for the cause.' 'Alone!' yes; and may God in mercy grant that you may live alone, and die alone, and that the world may never contain another Universalist like unto you!

"I am well acquainted with a worthy friend who was 'alone,' as the saying is. But he was a live coal, and resolved to have company. His was the only Universalist paper that came to the office in his vicinity.

"But it was not long so. He was not 'ashamed of

the Gospel of Christ,' nor of the paper that strenuously contended for it. He asked his neighbors to read his paper. They did so, and were surprised to find so much in it to approbate, and so little to condemn. Well, the result was, that in about two years twenty copies of the *Magazine and Advocate* went to that post-office, and they had a minister in the desk to proclaim to the happy congregation 'the faith once delivered to the saints.' He was no longer alone; and, if there is one before me at this time who is in the habit of saying 'I am alone,' let him 'go and do likewise.'

"When the President of the United States delivers a message to his private secretary, which is intended for the people of every state in the Union, it is the duty of the secretary, if so directed, to present the message to Congress. But is it enough that that Congress understand it? Certainly not. It must go from hand to hand, from state to state, from county to county, and from town to town, until it has been thrown within the reach of all who wish to read and understand. Consequently it is the express or implied duty of every officer to give the people all the information he can concerning the message. Nor is this all. It is certainly the duty of every citizen who is acquainted with the substance of the message to enlighten the minds of those who, through ignorance, misconstrue the language. The man who is willing his countrymen should remain in ignorance, is no friend to his country. That I am correct in this position, no one will deny. I shall be equally correct when I apply the principle to the subject before us; for will you not all admit that it will hold good in either case?

"Christians, of every denomination, believe that God in mercy commissioned Jesus Christ to deliver his message of love to the children of men. We, as Universalists, believe that the message in its purity, as it came from the mouth of the great Lawgiver, is embodied in the doctrine of the restitution. We believe it was the intention and purpose of the Author that it should teach

the way of life and salvation to a 'lost and ruined world.' We know, by happy experience and universal consent, that 'it is good to live by;' and the dying testimony of all our brethren who have gone down to the grave proves that it 'robs death of its sting,' and 'is good to die by.' Now, let me ask you, brethren, can an individual of this faith say, in truth, 'I am doing enough,' unless he is doing all that he consistently can to promote this doctrine in the world? I answer, no! You will answer, no! Your enemies answer, no; and *rejoice* when they can find a lazy, idle, good-for-nothing Universalist. I say, then, in this case, as in the other, the professed Universalist, who is willing that the people should remain in ignorance, and know nothing of this consoling faith, cares not for the religion of Jesus, nor for the people among whom he resides.

"Did Paul think it 'enough' that he knew that Jesus Christ gave himself as a 'propitiation for his sins; and not for his sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world'? By no means. For he positively declared, in the presence of his enemies, 'For this reason we both labor and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe.' Did Peter think it 'enough' when he learned that all the holy prophets preached Universalism? Far from it; for he immediately preached it himself, and continued to do so till the day of his death. Will you hear him a moment? He was speaking of Christ and of him crucified, and he summed up the whole testimony in the following sentence: 'Whom the heavens must receive, until the times of the restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began.' I ask no one to sacrifice as much as Paul and Peter did; but I beseech every one who professes to believe that God is the Saviour of all men to do what his judgment and conscience declare to be his duty.

"Is it 'enough' for you to say, 'We are few in num-

bers, and cannot do anything,' when your conscience and your Bible both declare the power of truth and its certain triumph? Is it doing 'enough' for your children to give them every reason, that indolence and indifference can produce, to believe that you care nothing about the doctrine, and thus encourage them to choose its opposite, and bow at the shrine of falsehood instead of truth? If this is doing *enough* for heaven's truth, then heaven's God has done *too much* for you!

"It is not 'enough' to say that you are weak. 'The battle is not always to the strong;' and you have strength enough, if you will use it. No man is weak who has almighty truth to sustain him. Your cause is heaven's cause, and the God of battles will give you the victory, and crown your efforts with abundant success. 'Fear not, for I am with thee, saith the Lord; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.' With such a promise, who can fail? Surely, not one.

"Come, then, brethren; come, sisters, what say you? Will you try to wake up? will you make one Christian effort to sustain and push forward the good cause? Come, ye old men and women; come, ye young men and maidens; come rich, come poor! Come, ye time-serving Universalists; come one, and come all! You have sung the old song, 'I cannot,' long enough. Up, then, from this death-like slumber, and let us unitedly write upon our beautiful banner of salvation, 'God helping us, we are resolved to try!'

"Then shall the work go bravely on, and the borders of our Zion shall be enlarged. Hundreds and thousands shall flock to the standard of eternal truth, and the glad song of salvation shall be sung by millions of new-born souls. And angels and archangels shall lend a listening ear to catch the glad sound as it rises from earth to heaven! Transporting thought! O, happy period! When our trials shall all be over, the battle fought, the victory

won, and the world saved from sin and its attendant misery; when God himself shall say, 'Sin is ended, let it be no more; pain has passed away, let it never return; and the last enemy is dead, let him never have promise or prospect of a resurrection! 'Then shall every heart be glad, and every tongue shall say, 'Lord, it is enough!'"

CHAPTER XIII.

REMOVAL TO BRIDGEWATER — INCREASE OF ILLNESS — SONG-SINGING — CHRISTMAS EVE — DEATH OF A SISTER — PLAYFULNESS WITH CHILDREN — ALBUM TRIBUTE — CEDARVILLE — VISITS THE WEST — LETTER TO HIS SON — DISCUSSION IN WINFIELD — ACCIDENT AND ILLNESS — FATHER STACY — TRIBUTES TO HIS CHARACTER.

In the fall of 1841 my father received an invitation to become the pastor of the society in Perry; and, at the same time, was requested to settle in Bridgewater, Oneida County. Circumstances influenced him to decide in favor of the last request; and, after purchasing a home near the pleasant little village, he removed his family thither, in March, 1842. This new home was delightfully situated. Down below the meadows, on the east of the low dwelling, wound a branch of the "silver Unadilla," and in the spring or fall the loud dashing of the waves might be heard within the house. On the south were the red and white dwellings of the wealthy farmers; and upon the west was a deep, dark gulf, made darker by the thick, heavy trees, the shadows of which would not even flee away for the course of a shining rivulet, and so the tiny thing must needs flow on till God led it out into the green fields and broad sunshine. Down at the foot of the hill upon which stood the home dwelling was the small red school-house; and a few rods further north stood the neat white church where my father ministered to his people; while yet beyond was the village, with the church-spires pointing to the sky.

The village of Bridgewater lies about eighteen miles south of Utica, is pleasantly situated as an inland village

can be, and, like all other little towns, contains its medley of rich and poor, of learned and ignorant, of good and vicious. It were folly, perhaps, for me to say that this village, or its vicinity, were any more to be preferred than thousands of others in our beautiful land; for the "heart makes some places dear to us," and those spots where we have lived, and sorrowed, and enjoyed,— where we have found friends, and received and returned kindnesses,— these are the ever-green islands in our wind-swept ocean of existence, the beauty of which lingers around our gliding bark, till it is stranded by the glistening walls of the eternal home. Thus was it with my father's memory of his life in Bridgewater. His situation was satisfying to him; for the people of his charge were kind and intelligent, and interested in the cause for which their pastor labored; while the surrounding society was not only agreeable, but not so strongly spiced as many are with that religious bigotry which sees a serpent in every good deed of one who bears another faith, and doubts the purity of the loveliest human soul, if it be not bound with the fetters of creeds. There, in and around that little settlement, he found an opportunity for a strong defence and promulgation of the Gospel of Christ; there he "wept with those who wept, and rejoiced with those who rejoiced." There, too, he formed many friendships which he always kept; for he had become of that age when the heart neither lightly gives nor receives.

There are many beautiful reminiscences of this life in Bridgewater, that would, undoubtedly, add greatly to the interest of this volume; but my space will allow but a meagre presentation of those blessings so thankfully received, and so sacredly remembered.

The society in North Norwich retained my father's services some months after his removal to Bridgewater; and, as he was one day on his way to this place, he was introduced to Mr. T. H. Matteson, at the home of Dr. Lyman, a resident of the village of Sherburne. My father's friends were exceedingly anxious that he should

sit for a portrait from this eminent artist, and he at last consented to gratify them. Mr. Matteson made a beautiful picture, and a fine representation of manliness; but it never suited the eyes of my father's family, for it was not a correct portrait of the husband and father. The *hearts* of those who loved him asked *something more.* Neither was this exquisite painting satisfactory to the artist. Many times would he become discouraged, and say, "Mr. Woolley, it's all useless,—I can't paint you. I get one expression of your countenance in my mind, and when I look up another has chased it away. God never made your face to be painted. He gave you too great a heart — and no living artist can give you a *real likeness.*"

During the summer of 1842 my father's old affliction of the throat and lungs troubled him seriously. Many Sabbaths he was only able to preach by holding firmly to the desk for support. Some Sunday mornings the people would assemble, and when they saw how sick their pastor looked, gather around him, and say, "Mr. Woolley, don't preach to-day. You are not able." But he always preached one sermon. On a Sabbath day, after he had been ill some weeks, as he walked slowly into the church, several of his society gathered round him, and said, "You must not preach to-day, Mr. Woolley."

"I don't know that it will injure me."

"I do," said one, "for one of your physicians told me yesterday that you must not preach, if you ever expected to get well. Now, we won't stay to hear you."

"Well, well," said the pastor, with a smile, "it's a fine way to turn a preacher out of church, by leaving him with an empty house. I guess I'll go home, brethren."

A few days previous to this incident, my father had rode with his family physician — Dr. Kellogg — to the residence of an old practitioner, for counsel. While they were conversing, the elder physician asked,

"Woolley, do you expect to get well?"

"I have no expectation about the matter, sir."

"Do you *hope* to get well?"

"Sir, I do not know that I have anything upon which to found a hope."

"Confound your way of answering questions!" (and the doctor laughed); "do you *wish* to get well, then?"

"I wish, sir, that God should do with Mr. Woolley as he sees best. If it were best for him to give me health, I wish to receive it; if it were better that I die soon, I wish to go."

"Why do you take medicine, then?"

"Because, as I see things, it is my duty to preserve the life I have received. If I try to do so, and fail, I shall know that God will overrule my puny effort, for a greater good."

"There is one thing that makes me think you won't die. Do you want to know what that is?"

"If you choose to tell me."

"You are too willing; you would just as lief die as not; and, I declare, I don't believe you will. But, if you were in a fret about it, I should say you could not live a month."

Among the young people who frequented my father's meetings were children of the various members of his society; and in their welfare he became much interested, and always retained for them a tender regard. Some of these young persons were sweet singers; and when one or more of them came to his home, my father joined them, if he were present and had leisure, in their merry, harmless song-singing. In a clear, moonlit summer evening, after the door was closed and the lamp burning, the musical sound of a sweet female voice floated through the open window, and while we listened a light foot was upon the step, the door was noiselessly opened, and a fair young girl, with the glow of the moonshine upon her soft, dark hair, entered the room, singing those joyous words —

"In the starry light of a summer's night,
On the banks of the blue Moselle."

As she finished her song, she said, "Now, Mr. Woolley, you must sing."

"Well, E——, what shall I sing?"

"O, 'Twilight Dews;' then I can sing with you." It was a little incident, forgotten now, perhaps, by the sweet singer, but it became a golden memory in the hearts of my father and his family.

Christmas eve of 1842 was greeted by the Universalist society in Bridgewater by appropriate services in their church. The white, slender pillars of the little temple were wreathed with evergreen vines, and the same fresh-colored leaves hung upon the gallery and the walls, and about the long, wide windows. The pulpit was neatly and tastefully decorated, and all through the house the many bright lights peeped out from a cluster of shining green. The choir felt the inspiration of their hymns, the pastor was in his happiest mood, and the congregation came from far and near. In the course of his remarks, my father pointed to a bright, clear light, that looked like the shining of a star through the slender pine-leaves, and said: "That star! — it glistened o'er the plains of Bethlehem, and guided the feet of the wondering shepherds to the rude manger where was cradled the world's Redeemer. That star! — its rays lay bright upon the cross of the Crucified, and lingered, soft and shining, around the tombs of the prophets. That star! — its beams have gleamed adown the mount of ages, and, as the weary watchman upon the shores of time asked, 'Tell us, what of the night?' those star-beams, in their brightness, answered, 'All is well, all is well.' That star! — there hath it shone, there will it shine, answering 'All is well,' till that glorious time when sin shall die, and sorrow be no more; when 'Christ shall see of the travail of his soul,' and 'God be all in all.'"

Said one, who was present that night: "It was a Christmas eve long to be remembered."

A friend, who knew my father well at this time, wrote one of his family, last June: "You may think my note

intrusive, but I am sure you cannot find in your heart to chide me for giving you one poor word, to let you know that I truly sympathize with you in the affliction you have met, and the trial you have been called to undergo.

"And why should I not mourn with you? We are enjoined to weep with those who weep; and did *he* not teach the doctrine of universal brotherhood — that we are all brothers and sisters of one family?

"'Our father has gone home.' Yes, he has gone home, and why should we mourn? Because, in this state of existence, we cannot see the hand that afflicts us, and we cannot understand the mysterious order of Providence, which makes birth, death and decay, the unvarying and inexorable law of our nature; because we cannot see nor understand why one so worthy and so loved should be called, and others, who are seemingly trials to all around them, allowed to remain. And yet, in this hour of affliction, how precious to us become those promises which our Saviour taught, which our father always endeavored to impress upon the hearts and minds of those who were brought under the sphere of his influence.

"May we, my dear friends, continue to cherish the hope that we shall meet him in 'that glorious home' of which *he* taught us, and where *he* told us 'that love would be met, and welcomed, and embraced, by love.'"

This winter another great affliction fell upon my father's household, in the death of my mother's only sister. She was, certainly, one of the excellent of the earth. She was always much in her sister's family, and her loss to my father was like that of an own sister; he felt it no less keenly than did her own family. For she was one to look up to, to lean upon instinctively in the trials of life. And no matter how dark the cloud, or how great the grief, she was always ready with a word of encouragement and a smile of hope. My father wrote a beautiful epitaph, consisting of only a few lines, which are now upon the white stone at the head of her far-off grave; and I regret that I am not able to present them to the reader. But

the following extract from a letter to one of his daughters, then with her mother's family, will exhibit the spirit of trust with which this trial was received.

"You write to me that you 'miss your aunt so much.' Undoubtedly you miss her, my child. But one nurtured in the faith that you have been cannot feel entirely without her. Remember the many good deeds she bestowed upon you, and thank God for these blessings; and strive so to live that when you, too, shall be called away, some heart may be left to cherish the thought of your kindnesses, as you cherish hers."

In his family my father was uncommonly sportive and playful. He allowed them to take any liberty in "funning," at all suitable times, as a little anecdote will show. He was one day shovelling the snow from the door-step, when he threw his little boy of twelve years into a soft snow-bank. The boy picked himself up, shook the white snow from his black locks, and entered the house; but he watched his opportunity, and soon after he saw his father standing on the edge of the door-step, and, gliding noiselessly up behind him, took hold of his ankle and tripped him over into the snow. There was a shout, and two or three more little ones made the snow fly over the father's face, as the boy said, "Father, you told grandma once that you should pay her back in her own coin; now, an't that just what we are doing?"

"Yes, you are doing it, in good earnest, I should say!"

Two neighbors were passing at the time, and one said to the other, "Mr. Woolley plays so much with his children, I wonder that they mind him."

Ah! it was that spirit of playfulness and affection, that ready sympathy in their little joys and sorrows, that brought him so near the hearts of his children. And they would as soon have thought of gross, outbreaking sin as to remain quiet when he said to one of them, "You may," or, "you had better, do this." And though, as they grew older, they were taught to use their own judg-

ments, and form their own opinions of right and wrong, yet it was very rarely that a difference of opinion occurred between them.

It was not alone in his own family circle that he exhibited this affection for children, but it was manifest whenever he was in the presence of a child; and children were as playful with him as they were with one of their own little friends; but they never grew rude or saucy.

Early one first day of April, All-fool's Day morning, a little boy of a neighbor opened his sleeping-room door, and exclaimed, "Mr. Woolley, I wish you 'd come down and see what 's the matter with your horse." It was a bitter cold morning, and the snow had drifted between the house and the barn through the night, and the wind was blowing terribly. As my father entered the barn-door, the boy who woke him thus early sprang over the garden fence, exclaiming, as he went, "The first day of April, Mr. Woolley!" My father evidently enjoyed the trick as much as did the boy; for he replied, in perfect good-humor, "Ah! Bub, you are up too early for me, this morning!"

If it be true that a love of and for little children is evidence of childlike purity, then the subject of this biography possessed that innocence in a great degree. Children always loved him. The writer of this remembers to have seen a babe of ten months, who had never looked upon his face, reach out its arms to go to him the moment he entered the room; and when it was returned to the mother its screams were almost frantic.

In the village of Bridgewater was a little boy to whom my father became much attached, and the child would stand in the door and watch for his friend, and when he saw him coming he would hold out his dimpled hand and say, "Obe! [Rover] Mr. Ulley tomin." This sweet child went home to the angels in his third year; and said my father of him, "It was the most beautiful sight I ever saw in life, cherub Georgie asleep in his narrow coffin, and covered with geranium-leaves and half-blown roses." The

fair mother of this child faded with consumption; and in a letter to my father, descriptive of her departure, her husband wrote, "After her voice became so low that it was scarcely audible, she would say to me, 'I should like to see Mr. Woolley; he always had a word of cheer for me!'" It was this cheerful word that made his presence so sought after in the sick chamber. He had comfort and consolation for the suffering, and they remembered him with blessings.

My father's time was so engrossed with the duties of his profession that he found but little time to devote to light literature; but he would sometimes gratify the request of a friend in giving a few lines for an album; and among these contributions I find

AN ALBUM TRIBUTE.

Earth's brightest prospects pass away,
Like bubbles on a stream;
Life's sunny spots, how short their stay—
Elusive as a dream!
Not so with those religion brings—
Mercy and Truth are living springs.

With these deep springs of living grace,
Life's joys are dearer far;
They are a constant resting place,
Where grief's o'erhung with stars:
If thou hast *these*, thy life is blessed;
Without them, thou wilt find no rest.

The second year of my father's residence in Bridgewater, he became the pastor of the society in Cedarville, Herkimer County. This people were very near to him, and he also became dear to them. Many of the young persons in the vicinity of Cedarville attended his services, if they were not believers in his faith; for there was something about him that always won the love of the young and happy, and this affection was returned from the depths of his own loving heart. A short extract from a sermon addressed to the young persons of this

society will show how valued and worthy a friend he was to the youth, and how well it were to remember the advice he gave them.

"You have heard it said, my young friends, that sin was a sweet morsel to the tongue; that persons of discord, of unkindness, and deception,— that the profane man, the inebriate, the gambler, the profligate,— you have heard it said that these persons, one and all of them, were living in happiness, because they revelled in sin.

"You have been told, and perhaps you have believed it, that vice led through flowery paths to courts of honor, and that the way of the righteous was a pebble-strewn road, while upon its borders grew the night-shade of sorrow and despair; that the Christian man or woman must expect a life of crosses and trials here, and only await the joy laid up as his or her reward in the courts of heaven. But, ah! my young friends, if you have for one moment consented to this opinion, put far away from you the belief; for I come to you with a new song upon my lips; and I tell you that only the good, the *truly* good man or woman, can sing the song of happiness, and shout hosannas to the Lord. Put it away from your hearts forever, this wicked thought that there is joy in sin! This one idea, my friends, has been the scorpion sting, poisoning through and through many a young and innocent soul. Then believe almighty God when he tells you that 'the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him;' that 'the way of the transgressor is hard;' that 'there is no peace to the wicked.' Believe that as 'ye mete to others, so shall it be measured to you again;' and that only 'the pure in heart' and in conduct 'are blessed.' Believe that only where love and where peace is, where Christ and where God is, can you find happiness and contentment."

While residing in Bridgewater my father formed a more immediate acquaintance and a greater friendship for Rev. A. B. Grosh, then supplying temporarily the pulpit of the Universalist society in Utica. Being only eigh-

teen miles apart, they frequently ministered to each other's societies; and that my father's affection for this brother was reciprocated may be judged from an extract of a letter from Mr. G. to the writer of this memoir. The extract reads: "The sad news of your letter stunned me for a moment; for your father was ever very dear to me as a man and as a preacher; his fervency of spirit — his uprightness and earnestness in speech and conduct, his frankness and sincerity in the utterance of opinions and feelings, and his large, warm, fresh heart — all endeared him to me at my first acquaintance with him; and ever since I have endeavored to keep watch over his 'chances and changes,' while we were widely separated from each other by distance."

My father's health was such that a change of climate was prescribed by his physician, and in the summer of 1843 he journeyed west; visited a portion of Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin, with the intention of selecting a place of residence, if he liked the country, and thought it would agree with or benefit his health. While in Wisconsin he visited the friend of early days, Mr. Pratt, and found that the old *promise* still held good; and at the house of Mr. P. he wrote the following to a friend in Bridgewater: "Yes, here I am, in far-famed Wisconsin; and do you ask what I think of it? Well, my friend, it is a good country, a beautiful country, for those who are pleased with the like. No doubt a man can raise great wheat and corn here. And it is a great, a grand, a glorious sight, these broad, rolling prairies, some of them hardly showing for miles a cluster of trees. But, with nothing to break the wind, how a poor fellow must get blown around here in a cold, bleak winter's day!

"Mrs. Scott wrote that beautiful poem, 'The Prairie,' in a ringing, glowing strain, full of beauty as a diamond is of light. But, ah! I verily suspect she never saw a prairie. As for me, give me a quiet little nestling-place where I may nestle down, with my household treasures, among rocks, and hills, and babbling streams, and let

those who wish take the broad prairie, with its sea of flowers."

He preached many times while in the West, and always found among his hearers many who had listened to him years before in the vicinity of their old homes in the Empire State. The daguerreotype from which the likeness in the front of this volume was taken was given him, on his return, by an excellent friend, Mr. Gage, of Chicago: and it is not only satisfactory to his family, but to all his friends who have seen it. It has, at least, borne a good test: for a child in Cedarville, who was very fond of my father, and had not seen him for the space of a year, when he looked upon this daguerreotype clapped his little hands and exclaimed, "O, it 's *man Woolley!*"

On his return from the West, my father visited Niagara Falls. But I never knew him attempt a description of this wonder of nature. He felt that it was beyond his ability, and that silence, only, expressed his praise. His feelings in viewing the falls may be partially known from an anecdote related by a gentleman in company with him: "Mr. Woolley sat down upon a rock, and looked at the wonder before him as though he was gazing into infinity. I should say he sat thus an hour, silent as the dead, when a lady of our company ran up to him, and, putting her hand on his arm, gave him a hearty shake, and asked, 'What 's the matter, Mr. Woolley? I don't see anything so wonderful in this!'"

The following letter, addressed to his eldest son, then pursuing his studies in the Clinton Liberal Institute, will show the playful manner in which he delighted to converse with his loved ones, ever mingling instruction with humor:

"*Bridgewater, Oct. 22d*, 1844.

"WELL, BUB: Your letter came to hand about ten minutes since, and I was pleased to hear that you are well, and yet in the great stone building. And I pray Heaven that you may never be found permanently located

in a *stone building of an entirely different character*, under lock and key!

"You ask, 'Why am I here?' I answer, not for the express purpose of learning good '*manners*, good *morals*, or to walk in virtue's path.' These may all be learned as well *out* as *in* school; and I should be sorry, indeed, if you had not learned something of all these things before you saw the Clinton Liberal Institute. These items are all of great importance, and it is impossible to be a true man without them; and I hope that, whether *in* or *out of* school, you will ever strive to excel in them all. With them, you cannot fail to be respected; without them, you will surely be despised.

"'To learn how to form and express ideas.' Yes, that is an important item for which you are at school. He that has good and correct ideas treasured up in his mind, and is able to express them clearly and earnestly, will always be listened to with pleasure wherever he may journey. In order to do this, much study is necessary; you must learn the precise meaning of many, very many words; you must study the rules of language. If you hear a word used with which you are not acquainted, remember it until you can turn to your dictionary for its true meaning. Observe good speakers, whether in the desk or in common conversation; and, above all, try to express your meaning correctly, at all times, and in the best words you can command. The language with which you become familiar in youth will cling to you while you live.

"Another object in sending you to school is this: to qualify you, so far as education can qualify, to transact any kind of business that may devolve upon an American citizen. It is impossible to foresee what opportunities may present themselves in the course of your life. If you have a good, substantial education, and it should rain porridge, you will know how to hold your dish right side up! And yet I would not have you cut a figure in the world any greater than is consistent with the purest

principles of justice and Christianity. In one word, I would have you, if I could, *honest*, *humane*, and *intelligent*."

In the winter of 1844 Col. B. Carver, then of Winfield, came to my father and said, "Mr. Woolley, Rev. Mr. Kingsbury, now preaching to the Baptist society in Winfield, says that he is anxious, or that he is certainly willing, to meet one of our clergymen in debate. He says he 'don't want any of the *little fry;* but he will be willing to dispute the falsity or truth of Universalism with such a man as Mr. Skinner, if Mr. Skinner will meet him.' Now, Mr. Woolley, I have taken the responsibility to say that you will not shrink from a contest with this chief of the Philistines."

My father never refused to meet an opponent in argument; and with Mr. Amos Scott, a member of his society in Bridgewater, he rode over to meet Mr. Kingsbury and his friends, at a dwelling between Winfield and Bridgewater. Col. Carver, and, I think, Mr. D. Burgess, were also present, and arrangements were made for the discussion to be held in the large old Presbyterian church, between the villages of East and West Winfield. The news of the proposed discussion went over the country far and near, and all who heard of it were anxious to attend.

When my father was going to Winfield on the morning of the debate, he entered the store of a Baptist brother in West Winfield, to whom he was unknown. Asked this man, "Are you going over to this discussion?"

"I am," replied my father.

"Are the Bridgewater people out?"

"Yes, sir; the road is filled with them, and yet they come."

"You Universalists over there better look out, for Woolley'll be as dead as a dead sheep before night."

"Well, we'll try and give him a respectable burial, then."

My father was accompanied by Revs. D. S. Morey and

J. H. Stewart, and upon arriving at the church they were pleased to welcome Rev. W. H. Ryder, then a student at Clinton. The church was crowded full, and many went away for want of room. My father's remarks continued through three hours, and I can present the reader with but few of them. His subject was the love of God, and he said:

"It sometimes seems to me, my hearers, that people reason more strangely about religion than about aught else in the world. Now, if I were to say to my opposing brother here that stove is made of iron, he would understand me. But when I say 'Our Father who art in heaven,' he thinks I mean, or should mean, Our enemy who art in heaven. If I were to tell him that that stove was made of iron, he would believe me; but when I tell him that 'God is love,' he believes I mean that God is part anger. If I were to ask him if a stream of melted lava and a stream of pure cold water could flow from the same fountain, he would immediately answer me, 'No.' But when I ask him if God can be love and at the same time be hatred, in the sincerity of his heart he responds, 'Yes.' Strange reasoning this! When my brother goes home, let him put away this 'Hatfield's Universalism as It Is,' and many other works he has here; let him put away his catechism and his book of creeds, and when he takes his child in his arms, if some friend should ask, 'Mr. Kingsbury, do you love that child?' then, if the response be 'Yes,' let the questioner continue, 'Do you mean, sir, that you *hate* him?' What, think you, would be his reply? Ah! every human heart is ready with an answer, and that answer would be one with my brother's — it would be an emphatic 'No.'"

A stenographer had been engaged by Mr. Kingsbury and his friends, for the sake of publishing this discussion; and he wrote very energetically through the morning, but in the afternoon he stopped. My father and his brother clergymen tried to prevail upon him to go on, and Rev. J. H. Stewart offered to contribute to his fee. But

persuasion and money were useless; he would not, and, consequently, this discusion never came before the public. At the close of the second day an adjournment was made for an evening meeting in the Baptist church at West Winfield. This evening my father preached from the words "Overcome evil with good;" and Mr. Kingsbury followed with a sermon from the same words. After services my father said: "Brother Kingsbury, you are very near the kingdom of heaven to night. Not a word in your sermon but is Universalism." Mr. Kingsbury smiled as he said, "Mr, Woolley, I should not dare to preach Universalism, if I believed it. I should be afraid of its evil effect upon the world; and then, if it were not true, where would be our chance of salvation?"

"Well, let us see. If you and I were to die to-night, and both of us go up to the gate of heaven together, and the Judge of the universe were to ask, 'Mr. Woolley, what have you been doing in the other world?' and I should answer, 'I have been preaching Universalism as hard as I could. I preached it because I believed it, and to do good; and if I must go to endless woe for being an honest man, it matters not how quick you send me there.' Then comes the question to you, 'Mr. Kingsbury, what have you been about?'—'Preaching endless misery.'—'Did you preach it because you believed it?'—'No; but because I wanted to be *on the safe side.*' Now, Brother Kingsbury, which do you think would go into heaven first, you or I?"

"I think God would accept of the honest man."

"I think so too," responded my father, and thus they separated. But they frequently met and heard each other speak at temperance celebrations, and were always pleased to treat each other with Christian politeness.

Of this discussion Rev. D. Skinner says: "It was generally conceded, by those who heard this discussion, that Brother Woolley most successfully and triumphantly vindicated the truth against the assaults of his opponent."

In June, 1844, my father and mother, after attending the Central Association in Morrisville, rode on towards Nelson Flats for the purpose of visiting my mother's friends, when the horse ran away, and threw my mother and little brother from the carriage. My mother was taken up insensible, with a broken limb. She was carried to her father's, where she remained several weeks; and her husband's time was completely filled with the charge of his societies, the watch over his home and children, and the care of his wife. After my mother's recovery, one of their daughters was taken sick, and required great care through the fall and winter. And in this, as in every other sickness that came upon his family, no attention could be required, no kindness needed, but it was always cheerfully given. This winter was made pleasant to my father by a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Stacy; and I am happy in having an opportunity to offer the reader a beautiful little tribute of affection to him of whom I write, from the pen of this good old father in Israel:

"I had long before been apprised of the demise of your much-respected, much-beloved sire; and my sighs and tears had mingled with those of a vast host of admiring friends and brethren he had left behind.

"But, great as our loss is, we have no reason to mourn for him. Death had no terror for his faithful, hopeful, confiding soul. He had 'fought the good fight,' and had 'finished his course;' and has gained the victory, and entered into the 'joy of his Lord.'

"I am glad you propose to give the world a biography of your father. I am satisfied that such a work, if true to his life, would be interesting and useful."

About this time my father formed the acquaintance of Rev. J. H. Tuttle, and of the friendship into which this acquaintance deepened one may judge from the truthful and touching remarks of this young divine, in the *Christian Ambassador* of June 25th, 1853:

"The announcement made in the *Ambassador*, a few

weeks since, of the death of Brother E. M. Woolley, of Birmingham, Michigan, but formerly of this state, was no less solemn than unexpected to me; and this, I doubt not, was the case of most of his numerous friends throughout this section. It is seldom that a similar announcement has impressed me with such sadness; owing, doubtless, to an agreeable acquaintance with the deceased, and a deep consciousness of his deserved popularity. Close upon the thought that Brother Woolley was no more, came a crowd of memories, reminding me of his wonderful power as a preacher, his remarkable social qualities, his manly independence, coupled with an earnest desire to be just and honest,— all of which won for him a multitude of friends and admirers, whose eyes will be filled with tears by the reflection that they shall grasp his hand and listen to his thrilling eloquence no more.

"Of one thing we are satisfied; — if it were possible to collect together all the persons who caught their first religious impulses from Br. Woolley's voice, and were led by the potency of his logic out of the mazy labyrinths of error into the broad light of truth, his memory would need no greater eulogy, and his past ministry no greater meed of success. In imagination, I see a multitude rise up to call him blessed, and who would gladly gather around his distant grave, to shed tears of gratitude. In imagination, I see, also, a company of angels, once his nearest in the flesh, gather around his bed, at the twilight hour, and take his spirit with them to a higher, better, happier world, where his affections had long since gone, and where his soul, weary of this life's career, shall forever be at rest.

"The first time the name of E. M. Woolley came to my ear was one of unusual interest. In the town of Salisbury, Herkimer County, New York, a man professing to be a Universalist, in consequence of the sudden death of his wife, became insane, and committed suicide. In those days, more than now, it was a great wonder what a preacher of our order could say upon such an occasion;

fer it was a common remark, and generally thought to be scripture, that 'No self-murderer shall enter the kingdom of heaven;' consequently, a great number, more than a thousand people, came together from the surrounding region, at the funeral,—as much as anything to gratify their curiosity in relation to the preaching. Brother Woolley was in Salisbury at this time, on an exchange with Brother Whitney; and, as he had not been long in the ministry, and was little known in that section, there was some trembling on the part of the Universalists, as he ascended the pulpit, for fear that his effort would fall short of their wishes, and fail to satisfy so many prejudiced hearers. He took his text from the Lord's prayer—'Thy kingdom come;' and he had not proceeded far in his sermon, when he secured the undivided attention of his immense auditory, and satisfied his friends that he was a workman that needed not to be ashamed. His tall, majestic form, his piercing eye, radiant with Gospel fire, his strong, pathetic voice, and his powerful reasoning, captivated all before him; his premises were broad, strong, consistent; and as he advanced, step by step, to his conclusions, and finished by an appeal to the sympathies,—as he expatiated upon the strength of human love, and the sad consequences which often follow when its cherished object is removed, as seen in the case of the deceased,—as he depicted the happy meeting of the husband and wife, where they should never again be subject to separation, or pangs of disappointed affection,—as all this was most vividly described, and brought home to the mind, every sectarian prejudice seemed to give way, lips of the most determined bigots quivered with emotion, eyes unused to weeping were filled with tears, and all was one sea of mingled sympathy. Unexpectedly to his hearers, he no sooner had concluded his sermon, than he commenced singing—he was a beautiful singer—the familiar hymn:

'Low down, down in yon beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly.'

"This was too much. The effect produced was beyond description. His fame as a preacher was firmly established in that town; and to this day the memory of that occasion is fresh in the minds of all who were present.

"At my ordination, in Richfield, Otsego County, Brother Woolley was selected to give the 'right hand of fellowship;' and never shall I forget how kindly he addressed me, and how he made me feel the importance of the duties opening before me. 'If,' said he, 'you have entered the ministry expecting to travel in a smooth, easy pathway, for pecuniary or ambitious ends, I advise you to stop here, for you will surely be disappointed.'

"Some allowance must of course be made for my early enthusiasm, for the eagerness with which I devoured everything which fell from the lips of a Universalist clergyman; but Brother Woolley, from the beginning, was one of my favorite preachers. There was something in his pulpit appearance, in the tones of his voice, and the style of his sermons, that captivated me, and almost invariably made me weep; it seemed to me as though all the angels in heaven came near, and looked on his pulpit efforts with silent approbation, and aided him in scattering a sacred influence over the anxious audience. He was not an educated man, in the popular sense of that word; but he possessed a great fund of good sense, and was one of the most thorough reasoners in our order. As a sort of climax to his argument, he had a way of uttering the following words, which often produced a striking effect: '*You know, and I know, and God knows, that this is the truth.*' None but those who have heard him preach can form any conception of the mightiness of his eye, the significant expression of his whole face, and the magic of his voice, when these words came from the deeps of his very soul. His sword of wit was two-edged, and keen; but he wielded it so masterly that there was seldom a heart-stain left upon it; and his opposers in argument, when vanquished, found him ready to close the wound he necessarily made. He held several public discussions,

and his clerical antagonists will undoubtedly bear me witness that his were the powers of a giant mind.

"During the later years of our acquaintance with the deceased, his mind was often depressed, and there was a plaintiveness in his voice and look which made him seem like one

> 'Whom unmerciful disaster
> Followed fast, and followed faster,
> Till his song one burden bore.'

"He tried to be cheerful, and most of the time was so; but now and then a word would escape his lips which told plainly that some heavy sorrow lay upon his too sensitive heart, and which often brought to mind the remark of Robert Burns —

> 'What 's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what 's resisted.'

"Well, he is gone! — gone to that 'beautiful valley' he so often sung of, and his name is now with the angels. Far, far from here they have made his grave, and the vanished hope of meeting him on earth again is succeeded by the wish that I may some day wander that way, to refresh my memory of a noble Christian man, by gazing upon the green grass and the sweet flowers that grow above his dust."

CHAPTER XIV.

VISITS PONTIAC, MICHIGAN — LETTERS TO FRIENDS AND FAMILY — RETURN HOME — PONTIAC AGAIN — LETTERS TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTERS; TO HIS SON; TO A FRIEND; TO HIS FAMILY; TO FRIENDS — HOME AGAIN.

In July, 1845, Hon. S. M. Green, of Pontiac, Michigan, wrote to Rev. D. Skinner, of Utica, New York, requesting information as to a suitable pastor for the Universalist society in Pontiac; and he received from Mr. Skinner the following letter:

"Dear Sir: Your letter of the 26th of last month, in relation to procuring a pastor for your society, is before me. In answer, I would inform you that I have quite recently learned that Brother E. M. Woolley, of Bridgewater, Oneida County, New York, has made up his mind to remove to the West (though I believe he had designed to go further west than Michigan), and it is not impossible that you might procure his services. He is a most worthy and estimable man; a well-informed and zealous preacher; always ready and on hand, and will sustain himself manfully against any opponent you can find. I know of no one in the denomination that I think would do better than he would for the interests of your society and the cause, if you can obtain him."

After receiving the above line, Mr. Green wrote to my father, requesting him to take charge of the society in Pontiac, and my father replied: "I will tarry with the society in Pontiac six months, and then, if you prove the

people for me and I the man for you, we will talk about a settlement."

The proposition was accepted by the society in Pontiac, and made known to my father by the pen of Mr. Green; when my father again wrote:

"KIND SIR: Your letter containing an acceptance of my proposal to labor with your society six months is received. And I write to inform you that, God willing, I will be with you the first Sabbath in October.

"Permit me to suggest to you the propriety of saying to your friends that Mr. Woolley is nothing more than a *plain, matter-of-fact* man, with little poetry and less eloquence in his composition. The partial pen of Brother Skinner has undoubtedly given me a character in your estimation which I do not possess; and I would caution you and the society not to expect a *great man* from the East; for, although I am six feet in my boots, my intellectual powers are not in *exact* proportion."

We are very grateful to Mr. Green for the kind note accompanying the above letters, and which reads as follows:

"Your father fully sustained the character, both as a man and a preacher, given him by Mr. Skinner. The high principles of honor, integrity and morality, which governed him, he made it the business of his life to recommend and enforce for the benefit of others; and wherever he labored he did not fail to make his influence felt. Free from the influence of bigotry and superstition himself, he had no regard for the mere forms or ceremonies of any religious sect, but cared only for the vitalizing energies of those pure and holy principles which impel men to good actions from just and pure motives.

"He was a bold and fearless preacher, of a high order of talent; always *practical*, and never failed to instruct his audience, however intelligent or intellectual.

"As a friend, he was warm, cordial, and sincere. I

had the high privilege of enjoying his friendship from the time of our first acquaintance; and I can truly say that I never passed an hour in his society without feeling that I had been benefited thereby."

Faithful to his appointment, my father (leaving his family for the time in New York) was in the desk in Pontiac on the first Sabbath in October; and of his success in his pulpit labor, and the warm, true friends he met with in the village of strangers, we may judge from the letters which he wrote to the members of his old societies in New York. The first letter that I find, written after his arrival in Pontiac, bears date "November 23d, 1845," and was sent to an old and cherished friend near Cedarville, Herkimer County, New York. I am thankful for the opportunity I have to present these memorials of affection; for his letters were always frank, natural and truthful, expressing better than aught that I could write the mingled playfulness and affection of his nature. The letter before alluded to reads as follows:

"Friends of 'Auld Lang Syne' gather around me, while I talk of the past, the present with its Michigan Wolverines and my humble self, and of what may possibly be revealed in the future.

"There, C., you young rogue, you, sit down before me! for I would keep my eye upon you, lest you get into mischief ere I have done with my talk. There, now I suppose you are all in order, and I must call your attention to the first part of my text, *the past*. The *past!* — upon my word, this clause of my text is a little too mighty for my humble pen; consequently I shall not dwell long upon it — but I do love the *past!* Its lights, its joys, its shadows, all come to me, in a lonely hour, with healing on their wings. There is much in it upon which I delight to ponder; much around which my soul delights to linger. O! how much of joy and gladness are garnered up in those good old days that have gone, with which we have shaken hands and parted forever!

How many joyous meetings we can count, how many bright spots have we found in our pathway, where the spirit lingered and drank in happiness till it thirsted no more! Friends, good, warm-hearted friends,— Heaven's best gift to mortals while on earth,— came to us with many a smile, and enriched us with many joys. Friends — God's blessings upon you, every where!

"My body to-night is in Pontiac, Oakland County, Michigan; and my mind, I suppose, should be here; but, to tell you the truth, I journey back to central New York, now and then, and once in the while I drop in to see how life goes with friend H., and his family. You do not see me, I suppose; but no matter — I am in your midst when perhaps you think it not.

"'Enough of this!' you will say; 'tell us how you succeed in your labors, what the prospect is, and how you like Michigan.' My success here is as good, perhaps better, than I expected. Our society is not large, — not as large as yours in Cedarville,— but they are of the choice kind; that is, our members. And yet they are not, and I cannot make them seem, like my old friends in New York; and, indeed, I do not care to. I know I am one of the foolish beings; but God made me so, and can I help it? I form, perhaps, too strong attachments for one who is compelled to journey so much up and down the earth; and I do delight to be with those old and tried friends, with whom I can talk as the unbending mind directs, with the positive assurance that I am understood, and all is well.

"I have not determined to purchase in Michigan, for I am yet on the wing; but this part of the state is as beautiful as the mind of man might wish to behold. We have no hills, as in New York; but the country is just undulating enough to relieve the eye as you pass along, and all the time presents new objects and change of scenery. The soil is good, and this is the country in which to purchase beautiful farms with small fortunes.

"The village of Pontiac is the master place for busi-

ness I ever saw in my life, of its size. It is about as large as Herkimer village; but its business is five times that of Herkimer and Mohawk, and its location such that in a few years it must be five times what it is.

"Tell D., though, that it is overdone with pills, divinity, and law. We have eighteen or twenty lawyers, eight doctors, and six settled ministers. And now I think I hear you exclaim, 'God save the people!'

"That I remember you, and that I anxiously await a letter, you well know."

In December he wrote to a friend in Bridgewater:

"GOOD-MORNING, FRIEND A.: For this is a bitter-cold December morning. Have you looked long for a letter from the preacher, and have you said in your hearts 'he has forgotten us'? Then drive the thought back; for it is a false one. To forget the little white church where, and the people to whom, I ministered, with the few who have gone to rest in our little new grave-yard, in shadow of the temple, and they who are left, but will yet, undoubtedly, sleep there,— to forget all this were to me an impossibility. God gave me this precious memory, and he will let me keep it, not only as I journey over the hills and through the valleys of time, but when I go up to that world where circumstances cannot take us from friends that are tried and near.

"I am a busy man here in this land of the Wolverines; for Universalist preachers among us are like dew-drops in a burning summer's night, and the few who are here are made to move.

"When away to attend a funeral, I am frequently called twice or three times, before I return, to go and assist in the burial of other forms whose spirits have passed through the last great struggle; and there is no end to the preaching a man might do here, if he had the locomotive power and the strength of lungs.

"Being a lord of the soil, you would of course like to

hear something of our farming privileges. The soil here is good for all kinds of grain; you cannot raise finer wheat in your whole country; our market is good, and when our state is furnished with one or two more railroads it will be about as good as that of old Rochester; and this will also bring up the value of most of the Oakland farms to fifty dollars per acre. This is pretty well for farmers, you will say; and you know I intend to pick up a small farm somewhere, if I stay here.

"We have a pretty church here in P., neatly done off, and well furnished; and we gather a good congregation.

"I would like to know who preaches to you next Sabbath. Whoever he may be, may he joyously and successfully break to you the bread of life!"

The following extract from a letter to one of his children will show how much they engrossed his mind in his absence, and how anxious he was for their comfort:

"This is a cold month; so cold that I often find myself querying, 'How is it with those at home?' And I sometimes fancy you all gathered around the stove, shaking as if you had the ague; for I cannot forget how cold, how freezing cold, the days are there, and how unceremoniously old blustering Boreas walks in among you if a door is open, or howls at night around your windows. You have, I am sure, all that is necessary in the cellar, and all in the flour line that you will need before spring; and if your wood should fail (but I think it will not), your mother will only have to send word to Mr. C., and it will come to you ready for the stove.

"You must have E. put a stove in the chamber, to make it more comfortable; and tell your mother, if she needs more funds than she has in her possession, to call on Dr. K., with whom I left money.

"Be careful, each one of you, of your health; and now, to one and all, a hearty God bless you, and good-by till spring opens the frozen waters of Lake Erie."

In May, 1846, my father left his society in Pontiac, and it was his intention when he returned to Bridgewater to remove his family in a few weeks to Michigan. While at home he enjoyed the precious privilege of attending a conference at Edmeston Centre, and a session of the Otsego Association, held at Richfield Springs. These were days which he long remembered; for then he saw, for the last time in this life, many friends whom he held dear, and parted with many of his beloved ministering brethren, to meet with them no more till they gather "in the conference above."

Before his return to Pontiac, he was requested to enter the white church in Bridgewater, while before him, at different times, gathered the mourners, with the lifeless body of some old member of his society. Of these who were laid in the church-yard at that time, and others who were buried a few miles distant, were Mr. F., Mr. S., Mrs. R., and Mrs. B. All of these were Universalists, and most of them steady attendants at his meeting. The good old man, Mr. F., who was then in feeble health, said to my father, when he first left Bridgewater for Pontiac, "Brother Woolley, you will come back to preach my funeral sermon." His words were verified, and when my father returned from his new-made grave he exclaimed, "How fast they are going!"

In July of this year we find him again in the desk at Pontiac, and a few days after the following letter was received by his young daughters, Eunice and Laura Ann:

"My Children: From the date of this letter you will see that I am once more in the land of the West; but I suppose you learned that from a paper I sent home on the day of my arrival in Pontiac. I have written to Edward and Fidelia, and now comes a letter to Eunice and Laura Ann.

"And yet, my young girls, I have little to write about that will interest you; for there is no one here with whom you are acquainted, and letter-writing is, I fear, in

this age of the world, too much like conversation — all about our neighbors.

"Michigan reminds me of the eastern part of New York, where my eyes first opened upon the beauties of this lower world, and my ears first heard the song of birds. Here, as there, we have the whippoorwill; and I sit down at early twilight and listen to the plaintive song of this far-famed bird, and tears come up to my eyes, and my heart throbs, as the memory of other days comes back to my mind. Here, too, we have a quantity of the huckleberry; a berry that you never saw, but which is about as large as a pea, and grows on small bushes all over the woods. I had not seen one for twenty long years until I returned to Michigan this summer.

"And now, girls, you must write me as often as you can, and tell me if you are all well, and how things move about you. A kiss to the little ones, Myra and Stephen R., and may the great, good God watch over and keep you all! Always affectionately,

"E. M. WOOLLEY."

Mingling instruction for the moral man in a business letter, he wrote as follows to Edward J., then in a store, Dec. 28th, 1846:

"I presume it is not necessary to say to you, be faithful to your employer. Look to his interest as you would look to your own. Make every effort to improve in the business; for, whether you continue in it or not, it is a first-rate school. And remember to improve your mind by reading and thinking as much as you can. True, you will not have much time; but a little, well taken care of, is worth something. You are young to-day, and a long life may be before you in which to make yourself useful and happy. You are one hundred per cent. in advance of what I was at your age; and at my age you can be one hundred per cent. in advance of what I am now; and that, too, with but moderate exertion. * * * By

the way. I suppose you have joined the Rechabites, from the pamphlet you sent me. Well, I have no objection, if it is what it professes to be. If it is not, you know it, and will of course 'bolt the race.' My health is very good, for me, and things move onward very much to my mind."

The next letter from his pen bears the date of December 31st, 1846, and was written to a friend in Herkimer County:

"Well, here I am, once more in the far-famed city of Pontiac; and that is not all,—I don't know but I am pretty well made over into a good-for-nothing Wolverine. In truth, the rough-and-tumble — sometimes up and sometimes down — though terrible at first, is not so hard after one has endured it for forty-four years. One thing is certain with us of the Western States,— if we have less to love and admire, we have more to laugh over, than have you, away down in that eastern world, where you have all ceased to think that a red-skin may darken your door. And why is it not as well to laugh as to weep, to be merry as to be wise? 'Laugh and be well' has long been in the mouth of the ignorant man and the philosopher; and why *not* laugh? It is better for the health than the doctor's medicine, pill-boxes and all; and the man, woman or child, that does not enjoy a good, hearty laugh,— not a *wee* bit of a broken smile, that dies upon the lips, but a real, happy burst of merriment, that comes ringing up from the joyous heart, and falls away like tinkling bell-notes upon the surrounding atmosphere,— the man, the woman, or the child, that does not like this, must, to say the least, have a *bit* of a soul, and be the nearest of anything possible to what the good, old, honest Dutchman called a 'Ting.' Say what you will, it does one good to laugh; and he is a good fellow who can look up something to laugh at.

"I have sometimes thought that the philosopher was no better than the ignorant man. The philosopher *looks*

great and wise; the ignorant man *feels* great and wise. The philosopher thinks he knows a *thing or two;* the ignorant man thinks he knows it *all.* But here the ignorant man has the *worst* of it, for he is the most important of the two. They both think themselves happy.

'The learned is happy Nature to explore;
The ignorant happy that he knows no more.'

"And if they are happy, have they not reached the great desideratum after which the sons and daughters of men are constantly seeking?

"Now, I will not stop to tell you which I believe could truly be called happiness,— you have heard that years before to-day; and I will just say that you may write me down the ignorant man or the philosopher, as you please,— though, upon my word, I don't believe I 'm either!

"What is going on in Cedarville? God and you may know, but, as for my humble self, I beg to plead perfect ignorance. And yet there are many in and about that place upon whom I would like to look if I could, and from whom I should be happy to hear.

"I think of those who are my friends oftener than you or I can tell. Not a Sabbath comes and goes but I stand in that little church, and, in imagination, look upon those who, in days of yore, went up to the temple of God to worship with me. Well, well! it is not in my nature to forget. I sometimes wish it was. But to forget the places where and the good friends with whom I have been happy, is a lesson I have never learned, and in all human probability I never shall.

"Ah! there are bright spots in the past, beautiful truths written out upon memory's page! Book of books is that memory God has given us; and as we turn page after page, O, how the past comes up and clusters round our way! Names long dear are pronounced again; hands long separated are clasped once more; and the well-remembered voice, that was music to the soul in days

gone by, sounds sweetly upon the ear. The time when we parted, the place where we met, the kind greeting, and the tear of gladness, are all there upon memory's page.

"I once said I would forget. No, no! I would remember everything that is beautiful, generous, forgiving and godlike, in the human soul. And I would forget nothing but anger, retaliation, and contempt. 'I have unlearned contempt.' God bless the man that said it! Let the past come to me with its sustaining influence and strengthening power, until the time of times spoken of, when the past shall be present, and absent and cherished friends be always near!

"As to matters about here, they are well. Some how or other, in the providence of God, I always have a few dear friends; and I have found them here.

"It has been sickly about here this season, and still I have passed through unharmed. True, the old tiger, fever-and-ague, came growling at me once, and I drove him back with a huge pill, and the old scoundrel has kept his distance ever since. Bad luck to him! May he soon die, and be buried without benefit of clergy! No Universalist should take the job of preaching his funeral sermon; but, if the worst came to the worst, and I were compelled to do it, I would put endless damnation into the sack with him, and send them both to that *naughty place* preachers prate so much about.

"If my letter breathe a little of the *egotistical*, don't mention it, for you know I have nothing else to write about.

"God willing, I shall be with you in March; but, I think, to make ready, and get 'outward bound,' for the shore of the setting sun.

"Now to your pens, all hands, and tell me what has been, what is, and what is going to be, while I pray the Lord to keep you."

In January, 1847, he wrote to his family:

"Yes, here I am, yet among mortals upon the shore of time, and appearances indicate that I may tarry a while longer. 'Life,' says one author, 'is but a bubble with which mortals play;' and yet methinks it is well worth possessing, if one knows how to make it so. But there are many men and women who, it would seem, strive harder to be miserable, and to render all about them unhappy, than to enjoy life, and make their associates happy and contented. Well, let that pass; but, children, don't let the reflection pass, that your happiness depends, first of all, upon your cultivating cheerful dispositions, good-humor, and a charitable and accommodating spirit. In the economy of God no one can be happy without such a character; and no one who does not possess it can be anything less than a trial, and a care, to those by whom he is surrounded.

"I would have you learn to speak low; for there is nothing so disgusting to the finer feelings of the human soul as a loud, coarse, heavy voice, especially in a woman.

"Again, remember that your happiness depends upon the company to which you attach yourselves. You may be an angel in disposition, you may possess superior talent, but, if you are confined to the society of those who are low, vicious, or ignorant, given to disputation or gossipping, without wisdom enough to understand and correct his or her faults, you will, in time, become like them, and life will be to you a bitter cup, drugged with wormwood and gall.

"In the next place, labor to become as intelligent as you can. Riches dwindle into insignificance when compared to a well-polished and well-disciplined mind. I would not have you toil beyond reason, for that would only defeat the end in view, by destroying your health, and consequently injuring the physical organs through which the mind expresses itself. In this respect, those of you who are old enough have thus far done as well as I could ask; and, like every other father who loves his children, I thank God that it is so.

"One important way in which to obtain knowledge, and one of the best ways, is, to commune, either verbally or with the pen, with intellectual men and women. Mind never learns so fast, nor so well, as when it comes in contact with mind. Thus far you have enjoyed a very good opportunity for associating with the moral and intelligent; and, if I can devise ways and means to continue it for you, I intend to do so.

"Don't laugh, girls, and say that I suspect you of *husband-hunting* in your young years; for, seriously, I do not; but what I shall say to you may, by and by, result in blessings to yourselves and others. Girls who depend upon ruffles and show, and the sprightliness of their heels, for introduction to society, sometimes succeed; but when such an one, by cunning management, succeeds in getting an intellectual and worthy companion for a husband, he soon finds that a doll is not a companion, and quite likely, if they both live a few years, he mourns the day she became his wife.

"Neither would I have you careless and indifferent about your manners or your dress, or confine yourselves entirely to kitchen labor, or hard mental toil, to the neglect of the lighter accomplishments, or the perusal of those delicately and beautifully written books and poems, the possession or knowledge of which adds grace and loveliness to the mind and manners. Strive always to be scrupulously neat and tidy in your dress; and, if possible, while you toil for mental improvement, do not neglect the household cares or duties that fall upon you, and forget not the sweet graces of a kind and confiding heart. For be assured that the girl who looks well to the mind with which God has enriched her presents her husband (if she ever marries) a jewel that time can never tarnish, a diamond that never grows dim. The well-taught, well-disciplined mind never grows old; it is blessed with eternal youth. Beautiful thoughts, holy aspirations, charitable purposes, and rich, warm affections, give it an appearance like the evergreen — fresh,

and green, and beautiful, amid the shifting changes of time. Young as you are, you have seen something of this. You have seen aged men and women, with the frost of many winters upon their heads, and yet how mild, how pleasant, how childlike, how cheerful! — beautiful even upon the borders of the grave, and captivating in defiance of the gnawing tooth of time! Such individuals are always beloved by the higher order of community, and respected even by those who cannot understand them. But this high order of mind is attainable only by long and protracted discipline. A day, an hour, a year, will not do it. It must be the 'long pull, the strong pull' — the effort of many years. But there is one consolation about it; it is worth far more than it costs, cost what it may.

"In my last, or last letter but one, Edward thought I used '*soft soap;*' but I think him mistaken. Merited praise should always be given, and I had much rather find you in a situation to merit praise than to deserve condemnation. But he will bear me witness, I think, that I am not slow to condemn, when, in my opinion, it is deserved. He that always condemns is anything but a good parent; and he who always commends is unwise. And if my letter was a little *slippery*, I pray God that you may all so conduct yourselves that my letters to you may never lose that ingredient, and become like a *grater*. What say you, boy,— which would you like best?

"Now, my children, one and all, don't forget the items I have mentioned; for in after life, if not now, you will believe that which I have told you.

"Don't forget to write often; for you know 'father' is far away from the family, by the stranger's hearthstone."

The last letter I find, written this winter, is dated January 10th, 1847.

"Well, what a very simpleton I am! After having written you a long letter, and waited a long, long time for an answer, I am once more at my desk, pen in hand, ready to spin out another yarn, to —— let me see, who shall it be to? To H.? No, — sent the other to him. To Dr. D.? Ah! he's in Texas, may be. Well, then, it shall be C. M., and L., and mother too. There, H., you are out of my book,— but don't look sorry about it; for, come to think, just at this time I don't know but the others are as much under obligations to write as you are; and, on the whole, I think a little more. Consequently, they shall be out of my book, too. Now, mother, let's turn them all down cellar, and then we'll look up something to talk about. Now that they are gone, we'll suppose, for the sake of making the matter clear, that a woman — a young woman (I will not say 'lady,' it sounds so much like nothing)— should invite an old pastor, upon his departure for a new field of labor, to write occasionally to the family. Then, suppose he did write — but the family, for some reason (or for no reason), did not answer. Ought not the individual who requested the letter to say as much as this —— 'Dear Sir, your letter is received, but don't write again'? When C. comes up out of the cellar, just ask her that question, and see if she don't blush? Well, good mother, this is the way I am situated with a family somewhere in central New York (can you tell where?); and am I not a good-natured man, not to get in a pet about it?

"Heigho! as I live, here is a letter, just in the moment of time, over the signature of L. F. W., and in it I find the following strange item: 'In my last letter from C. she says they have received no line from you.' What, in the name of wonder! no letter! Well, mother, call them all up, and we'll shake hands all round, and give 'Uncle Sam' a genteel scolding. Here I have been vexed a long time for nothing,— just as we foolish mortals always are! — out of patience with our friends,

and not even thanking that *Friend* who never fails for his boundless mercies!

"This part of Michigan is beautiful as eye can wish. The country is just undulating enough to give you a beautiful variety of hills and vallieys; but the hills are little fellows, not half grown. Oakland County has been settled about twenty years, and the disadvantages of a new country are fast disappearing.

"I like the members of our society very much, but I cannot yet feel at home. Strange faces look upon me, wherever I journey; and I get sad, sadder, saddest. But I must shake it off, and harden my heart. If I had one or two old friends here, I should settle in this country. I may, as it is.

"Our winter, thus far, has been very mild; no sleighing — but such wheeling you never saw — not a stone to be seen as large as a hickory-nut.

"Tell all of my society that I remember them in my prayers. . . . . I do wish you would send me a half-dozen long, good letters; for nothing on earth is so like seeing a dear old friend as a letter from himself."

This winter closed his labors in Pontiac, for a few weeks; and before a steamer could break the heavy ice of Lake Erie he crossed the Detroit river, journeyed in lumber-wagons through Canada to Buffalo, and in the stormy days of March trod over the threshold of his New York home.

CHAPTER XV.

REMOVAL TO MICHIGAN — WAYSIDE RAMBLES — SAVES PADDY FROM A DUCKING — HIS CHILD SAVED FROM DROWNING — VISITS S. R. SMITH — SINGING AND SERVICES ON A STEAMER — THUNDER-STORM ON LAKE ERIE — THE NEW HOME — STARVING A HERETIC — ILLNESS AGAIN — LETTER TO "GENIE."

My father had finally decided to remove his family to Michigan; and after his return home the weeks fled rapidly away in preparation for the expected departure. The last sermon was preached, the last visit made, the last sad adieu spoken, and at daybreak, on the morning of the tenth of May, 1847, my father, accompanied by all his household, save one son and one daughter, bade farewell to the pleasant inland village of Bridgewater. The ride to Utica was dreary indeed; the sky was lowering and gray, the snow had not all melted, and lay in huge banks over corners of the fences, while the stage-coach and loaded wagons were sometimes upon "terra firma," and then again half-way down in mud and water; and the poor quadrupeds drawing these loads found (as they ever do in early May in central New York) the mellowest of ground to tread through!

After reaching Utica, there were a few books to purchase, a few more friends to see, a few more words of farewell to be spoken, and then a boat was chartered for the little company of three families, westward bound; and amid the gathering mist of a damp evening, the turning away of familiar footsteps, the dying sounds of long-loved voices, the noise and continuing jostle of the beautiful city, now to be seen no more,— amid all this the little boat was drawn from the dock, and the shining

spires and winding streets faded, as human forms and faces had faded before, from tear-dimmed eyes, whose glances turned not away till the gathering darkness shut stream and shore from view.

The canal journey was necessarily slow on account of the hindrances of lock-breaking, and the party was detained nearly two days within two miles of Syracuse, that the great number of boats there gathered might be "locked through." In the morning, after we were notified of the necessary delay, my father went down to the city, and returned with several friends, who had come to prevail upon him to take his family and remain with them until the trouble was over. "It must be dreary here," they said; "come with us." But my father replied, "We are comfortable here, and *moving is so much work*. Beside, the air has become mild, and the ground not very damp, and those of us who weary here can take to the woods till sundown."

After a conversation of a few hours, these friends departed, and then from my father's lips came the proposition for an all-day's ramble. The *mothers*, as mothers always must, stayed to watch their babies, and to find the sight of violets in soft blue eyes, and hear a sweeter than bird-music in the dove-like cooings of baby-voices. But there was a picking-up of black beavers, a gathering of sun-bonnets, a hurrying of feet, and a quick springing from the boat-side; then my father led his little girl and boy by the hand, and took his way over hills just green with the bursting grass-leaves, through little hollows where the snow was hardly melted, and on, to a heavy wood, some three miles from where the happy company started. The trees had not yet put on a semblance of a leafy robe, and the brown garments they wore the year before rustled beneath the tread of the beauty-seekers. The air was warm, and the sky bright with sunshine, as my father lifted up a cluster of brown leaves, and exposed to the view of those around him a bed of "spring beauties" and "blue violets;" then he repeated,

in his rich, musical voice, those exquisitely expressed words of Willis, beginning with "I have found violets." The poem was felt and understood by those who heard it, in view of that bed of wild-flowers, better than it had ever been previously; and in each and every heart then there has it become a precious memory. The day wore on in rambles through wood and vale, and at twilight my father had hung sweet garlands around the necks of his little ones, and entered the boat-cabin with his hands filled with the younglings of the wild.

The next day, towards evening, the little bark was "locked through," and the company felt that they were once more upon the way. The morning after leaving Syracuse, a shuffle, accompanied with loud talking, was heard upon deck, and my father went up to ascertain the difficulty. He found that a feeble old Irishman had come upon the boat the night before, and, unknown to the "captain or hands," tarried all night. The "crew" took it in great anger; they had already thrown over his hat into the water, and were making an effort to teach this poor vagrant better manners by giving him a plunge bath. "What — ho — ho — boys, what 's this? What are you going to do with that brother of Erin?"

"Why, sir, ye see, this boat was to take no one but yees, that comed on to Utica; and here 's this feller comed on in the night, and nobody knows how, and so we 's jest going to teach him what 's what, sir."

"And were you going to throw him in the ditch, boys?"

"Yes, that 's jest what we 's going to do;" and they made an effort to lift him over. But my father laid his hand on the man's shoulder, and asked, "How is this, my poor fellow?"

"Well, sir, ye sees, I 'm been sick, and I wants to go to Newark, where my wife and bairns are; and I haints no money, and so I gots on to this here boat, last night. The Lord help yees, sir, and yee 'll not let 'em throw me overboard."

"Let him be, boys,— let him be. He could n't stand

a bath now any better than a dying chicken. Some one of you boys may wish to go home to die, yet, and be compelled to ask the same help of this poor creature. It's a blessed thing to die at home, boys; let him go there."

"But, bless yees, he's no money."

"No matter; I can spare him enough to help him home. Don't throw him overboard, boys!"

After the company reached Newark, the sick old man came tottering along to my father, and, crossing his breast, exclaimed, "And the Lord'll bless and do yees good; for yees good to them that's sick, and to sich as wants help."

As the boat was passing through Newark, Rev. J. J. Austin sprang upon the deck, and my father was rejoiced at the kindly greeting, and the opportunity of a few moments' conversation.

When we were near Buffalo, as my father was seated in the cabin, busy in conversation with his friends, a little black-eyed girl came running to him, and exclaimed, "Mr. Woolley, Smith's drownding!" My father bounded upon deck, and saw one of the "hands" in the river, with a child in his arms, making an effort to get on deck. My father took the boy, which was his youngest child, and, throwing a five-dollar bill to the kind-hearted man who had been so active in saving life, he hurried down stairs with the child in his arms, and proceeded to give him a warm bath, and a change of apparel. My father's face was as white as marble, but he did not utter a word until his little boy was warmly dressed and again about his play; then he said, very gently, "My son, you had better be quiet when you are on deck."

After the change from canal-boat to the hotel, and the ride from thence to a lake steamer, there was little time to spare in Buffalo; but my father was anxious to see Rev. S. R. Smith once more, and he hastened to his dwelling. When he had been welcomed by Mrs. Smith, she said, "Brother Woolley, Mr. Smith is in the study;

you can go in, if you wish." The study door stood ajar, and my father pushed it noiselessly open, and had nearly crossed the room before he was noticed by the pale, slender man at the desk; but when Mr. Smith heard his footstep, he looked up, and, springing to his feet, exclaimed, "Brother Woolley, upon my word, I'm glad to see you again!" Then he continued, "Brother Woolley, they tell me you are going to remove to Michigan. I hope you will say that it is a false report."

"I must say that it is true, for we are now on our way."

"Brother Woolley, I don't like this. Why did you not go to R. or G.?"

"Simply because I could not. I am not qualified to fill such positions."

"Not qualified! You old foolishness! Brother Woolley," (and the old man's bright blue eye grew brighter in his earnestness,) "you are qualified to fill any pulpit in the land. And I do not like this. Let our young men, who are fresh and strong for the contest, go as pioneers into these new states; but we who have grown old in the service, who have borne the heat and the brunt of the battle, let us, while we labor, tarry where so great a work has been done."

"God only knows, Brother Smith, how gladly I would live and die in central New York, amid the field of my early labor; but circumstances render it impossible, and I can do more good in Michigan than I can here."

A few moments more, and they had parted, with a mutual "God bless you!" How soon He heard their prayers, and how richly has He blest them both since then!

That night the heavens were hung with a canopy of stars,— the moonshine lay like bars of gold beneath the starry flag that hung out, broad and free, against the gentle breeze, as the Lexington bore away from the harbor, and rode proudly on, to buffet the deep waters of Lake Erie. As the waves parted before her prow and gathered again in her wake, there were *those* who stood upon her deck and thought of the dear old friends they

had left behind, and gazed far away upon the distant hills and quiet villages, asking their own hearts if it were indeed fact that they had said farewell forever to the father-land.

After the clear, shrill notes of the steamer's band rang over the glistening waves, while the distant city of Buffalo was yet in sight, my father leaned over the deck railing, and his voice, always rich and melodious, was unusually sweet, as he sang that sweetest of Mrs. Hemans' songs, "Farewell to Wales." While he was singing, one after another gathered near him, till he was surrounded by a large circle of attentive listeners. His whole heart was in his voice as he breathed the last line, "Green land of my childhood, my home, and my dead!" and one young sailor lifted the broad brim of his tarpaulin, and with the sleeve of his blue jacket wiped the mist from his eyes. My father saw him and whispered to a friend, "Somewhere in the world he has a home, and those he loves are there."

It was told below that there was to be prayer upon deck, and those who had not become weary with the day's cares came up to listen. The men lifted their hats and the women bowed their heads in silence, while my father stood among them with words of thankfulness falling from his lips. His heart was full of mingled grief and joy; and he gathered it all up, with a spirit of hope and trust, and laid it upon the great throbbing heart of the good God and ever-loving Father. It was a beautiful and impressive prayer, uttered upon the deck of that flying steamer, with the sound of rushing waters beneath, the clear moonlight above and around, and the gentle evening breeze, just stirring the silken brown hair above his heavy forehead. When the clear, audible *Amen* sounded upon the air, and floated on across the waves, the listeners separated without a murmur, as though conscious of a newly-received blessing; the sailors went noiselessly to their posts of duty, and the passengers to their quiet slumbers.

The next evening there was a heavy thunder-storm, and my father sat in the hall between the line of state-rooms, watching the happy play of his children, for whom he had obtained the liberty. An old lady sat near him, complaining of the children's sport; and as my father did not heed her words, she addressed him thus: "Why don't you stop their play?"

"Why *should* I stop it, madam?"

"Because it 's so wicked to play in a thunder-storm."

"Indeed!—is it wicked to play when it thunders?"

"Yes, it is,—and you would n't ask, if you knew much!"

"I must confess my ignorance; for I did not know it, madam."

The old lady, seeing that he did not intend to spoil the sport, took it upon herself. She hurried, as fast as she could, after the children; but, in place of catching one, she ran against a great ebony-faced waiter, and pushed the glass goblets from his hands. "O! O! I wish you 'd go away, you old witch you!" exclaimed the frightened black man, rolling up the white of his eyes, and gritting his teeth at her. This called forth a burst of laughter from my father, and he sought to console her with, "Let the naughty children go, mother, and come you and enjoy a good chat with us. I don't believe their frolic will make the thunder any heavier."

"You are a good-for-nothing wicked creatur!—and I should n't wonder if God sent thunder and lightning through you, and sunk us all, for being with you, in the bottom of the lake before morning!"

When we arrived in Detroit, having been two weeks upon the journey, we found the peach and apple trees in full bloom, and the shade trees with their leaf-buds unfolded. Here my father met with a kind reception, and his family also, as they always did for his sake; and after remaining over night, he found passage in the cars for Birmingham. A few moments before starting, a noble-

looking stranger asked of my father, "Is that your dog, sir?"

"We call him my eldest son's," was the reply.

"What will you take for him?"

"Not anything, sir; he has come with us from Oneida County, N. Y., and all the money in the world could n't buy him."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Certainly,— I never sold a friend, and I am too old to begin now."

"Give me your hand!— we are friends, after this!" said the stranger.

The journey to Birmingham was through an unpleasant portion of the country. The land was low and wet, but the trees were fresh and green beneath the sun and rain of spring; and clusters of sweet-brier blossoms and wild roses hung almost constantly before the car-windows.

Upon stopping in Birmingham, my mother, who was sick upon the way, and a sister who had been ill before leaving New York, were placed by my father in the care of his kind friends, while he, with his eldest and youngest daughter and a little son, went to prepare the new home for the reception of the invalids. The morning of their departure from Birmingham was fresh and clear as a May morning could be; the air was soft and balmy, the bird-songs fell sweetly upon the ears of the strangers, and the young flower-buds peeped out from the green grass by the roadside, to brighten their newly-discovered way. As they drew near the strange home, they were greeted by an excellent family (henceforth to be among the chosen of the spirit), whose assistance lightened the daily toil, and whose kindness lifted from the heart that burden of loneliness that will settle down upon it as it throbs in the land of the stranger.

That night, as the father stood with his children upon the door-step of the new dwelling-place, he said: "Here I shall live, here I shall die, and there I shall be buried!"

pointing to a cluster of white tomb-stones nestled together upon a little hill that was crowned with oak-trees, and whose base was washed by the waters of a shining lake.

Every year that he dwelt in this home, he added something to its comfort and beauty; for he intended to make it the resting-place of his old age. Here were the fruit and shade trees and berry-bushes his own hands had planted, and the shrubs and flower-roots he had gathered from many places, and helped to nourish with his care. But, ah! it was not long that he should here suffer or enjoy! God knew the great gift his spirit needed, and that he could receive it only in that glorious *home* where the air is always balmy, and the flowers never fade!

As soon as my father had gathered his family upon this small farm, about two miles from Birmingham, he returned to his ministerial duties. He was preaching every alternate Sabbath in Pontiac and Birmingham; and though many other heavy and trying labors were his to perform, he was always faithful to the discharge of his professional duties. He had no horse this summer, and generally walked to his appointments, and often journeyed ten or twenty miles on foot to attend a funeral, or be present to solemnize a marriage rite. Whenever he was called, he was ready. His armor was always on, and never gathered rust from disuse. Of the faithfulness of his labors in this young state Rev. J. Billings has said:

"Brother Woolley came to Michigan six years ago, and settled with our friends in Birmingham, Oakland County. He preached there a portion of the time, and in the flourishing village of Pontiac, and also in the surrounding country. If able to meet his appointments, he was always on hand to proclaim the divine riches of the Gospel.

"Our brother had more calls to preach than he could fulfil; the Macedonian cry arose, from every quarter, for him to preach the word of truth. And, being a Gospel-worker, he went far and near, often laboring beyond his

strength. He was often requested to go into some new neighborhood, by a lover of the better covenant, to preach an evening discourse; and the whole country would be collected together, to hear of the truth everywhere spoken against. Brother Woolley, possessing a warm and ardent temperament, full of sympathy for his fellow-mortals, knowing how to pity them, and anxious to lead them from the thraldom of error, would preach a long discourse, forgetful of himself, until he was done, and found he had gone beyond his strength; then he would say, 'It is better to wear out than rust out.'

"Brother W. always treated his antagonists with Christian courtesy; but woe to the system of doctrine promulgated as the Gospel by the opposers of the final ingathering of all men to holiness and happiness! Industry, integrity and perseverance, were so much a part of his nature, that it was impossible to divert his mind from his work. As a man, no one who knew him could doubt his good intentions. He was generous-hearted, ready at all times to help the distressed, and a friend to the down-trodden of humanity.

"But he has gone; and we have full confidence that he has entered upon a higher sphere, and received a mission far transcending the one allotted him upon earth. And peace be to his memory!"

Combined with my father's many cares, this season of 1847, was the continued sickness of his family. His daughter Laura Ann, who had been ill in New York, remained sick through the summer, and was not improving when another daughter was taken down with what was supposed to be bronchial consumption, and was confined to her room, and most of the time to her bed, through the fall and winter. And the commingled labor, with the "wear and tear" of mind, made sad inroads upon his health; but he relinquished no duty, and disappointed no congregation.

The September of this fall was made bright to him by the return of his daughter Eunice, who had been visiting

in the West. She had come home with happy heart, and the rose of health upon her cheek, and her welcome was one of cheerful thankfulness.

Amid all his cares, however, he could not forget the friends away: and the following letter to a friend in the State of New York was written this winter, some time in the month of January:

"VALUED AND ESTEEMED FRIENDS: Your kind and very welcome letter was received soon after date, and was joyously perused by one and all of the household. Joyfully perused, for we were all happy to hear from the friends of early days,—and not only to hear, but likewise to hear that it is well with them. No one but God and myself knows how often I think of you all, and others in your vicinity to whom I have been, am now, and always shall be, much attached.

"How much there is, in the days gone by, to render the present moment joyous, tongue cannot tell. It is well worth while to deal justly and tenderly with our fellows, were it for no other reason than to enjoy the past in retrospection, by and by.

"But, ah! wait a minute; it is Sabbath evening, and, having preached all day, I forgot myself, and came near giving you a sermon.

"You tell me to write all about myself. Whew! what a subject E. M. Woolley would be for a yarn! But, as you request it, here goes for a dissertation; and if it does not please you, remember it was of your own choosing, and say, 'He did as well as he could, with such a naughty subject.'

"To begin with,—for every subject has a beginning and an end, unless it is this one: but whether there will be an end to E. M. Woolley, remains yet to be told. . . . . No, I 'm not '*dead*,'—upon honor, I am not, and I pray you to believe me; and the man who reported the story in New York that I was dead was either a very naughty man or a little deranged.

"Every letter we have received for three months has come fraught with the tidings of my death; until, upon my word, we have grown to think that, if I am not dead, I shall be at some future time.

"It is true that I was sick many months, and some of the time too sick for comfort; and one day they tell me I looked like dying, but they 'kept the spirits up by pouring the spirits down,' and by night-fall I was far better. You know nothing of the effect of chill-fever in your country; one sick with it requires the closest watching, or he sinks away when the fever leaves; and I assure you nothing so racks one's brain as this horrible sickness. It makes you another person entirely, and it is ten chances to one if you ever get to be quite yourself again; however, I hope to escape next spring and summer; and, if I do, why, then I shall gather back my energies once more. Although I am far from well, yet I make out to preach every Sabbath, and my congregations are large and attentive. They seem to like their pastor, and I know that he likes his people.

"As for Universalism in Michigan, it is far from having the firm, influential and numerous supporters that it owns in New York; and the opposition here is as it ever is in new countries, where a belief in endless suffering is first established. And the opponents of our faith are numerous as the white flakes in a snow-storm; and as bitter — O, my soul! — as bitter as the wormwood and gall! They expect to see every Universalist with cloven feet and the horns of his satanic majesty! And yet, I must do them the credit to say that, as a general thing, they treat the *man* with Christian politeness; but his faith is another thing. But, God helping me, we shall spread this blessed truth far and near through this new state. The believers are waking up, and buckling on their helmets of salvation; the doubting are becoming confirmed, and many an unbeliever is turning from the evil of his way; and E. M. Woolley is giving his time and his health for the success of the great cause.

"There! will you confess it, my friends,— have I not done good justice to my subject?

"To all the family we send greetings of affection; not forgetting those little black-eyed chatterboxes, that were, and are, and will be, I presume, in all kinds of mischief.

"Tell D. that I have not forgotten him, if I have not sent him a letter; but I must plead guilty of seeming neglect to many of my friends; yet are they remembered with the old affection, and the only excuse I plead is the multiplied cares of my busy life.

"There were many subjects that I intended to talk about when I took up my pen, but the tremendous *great subject* you gave me forbade the very thought of anything else. I cannot, however, close this long, long letter, without requesting you all to write often. Don't wait to ask 'who wrote last,' for I speak the simple truth when I say your letters are always more than welcome.

"Eleven o'clock! and now for the farewell, and then for the arms of old Morpheus, until the day dawns; and I would n't wonder if he kept me a *little longer* than sunrise,— would you?"

Through the month of February, my father, though not well, was ready to respond to every call to preach; and he walked and rode great distances to teach the new doctrine to many who had never heard it. He always found kind friends, who could understand how toilsome is a faithful minister's life, and who were willing to do all that was possible for them to administer to his wants, and give him rest and quiet after a toilsome journey. Sometimes he met with treatment rather ludicrous, furnishing him with a fund of amusement. He was invited, this winter, to go into Macomb County, and give an evening lecture.. Before services, he called at the house of the gentleman who requested him to give the appointment, and was kindly received by this friend and his wife. The family were eating supper when my father

went in, but an old lady who had just left the table sat by the fire lighting a pipe. When she heard her son call my father by name, she put down her pipe and commenced clearing off the table. "Why, mother," asked the son's wife, "what 's the matter?"

"Matter? — matter enough! I want these dishes washed, and not be all night eating supper!" and the old lady bustled around, and washed her dishes in a moment's time. When she sat down by the fire, Mrs. D. spread a white cloth over the table, and put on the neat, white dishes; then she went into another room, but when she returned with her hands full of eatables, the cups and dishes were gone, and the table placed against the wall.

"Why, mother," she asked, "what does this mean?"

"I an't going to get victuals for Universalist ministers, and then be sent to hell for it!"

"I'll get the supper, mother, so that the sin won't come upon you."

"No matter! I shall have to suffer for it, and it shan't be done! If this sinner wants supper, let him get it, if he can!"

Mrs. D., however, made a second effort, and, as the husband was present, the old lady did not touch the table, but bustled out of the room, muttering all kinds of imprecations against Universalists, and Universalist ministers in particular.

Early the next March, my father was again attacked with chill-fever, and this time it would not yield. He could not consent to give up his ministerial labors, and preached and journeyed with the utmost presumption, when he should have been at home, and been attended with the most faithful nursing. He was then preaching at Walled Lake; and one Sabbath morning in May, as his health had somewhat improved, he started to go to his appointment, in company with two of his children and a few friends; but he soon grew sick and faint, and in making an effort to get out of the wagon fainted and

fell. Word was sent to Walled Lake of the cause of the disappointment, and several friends came to the house where he tarried, to render, if possible, assistance. The next day he was carried home, and was a confirmed and suffering invalid for more than six months. The family were most of them sick at the time, only one daughter and a little son being able to get about the house. But amid all this suffering and trial no murmur passed his lips. He knew where to go for consolation, and his sorrows were not for the ear of mortals,— they were only for his God. It was a part of his character to keep his own trials from those about him, and to console and make cheerful the other sufferers in his home. Those beautiful words of Eliza Cook were often upon his lips:

> "My joys, my hopes, let others share;
> In grief I 'd play the miser's part;
> I 'd scatter all that 's bright and fair,
> But lock the night-shade in my heart."

In June his health improved some, enough to enable him to send a few letters to his eastern friends; and the first of this month a package of short notes was sent to a family in C., who had gathered with him for years in the old temple of worship. They sweetly express the affection he always felt even for the little ones of his flock:

"YOUNG FRIEND C.: It is a long time since your very kind and welcome letter was received; and you cannot begin to think what a '*hurly-burly*' it caused in our humble domicil. F., E., L., A., and a host of others, all perused it at once — looking over the shoulder, peeping through under the arm, in any way to obtain a glance of the line from the long-tried friend. And it is not strange that it should be so; for we are nestled down in a far-away land, among warm hearts, it is true — but, then, they are new friends, and know us not as those know us in the 'father-land.' And it is equally true, and I

presume it always will be, that they are not to us, in feeling at least, what those long-loved and cherished friends are we left behind. This, undoubtedly, they also feel; for they too have their old friendships, that must not and should not give way for ours. And I will venture to write here that expressive line of Mrs. Norton's, even at the risk of being called a simpleton in my old age; for it is true, laugh at it as one may, that 'No love is like the early love which young affection nursed.' Those we loved in the long-ago may be frail, faulty, wicked; they may vex, and injure, and grieve us; but time and good thoughts, those softeners of all passions, bring back the good they have done us, the memory of the early joy they knew with us, the thoughts of the sorrows we have shared together, the knowledge of the temptations they have been compelled to endure from within, and we forget our vexation; and though they may still grieve us, if we cannot heal the wound, we may draw down the white wing of peace over it, and ask God to forgive as we forgive. If we feel all this for those who have proved false or unkind, what words can express our affection for the faithful and the tried of that early-formed band whose kindness still brightens our path as it winds onward to the tomb?

"You will permit me to remark here, that among the multitude of acquaintances and friends with whom we took the parting hand one year since, no one possesses a larger share of our affection than the various members of your father's family. And I must say to you, C., that you did yourself and us good justice when you wrote: 'It is not forgetfulness, it is not indifference, it is not because change has come over one or all of you, that you do not write!' That clause in your letter, C., speaks more than at first might be understood. It speaks as the soul of the generous must ever speak, and forms a complete index to the mind. And the remark, too, was true in its application; for, if you should never hear from us again, you may attribute it to anything save a dimi-

nution of affection. You will at once discover that our letters to your family must be mostly confined to events concerning ourselves; while yours to us are not only filled with interest concerning *home*, but also about many, very many, who are scattered around you, and of whom we are pleased to hear.

"And now, my young friend, see to it that some one of you write often; and, my word for it (not the best security in the world, perhaps), we will send you back something, and that the best we have."

This letter continues in the following manner:

"FRIENDS H. AND WIFE: Here I come with a message to you, safely done up in C.'s letter. And, in the first place, I am better and better pleased with this part of Michigan, every day I live; and yet it is not just as I would have it, and I begin to think I never shall have a world *quite* to my liking till I *make one!* By the way, I have made thousands in my life, but the trouble is they 'll not *stay* made!

"We have not storm enough here. I have seen more wind, rain and snow, in New York, in one month, than we have here in a year. During the past winter we had not one day of sleighing, and the sun shone like summer more than half of the time.

"In early April the trees budded, the grass was green, and wheat never looked finer since days were born. It is now, seemingly, almost midsummer with us, and, more than all, we shall not pay for these fresh, early springs, by taking a cold, dark, dismal fall. Our autumns here are the finest seasons of the year. Never did eyes of mortals behold a more glorious sight than is our country in October.

"I wish God, in his mercy, would send us a faithful minister. My own health is such that I cannot go even to a funeral; and there is not a day passes without the want of a Universalist minister to attend a funeral, a wed-

ding, or to preach somewhere. I have often thought that I must give up preaching; but I am satisfied that I could not do it *and live.*

"It would do my soul good to see you, or to receive a letter. In the first respect I do not expect soon to be gratified; but of the last wish I do not despair."

The letter closes thus:

"M. L., BOYS, AND LITTLE GIRLS: Just give us a call any afternoon you please, and we will go down to the lake, a few rods from our door, step into the boat and go fishing. Any quantity of the finest fish we may have for plucking up. Ah! rare fun we will have, if you come; or, if you like it better, wait till our peaches are ripe, and we will serve you with *such peaches* as you cannot gather in Herkimer.

"But the fish will all die, the peaches ripen and pass away, and the blue waters of Erie will reach their ocean home, long before we shall meet again!

"Well, well, my little friends,—come to us upon paper, if you can come no other way. We will give you a hearty reception, and part with you — never!

"To one and all, truly, as ever,

"E. M. WOOLLEY."

Through the months of July and August my father was very sick. Many days we looked to see him die; and we knew, if he was spared to us, it would be many years before he could regain his natural cheerfulness and strength. In the first of September he began to improve, and was able before the month passed away to walk about the yard, and look to home business. But this fearful sickness, combined with the effect of a fall he had received several years before, and which injured his back, gave his nervous system a derangement from which he never recovered. His lungs, too, were very weak and diseased, and this sickness left him with a cough that

lingered with him, sometimes less and sometimes worse, till he sank under it to the grave.

In October he preached again, and, as his health seemed to improve, he accepted the charge of his old societies, and also extended his field of labor. He not only preached every Sabbath, but lectured several times through the week, and went in every direction to comfort the mourners, and show them the God of all grace and the Father of all mercies.

When one inquired for his health, he would reply, "Ah! sir, it is so long since I possessed health, I could not answer your question." Or, he would say, "I am very well;" and the hue of his cheek, the brightness of his eye, and more than all the cheerfulness of his voice, cheated many of his friends into the belief that he was not suffering with any fatal disease. But those who knew him best, and loved him most, saw that his work below would soon be accomplished.

The fall of 1848 was also made happier to the father and invalid by the welcome of his eldest son, whom he left in New York. This son had come home for the purpose of remaining near his father, and the family circle had at last all come west of Lake Erie.

The winter of 1848 and 1849 was a happy, cheerful one to those in my father's humble home; and the days fled by bearing happiness upon their wings. Health, tolerable health, was restored to each of the sick ones, and with it came a deeper thankfulness for life's blessings, and a greater and more intense desire to bear every ill patiently and trustingly. The family were mostly by the home fireside, the eldest son being in a school only two miles away; and the kindness and presence of many friends, found in the Western land, contributed greatly to the social happiness of the little circle.

Among the few epistles of friendship, written during this winter, I find one to another young friend, which shows how near his heart were the youthful and inex-

perienced; and from it, too, may be gathered how much he was beloved by those in the morning of life:

"Thanks, many thanks, Madam Genie, for that line which came in the corner of your father's letter. It was kind, very kind, thus to remember the man who, a long time ago, adopted you as one of his own flock. For, although I am an old man now, and may never see you again in time, yet, like other old men, I like to be remembered by my children.

"By the by, Genie, *that meat* we saved for you last summer spoilt; so last fall I put our meat all together, and we shall not save any more for you till we have something more sure than your intimation, that you are coming this way.

"Hold your eyes close down now, Genie, and read this: I don't like to be the father of *too many* old maids. I want my girls, and boys too, all married before I go to the long home; then I can run around from one to the other, and take mine ease and comfort, in my last years.

"But, hark ye to another word.— Beware! for I had rather see you all in *single blessedness* than in *double woe.*

"How is it with you all, this winter? Are you in good health and in good heart to breast the battle of life? Do the song and the laugh ring, as of old, through your happy home?

"How is it about you? Are those everlasting hills crowned with mountains of snow? and are you compelled to *shovel out* every time you stir from the door?

"And last, but not least,— how is it with the society? I see you had services last Sabbath.

"In our descriptions of this country I believe there is one place of which not one of us has spoken to you. I will not make an effort at description, for I should fail if I did. But I will merely give you a few outlines, and your mind may fill the picture. About four miles from Pontiac there is as bright and clear a sheet of water as eye

ever saw; and in the centre of this beautiful lake is an island, containing nearly thirty acres. This we call Orchard-lake Island, for here are the old apple-trees the red men planted when their bark canoes skimmed o'er these limpid waters. Here, too, are the graves of their dead, so sunken that the foot of the stranger treads over them ere he knows that he is walking over buried dust. Here, also, are heavy forest-trees, wound around with creeping grape-vines, or Michigan roses; and one may sit for hours on the green sloping banks and watch the blue gliding waves, and think to find no greater beauty this side of the 'ideal islands of the blest.' Some day may you look upon it with us!

"If I were to drop a word of advice in this letter, as I would to my own child, it would be, Look out for your roguery!

"And now to each member of your father's family we all send salutations of unfeigned affection, and sincerely pray God to bring us together once more in time."

CHAPTER XVI.

FARMINGTON, LIVONIA, WATERFORD — MARRIAGE OF EUNICE — LABORS — DISCUSSION WITH MR. FOOTE — POETRY, "THE BIBLE" — LETTERS — MARRIAGE OF FIDELIA — LETTER TO A SISTER — POETRY, "LIFE, WHAT IS IT?" — DEATH OF HIS BROTHER JAMES — PREPARATION FOR HIS OWN DEATH — MARRIAGE OF LAURA ANN — INCREASED ILLNESS, SUFFERINGS, AND RESIGNATION — HIS DEATH AND FUNERAL.

In 1849 he commenced his labors in Farmington, Livonia, and Waterford. In neither of these places had he the assistance of an organized society,— no church, and no meeting-house. But, as he always did, he labored faithfully and earnestly among them, asking the blessing of God upon his labors. He would leave home for one or two weeks, and all the time he was away he was almost constantly preaching. He went into the by-places, into the secluded school-house of a retired neighborhood, where they knew nothing and cared less for the truth he taught, and labored with the greatest energy to make plain to them the promises of Jehovah. It seemed as though the hand of God were upon him in this, that he must labor unceasingly. And his efforts were crowned with success beyond his dearest hopes.

In relation to the success of his toil in Farmington and other places in the vicinity, I find an allusion in nearly the last letter he ever wrote, and directed to Rev. A. B. Grosh:

"Since I commenced laboring in Farmington, we have built one Union church in Livonia, Wayne County, and are building a meeting-house in Farmington, Oakland

County, which is almost entirely owned by Universalists. This church will be ready for dedication about the first of June next. We have also organized a society in Farmington, and Universalism begins to look up among us."

To the friends in the above-named places my father became inexpressibly dear; and though they may and undoubtedly will become much attached to his successors, yet no one, I think, can ever possess a greater share in their affections, or a holier place in their memories, than their old, cherished, and faithful minister of the Gospel of the reconciliation. There are many to whom he first broke the bread of life, and who owe to him their safe and pleasant passage across the billowy waters of unbelief to the green and sunny shores of the promised land. The richest blessings of the great and ever-loving Father rest upon them for the kindness they bestowed upon him, who now needs no mortal's tenderness or care!

In the spring of 1849 my father was again taken down with what was called-chill fever; but it was, undoubtedly, another form of his old bronchial disease. His constitution, however, rallied under it in a few weeks, and he was again able to be busy in his chosen field of labor.

In the June of this year he cheerfully gave his daughter Eunice in marriage to Mr. H. Belding, of Troy, Oakland County, Michigan. This worthy young friend and son had left his home, and was in the wilds of California, when his father became a dweller with the angels.

In a letter to a friend, written this June, I find a few lines expressive of the father's feelings at the time of his daughter's marriage. And they come now as a benediction from the loved in heaven to all his children who are left upon the earth. They read as follows:

"Well, my good, my fondly-remembered friend, I must tell you that, at last, our family circle is broken. And yet, why should I say broken? I will recall it; for, though Eunice was married last Sabbath, I have not lost a daughter, but have gained — so I believe — a good son. And when my children marry, those they love shall be

as near to my heart as is my own flesh and blood. God bless Eunice! She has always been, like all the rest of my children, a dutiful and affectionate child. We shall miss her by the home hearthstone; but may the love she goes to cherish her as carefully as have the warm hearts she leaves in her girlhood's home!

"It is only when the parent heart is tried by these separations that it learns fully to look to that boundless and glorious home, where every child shall be gathered back to its embrace, and go away no more forever."

The summer glided by, with its many labors, its multiplicity of cares, and its change from health to sickness, and from sickness to health; and then came the winter, with its short days for little toil, and its long, blessed evenings for rest, reading, writing, or conversation.

This winter the family circle was lessened by the departure of the daughter Laura Ann, for school in H. But the eldest son was so situated that he could pass most of his evenings at home; and the daughter Eunice, now Mrs. Belding, was frequently in the household.

Many friends also came and went; one would tarry an evening, another a day, a third a week or more, and then depart, leaving the pleasant memory of their cheerful voices and happy conversations hanging, like a bending rainbow, above the altar of the heart.

Notwithstanding the many afflictions which lay heavily upon my father, he yet seemed to enjoy life, these few months of winter, as well as he had ever done. He did not brood over his trials, and grow moody, silent, and uncompanionable; but, while he labored, he gathered up the joys around his way, and thanked God that they were his. He was often urged, by the various members of his family, to devote himself to writing, and prepare his sermons more carefully, that they might be as he would wish to leave them, were he called away. But he would reply: "I should be happy — yes, as happy as would you to have me do it — could I sit down in the quiet of my home, and devote myself to writing and

reflection: but mine is now a pioneer life. I go frequently where the word of truth has never been spoken, and I do as much, perhaps more, good in my ready-spoken, extempore efforts, than I could with the most critically-prepared manuscript. I have no time now to devote to sermon-making. Let those who come after me do this. My mental labor must be done in the buggy, upon the saddle, or on foot. I must strike the rocks and briers from the way through which I carry the snowy banner of truth; others may, by and by, find time to strew it with buds and blossoms."

It was even true; his mental labor, or the preparation for this labor, was made while he journeyed. And he would pass friend after friend upon the road and not know it, unless he was spoken to, so busy was his mind with the subject of the great redemption. He was one day sawing wood, when his youngest boy, who had watched him a few moments, entered the house, and said, "Do come out, one of you, and see what father's talking about!"

During the quiet of this pleasant winter, he said to me, "Fidelia, if I live long enough, I shall write my own biography. If I die without doing it, you may arrange it for me." And he then gave me many of the manuscripts and incidents presented in this volume.

Early in 1850 he preached twenty-five sermons in one month, and held a religious discussion, which lasted two and a half days, with Rev. C. C. Foot, Unionist. When my father entered upon this discussion, his lungs were so diseased that he expected to be compelled to give it up; but the intense interest and excitement carried him through. He returned to his home, however, with a distressing cough, and strength completely exhausted.

I have not space to present any points of this interesting disputation; but it was satisfactory to his friends, and courteous to his clerical antagonist.

In the month of March, of this year, an aged man, who had just become a believer in the doctrine of the restitution, requested my father to give him a few written

lines, and his autograph. The wish was granted by the presentation of the following poem:

THE BIBLE.

One blessed truth you now have learned
From revelation's page;
A truth for which your heart hath yearned,
From childhood to old age.

Death and the grave, that filled your heart
With sorrow and despair,
When viewed aright, form but a part
Of God's paternal care.

Now you 've no wish to tarry here,
Since youth and hope have fled;
You do not fear the pall or bier —
The rest among the dead!

For to your age-dimmed eyes there comes
A light across the wave,
And shows the world beyond the tomb,
Above the home of graves.

Let others cast the Book aside,
And spurn the promise given;
But may its truths our footsteps guide,
And lead our souls to heaven!

In the last letter he ever wrote are the following remarks upon the above subject:

"I do believe, my brother, that those who read the New Testament five hundred years from to-day will learn from its pages more truths than we have yet discovered."

In the summer of 1850 his family were again stricken with illness. Both a son and daughter lay seriously and alarmingly sick, and for a few days no hope was entertained of the recovery of either. While passing through this trial, my father wrote:

"Midnight! how strangely fall upon the ear the bell-notes that tell the hour! How still is the out-of-door air,— how softly lie the moonbeams upon the threshold,— how lightly move the green leaves of the peach-tree by my window, and how low are the footsteps of the

watchers in the sick room; and how distinctly to my ear comes every moan of the sufferers! They tell me my children are sick enough to die, and yet I cannot understand it. I cannot make myself see the cold, quiet face, the dim eye, the compressed lip, the silent feet, and the lifeless form. I cannot bring before me the narrow coffin, the open grave, and the vacant chair at home. I have seen these for others, but for mine I cannot make them visible. And I thank God that I cannot. If my children must go before me, let me see only the beautiful land where they are welcomed, and where their wanderings will all be over! Let me hear only the angel-strains that float upon the air, as they are gathered to the love and care that can never fail! Spare me, O, heavenly Father, if so it seemeth good in thy sight, this great trial; but help me to say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away!'"

These children were spared to receive his latest blessing, and to weep above his precious dust.

In December, 1850, his eldest daughter* was married, and in a few days left the paternal roof. Her father's parting words were: "Remember, my child, that you are entering upon a new field of duty; that the way before you is untried and strange. You cannot expect to find life all sunshine; if you do, you will be sadly disappointed. Neither need you look for all darkness. You will find joy and sorrow commingled, as it always is in life; and there will be many times when you will miss the advice which you have received so many years, and you will, I presume, feel as though you knew not your best way. Then strive to know what is right, and be courageous in your duty. Be patient and cheerful, make your home the happiest spot on earth to your husband, and do not fear any little sacrifice to contribute to his happiness. Those who know how to yield gracefully, in the little trials of life, know the true way to enjoyment.

* Fidelia, the writer of this memoir. — A. R. G.

Give your joys and pleasures to your friends, but go with your sorrows to your God. And may *His* eternal mercies rest upon the new home of my children!"

In April, 1851, he wrote to his aged sister:

"It is a long time since R.'s letter was received, in answer to the one I sent you; and it is not because you are forgotten that I have not written before now. No, ah! no — there are, I believe some hearts that never forget, and I do not know but mine is among the number. If I were to make an excuse for my silence, it would be this. Mine always has been, is now, and, I presume, always will be, the busiest of lives. There is an old adage, 'Time waits for no man;' and, do the best I can, I cannot make him wait for me. I sometimes wish I could; for there are pleasant places I would like to visit again, there are dear old friends I would look upon once more before I am called to my final rest; but all this is doubtful. I can only expect to meet those I love, so scattered over the broad world, in that home where God will gather us all.

"The longer I live in Michigan, the better I like it; and yet, as my health fails, and I descend further into the valley of years, I sigh more frequently for 'the cot where I was born.' Scott's heart was in the Highlands, and mine yearns for the old familiar places of my boyhood. Not a day comes to me, freighted with its joys and cares, but I see the meadows round our old home, fresh with the growing grass, and the young lambs — my lambs — skipping in their play. The brook sings to me as it did when I threw my bait in among its shining bubbles to fasten the tiny trout. Mother goes about her work with her face quiet as it always was, and her eyes lustrous as stars, while father reads his paper or sings his merry song. All this is fresh in my heart as though they lived but yesterday; and sometimes it does seem as though I must go back to the sacred spot before I die.

"Strange how strongly these holy memories twine around the heart — how indelibly these first impressions

are stamped upon the mind! If we fathers and mothers understood this law of nature better, we might make the early lives of our children such that in after years they would stoop to no sin or crime. In this respect I have done as well as I could with those God has given to my care; and I should be doubly blest if my children, in after time, can look back as joyously to the hours that saw them by their father's side as I do to the blessed home of my childhood.

"We are all here as well as usual. The children are all away, save the two youngest, who are in the other room with their mother. Edward is in Detroit; Laura Ann is at one of the neighbors', on a visit. Eunice is about two miles from here, and Fidelia's new home is nearly the same distance. When I get weary, and my heart tires of the jostle of life, I run over and see the girls, and they always have an encouraging word for me. Life has much for which I should be thankful.

"I would like to know how the world moves with you and J., and also with all of the numerous relatives I have around you. Remember me kindly to them all.

"I doubt if you have such April weather as we get here. Everything about us looks spring-like; the roads are fine, and the trees nearly clothed in green, while you, I suspect, are shut in your homes by mountains of snow.

"It will not be as long before I write again. But now good-by, dear old E., for the present,— perhaps till we meet in heaven."

After this spring his correspondence grew less and less, and only one or two letters were written for the two succeeding years, save those of urgent business. A beautiful poem was penned in May of 1851, while he was confined at home by sickness. It was the last time he held a pen for the "fastening" of a thought, and these are the last lines of poetry he ever wrote. They beautifully exhibit the now plaintive happiness with which

he looked and longed for the great change that was so soon to come. These lines are entitled

"LIFE — WHAT IS IT?"

Life as it has been, as it is to-day, —
Is it a bubble with which mortals play?
A bubble floating on the stream of time,
That winds through every nation, every clime?
Is it a meteor, soon to disappear,
Lost in the vastness of revolving spheres?
Is it a flower, that blossoms in the spring,
And sends forth fragrance on a balmy wing,
But fades and dies beneath the autumn frost,
Its beauty wasted and its sweetness lost?
Is it a sunbeam, through the mist of night
Crowning the morning with a golden light?
Is it a bird-note breaking on the air,
One moment here, another moment there?
Is it a dew-drop nestled in the rose,
Then lost where ocean-waters meet and flow?
Is it a joy, a laugh, a hope, a song, —
A thing of beauty as it glides along
Far o'er the brown hills of the mortal shore,
Unseen — unheard of — to be found no more?

Is it a spirit clad in weeds of woe,
With haggard face, and footsteps weak and slow?
Is it a mourner, bending o'er the tomb,
With pallid lip, and brow of heavy gloom?
Is it a chain of thorns, to pierce and bind
The weary heart — the feeble, struggling mind?
Is it to weep, to sorrow, to despair,
To sink at last beneath the weight of care?
Is it to toil, to struggle and to wait,
To feel amid a crowd so desolate?
Is it to look for peace — no peace to find;
To kiss the rod, and strive to be resigned?

No — O! my soul, this never can be life, —
This weary waiting 'mid the toil and strife,
These little joys, so like a transient gleam
That fades and dies across time's winding stream!
The *life* God gave his children — can it be
But the pure soul, to live eternally?
To gather joy upon its way below,
And breast grief's billows that around it flow;
To sail triumphant o'er the heaving seas,
With white sail spread against the changing breeze,
Bearing its sacred pleasures and its love
To the great Father, waiting for His child above!

One beautiful day in the summer of 1851, my father entered our home, and, after greeting us with his usual affectionateness, he said, "My child, your Uncle James has gone to his happy home." There was no sadness in his voice, no sorrow upon his countenance, as he uttered the words; although this brother had been dear to his heart as ever brother could be to brother. This was the brother, with whom he lived so long in Nelson Flats, when he journeyed from Duchess County.

But he had *gone home*, — and this was joy enough! While we were conversing upon this brother's departure, my father remarked, "I shall go next, and that before long." We tried to rally him with, "O, father, if you go East next fall you will recover, and come back to tarry long with us, and to preach many years."

"I think I shall go to Long Island next summer or fall; and I may, I should hope, live long enough to get back, for I wish to die among my children. But my life-journey has been a toilsome one. I am getting old, and need *rest;* and do you remember what I tell you now, — before we count two years more, I shall be 'with the loved in Paradise.'"

He seemed anxious to prepare our minds for this, and to so impress it upon us that we might be willing to let him go. In February, 1852, his eldest son married and settled in the beautiful village of Mt. Clemens; but, with this exception, his children were near his home.

During the winter of 1851 and '52, his health was poor indeed. Hardly a day could he sit up all of the time, and yet he would have his horse brought to the door, and amid wind and storm ride away to his appointments; when those he left at home, and those who heard him preach, knew that these efforts could not last long. But the restlessness of consumption was upon him, and he only felt at ease when expressing the great truths of "our Lord Jesus Christ."

The summer of 1852 found him still engaged in preaching; but he was constantly growing emaciated, his

eyes wore an additional lustre, and his voice had acquired that hollow, bark-like sound, which is a sure indication of speedy dissolution; while his nervous system, from such long and complicated suffering, was in the greatest possible state of derangement.

In December, 1852, my father solemnized a marriage ceremony between Mr. Charles Farmer and his third daughter, Laura A. Woolley. This excellent young son and brother deserves a tribute of affection here; for he gave up his labor, and for three months gave his whole time to his new but sick father. He watched with him at night, and tarried with him during the day; and cheerfully and patiently anticipated every want, and, as far as lay in his power, robbed the sick bed of its thorns, and smoothed the dying pillow. And, in return for his kindness, he not only receives the gratitude of those who remain, but he was richly rewarded with a love that lives in heaven; for the spirit of the father, to whose necessities he ministered so faithfully, fluttered up to God while the word "Charley" fell from the chill, blue lips.

This month of December, my father said to his daughter, Mrs. Farmer: "I have often wished to see this day. My children now can do without me. Four of you have homes of your own, and the two youngest ones will find protection with you. I bless God, that he has spared me thus long, and now I am ready to depart."

On the seventh day of January, 1853, he preached one sermon; but the disease that laid its vice-like grasp upon him years before had nearly reduced the citadel of life, and now it fastened upon him with redoubled strength; and on the eighth of January he was taken to his bed, which he afterwards left but a few moments each day. Those who had not been intimately acquainted with him before this sickness might, as they looked upon him, have some hope of his recovering; but those of his own household, who had watched him through many serious illnesses, and, more than all, understood his peculiarly sensitive nervous temperament, his great and

never-failing hope and cheerfulness, and his consideration for the feelings of all around him, knew that these symptoms of recovery were illusive as the rainbow-hues of a departing dream.

There was no hope of longer life below, and the dearly-loved but wasting sufferer knew it. His faith had become too much a portion of his nature to grow dim in the hour of death. If he had lost all else, even had the dark wing of insanity fluttered among the chords of his soul, the precious religion he had so long taught would have cast its rays of brightness underneath the darkness, and permeated his voice with cheerfulness, and hung hosannas upon his lips. Nothing could have changed it; it would have gone with him, as it did, like a creature of light, down through "the valley of the shadow of death."

The days of suffering wore on, the nights of weariness went by; and, on the 4th of May, 1853, as the curtain of twilight was falling over the newly-decorated earth, the angel-messenger came, the healing balm fell upon the wounded heart, and the great, freed spirit burst its prison-bars, and soared away to the elysian fields of eternal joy and rest.

How perfectly was the before-mentioned prediction verified! Only *eighteen months*, and we stood by his pulseless form.

In accordance with the request of my father and his societies, Rev. J. P. Averill, of Battle Creek (who was notified of the dangerous illness of his ministering brother in the month of March, and since held himself in readiness to pay the last sad tribute of respect, when it were needed), was telegraphed for by my eldest brother; and, at the last moment, even after the hour of burial, he came. And around that flower-wreathed coffin were eyes that grew less dim, and hearts that beat less sadly, at his approach.

The following epitaph was dictated by my father, a few days before his departure:

"HERE RESTS

ALL THAT WAS MORTAL

OF

REV. E. M. WOOLLEY,

AGED 49 YEARS.

"HE ASPIRED TO BE AN HONEST MAN, AND CLAIMED

NOTHING MORE.

IN RELIGION, A UNIVERSALIST; HE DIED STRONG IN

THE FAITH,

ASCRIBING GLORY TO GOD."

CHAPTER XVII.

PERSONAL AND PROFESSIONAL CHARACTER — HIS STUDIES — HIS FAITH AND TEACHINGS — PREPARATION FOR PREACHING — HIS PREACHING — CHEERFUL VIEWS OF DEATH — CONCLUSION.

THE subject of this biography had no thought of adulation, and no desire for fame. He was, in his own estimation, simply a member of the great human family, journeying on to the Father's house of many mansions, and striving to do all that his circumstances and limited ability would permit to spread the "Gospel of Jesus Christ" among his fellow-men. He kept no record of his toils, rehearsed but few of the many conversions under his ministry, and gave no care as to whether the world knew the happy result of his labors. Said that aged and revered father in Israel, Rev. N. Stacy: "Men have different calls to preach the Gospel. There 's Brother Woolley,— God called him to preach." And he preached, not only to show the erring a brighter way, but because he could not help it. It was a necessity of his nature to express those great, those glorious truths, that had burst the fetters of his own soul; and, had every person in the world been a happy believer in the doctrine of the reconciliation, he would still have proclaimed it in the valleys and on the hill-tops.

His religion has undoubtedly become known to the reader, from the perusal of the preceding pages. It was prëeminently the religion of love. He had no faith in the doctrine of fear. "If you cannot make men better by teaching them the law of holiness and duty, you may

be satisfied that you cannot drive them into goodness," were words he often uttered.

In his own family he governed by the law of love, and it was seldom that words partaking more of a command than "You may," or "You had better," were expressed by him to one of his children.

He needed no musty tomes of religious historians, no heavy commentaries, no books of catechisms or creeds, no ponderous Greek and Hebrew lexicons, to explain to his understanding the meaning of those simple and expressive words, "God is love." Failing to measure the love *he* bare *his* children, he knew "that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come," could separate the God of all mercies from the children he had endowed with life.

This paternity of God, this undying love of the never-changing Father, formed a prominent subject in his sermonizing, and also in his conversation. He not only read it upon the page of revelation, but he *felt* it in the deep affection he cherished for the friends that brightened his way upon the earth; he saw it in the clouds that floated in the sky, in the stars that shone above his head, and in the flowers that blossomed at his feet; he heard it in the voices of the wind, in the sweet music of the birds, in the whispers of the waving tree-leaves, and in the murmur of the silver streams that glide from their mountain homes, and sing through the green meadows and rocky defiles to the broad waters of the ocean.

He also religiously believed that there is but one ruler and controller of the universe, which is God; and that, though "the wickedness of the wicked" may triumph for a season, yet at last will all evil be overcome with good, and all sorrow displaced with joy.

He had no faith in a future state of punishment, for he did not believe that it could be proved by the word of God; and he could not admit that punishment would be inflicted if sin did not exist, and he had no belief that an inclination for wrong-doing would be carried into the im-

moral state. Neither had he any faith in the theory that death banishes all differences of mind or spirit, and that the holy man and the sinner enter the eternal world with the same capacity of enjoyment. He thought that the wicked, they who pass the life below in infamy and transgression, go home like untutored babes to the embrace of a tender father, who has provided for them angelic teachers. The life beyond the grave was to him one of endless progressive wisdom and development. And in the present world he saw only the evidences of that time when the blood-red banner of war shall wave no more above the bristling spears and glittering helmets, when the word of unkindness shall have no fountain to give it birth, when the sigh of sorrow shall have been exchanged for the song of gladness, when the wail of the mourner shall be hushed forever; and from mountain to mountain, from hill-top to hill-top, from valley to valley, and from ocean to ocean, shall go up thanksgivings to the Lord!

In his pulpit efforts my father imitated no other speaker. His manner, and the arrangement of his sermons, were peculiarly his own. The sermons he preached were never prepared with the thought, "What will this or that one say, if I preach thus and so? Shall I please Mr. S., or offend Mr. D.? Shall I drive one or more from my meetings, and will this train of reasoning render me unpopular in my societies or my denomination?" Ah! no; these were the thoughts furthest from his heart. He discovered, if possible, the necessities of his hearers, and then brought himself and his sermons to them. He first satisfied his own mind, by close investigation, and clear, simple reasoning, of the truth, and then went busily at the work of teaching it to others. He had a way, when he commenced preaching, of making many remarks, and touching upon many points and subjects, which did not seem to be in connection with his text; but, after a few moments, he began to gather back, one after the other, the sentences he had thrown out, as the workman draws

together his implements of labor; and the hearer soon discovered that not a word had been carelessly spoken, for every one told in just the right place upon the subject he was endeavoring to illustrate. He was a deep thinker, and a profound reasoner. His intellect combined acute, far-seeing perception with immense causality, and comparison. There were times, in his happiest circumstances, when he preached the most masterly sermons, and exhibited intellectual gifts of a high order, pervaded and permeated with the heavenly spirit of the childlike Redeemer.

In speaking, he had no thought of oratory. He made no pretension to eloquence. His manner was dignified, yet free from ostentation, simple and childlike. He was six feet in height, and in health would not have been slender; his head was very large, his forehead broad, full and high; his eyes were blue, with an uncommon starry brilliancy; his mouth finely formed, and in speaking wreathed with smiles. His face, in the pulpit or in conversation, was the index of his soul; but in his hours of quiet it wore a melancholy like the secret sadness of the evening star. At times, when he had been uncommonly interested in his subject, and when the minds of the audience were wrought up to the highest possible feeling of interest, he would, as soon as he finished his sermon, commence singing some sweet, plaintive hymn, that went direct to the heart of every hearer. I remember an incident illustrative of this remark. It was the funeral of an aged man, whose wife had been buried the year before, and his children were now following his lifeless dust to the last rest beside their mother's grave. The services were held in a large church, which was filled to overflowing. My father had chosen for the subject of his remarks that comprehensive sentence, "Hope thou in God," and it was uttered as the last words of his sermon. Then came a sweet old song, which he had before arranged for a church melody; and the stillness of

death was through the house, and the effect produced was indescribable, as he sung the last words:

> "Where immortal spirits reign,
> There we all shall meet again."

There was no subject upon which my father conversed more cheerfully, and about which he was more fully satisfied, than that important one which men call death. This great change that must come to all is said, by many, to bring terror to every heart, and to present a fearful barrier between the loved in heaven and the loved on earth. But it was not thus with him of whom I write. The Grecian mother, when she prayed in the temple of worship for the richest gift of the gods upon her sons, knew not that it would be *the kiss of death.* But the subject of this biography sincerely believed that the most precious blessing pertaining to mortality, that lay in the gift of the Father, was the great change produced by the seal of death. He strove to impress this opinion upon the minds of his family, and he never uttered a word that could change it. One of his little girls once came home from school and said, "Father, Miss S. says it 's a dreadful thing to die. I wonder what makes her think so. Don't you wonder?"

"No, my child," was the reply, "I do not wonder. Your teacher's mother told her so, long ago, and she has not forgotten it yet."

Ah! to *him* the sight of the coffin and the pall brought no fear or dread. Death — what was it but the jewelled stairway trod by angel feet, the flower-strewn pathway leading home, or,

> "The rose that climbed the garden wall, and bloomed
> The other side."

CONCLUSION.

In the arrangement of a work like this, it would not be expected that one of my years and inexperience would

fully describe my father's intellectual ability, or do justice to his character. But I have done it as well as I could. I have gathered together a few of the incidents of his busy life; have made an occasional extract from the many sermons he preached, and selected a small number of the letters he sent to his dearly-loved and always remembered friends; these I have endeavored to weave together in a manner that might present a dim outline of his character to those who care to peruse this volume. Of the poetical selections here presented I would not express an opinion. They were written to express a gentle affection, some law of righteousness, or an important religious truth. As such let them be read. Their author never gave a moment's time to the cultivation of the Muses; and, if he possessed poetical power, he carried it home to be developed among the angels.

If the humble sketch I have here produced should encourage one sensitive, sorrowing, and poverty-stricken boy to persevere in the way of knowledge and goodness, if it should carry consolation to one troubled heart, or help one weary spirit to bear more bravely the burdens of life, how exceeding great will be my reward!

In writing this volume I have labored faithfully and religiously, as I would if the gentle hand that guided my pen years agone, and corrected my early efforts at composition, had been here to round a period or erase a line. And I have endeavored to throw over these pages the cheerfulness of that loving, trusting spirit, that could always

"Smell the rose above the mould."

And as I have sat in my quiet home, not far from the new-made grave, I have had another *presence* than our happy babe. The father, so worshipped by his children, has been with me, wearing the old, sweet smile; and I most religiously believe that his happy spirit has given approval to the labor of his child.

To my father's aged brother and sister, to the various

members of his societies, to his personal friends, and his ministering brothers, who have so kindly favored me with incidents, letters, manuscripts and prints, for the preparation of this work, we would express our heart-felt gratitude. And we pray our heavenly Father to bestow upon them, individually and collectively, the same kindness and affection with which they have cheered and sustained the hearts of the bereaved.

To the Rev. A. B. Grosh would we particularly return our thanks for aid freely promised and fully granted in the preparation of this volume. May it be many years before the household of *his* love shall require the same kindness which he has so cheerfully given to the family of his friend!

And thus I send forth this book, as a gift of love, to the personal friends of him whose virtues it records, to the societies with whom he labored, and to the religious believers in that holy faith for the promulgation of which he gave his life. And now, while the piercing winter wind moans above the little mound that has been rounded above his precious dust, I write these last lines in this simple memorial of affection. May it be a sacred link between the hearts of those my father loved and left below; drawing us nearer and nearer to each other, until we are called to participate in his labor and his joy in that world where there is no more change, save from glory to glory!

SERMONS.

SERMON I.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace. — PSALMS 37 : 37.

IN the wise economy of God, effects follow causes as naturally and immutably as water seeks its level. If you can command the cause, you never need doubt respecting the result; for what God has united man cannot divorce, if he will. The echo is ever true to the cause which produced it. The bullet lies harmless in your hand to-day; to-morrow it pierces the beating heart of man, and it beats no more forever. It consigns the body to the grave, sends the spirit to its God; and the mourners, with wounded hearts, refuse to be comforted. That small piece of lead, in itself harmless and insignificant, has been acted upon by a cause superior to itself, and has produced lamentable results. And it is even so, to a great extent, throughout the creation of God. We can scarcely move, speak or think, without producing good or evil, joy or sorrow, to ourselves or others. It has been justly said that a small spark kindles a great fire; and it frequently happens that causes apparently insignificant produce astounding results. "It was a word — *a word only* — and yet I made an enemy."—"'T was but a word — an idle word — and yet I wounded a sensitive heart."—"True, I did it; but I little imagined that such would

be the result. O! how I regret that one mistake!" is the language of almost every son and daughter of the Adamic family. Had Napoleon turned his face towards France the moment Moscow was burned, he would have saved himself and his army. But he lingered yet a little longer, and that one mistake was the moving cause of all the mishaps which followed the man, and dogged his footsteps while he lived.

How many of earth's children to-day look back upon the checkered scenes of light and shade through which they have passed, and regret, with sorrowing hearts, the part they have acted in the great drama of life! To find such individuals, you need not resort to the prison's cell, to the outcast from society, to the humble cot of the beggar who eats the bread of charity. No; you will find such in every grade and among all classes of men. There is an innumerable multitude of men and women in the world, even now, who are, to a certain extent, respected by community; but the past, with its inconveniences, and shades, and shadows, rises up, like the ghost of the departed, to retard their progress, and annoy their hearts. The truth is, he who scatters seed must reap the harvest; and if the harvest is tares instead of wheat, he may attribute the result to his own rashness and folly. He may sit down an isolated being, and weep alone; but tears and repentance come too late. O! it is horrible to think and to know that thousands and millions of men and women in the world choose darkness in preference to light, misery instead of happiness, and death to life. It is strange, strange indeed, that they will not look upon the upright man, and learn wisdom. If they would mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, they would learn that the end of such an one is peace.

To be happy and respectable, or miserable and despised, is within the reach of every one. He who will be a *man* may be a *man;* and I would to God I could write this important truth upon the heart of every living mortal! But no result is produced without a sufficient cause; con-

sequently, if we intend to be men and women, we must seek for the principles and materials which produce such a result. These principles and materials we find in the nature and composition of the perfect man; and we purpose at this time to delineate the character of such an individual as best we can; and we pray God to impress the likeness upon every soul.

We do not suppose that a perfect man is, strictly speaking, perfect as God is perfect; but we suppose him to be just what God intended he should be,—*a man*, and, *as a man*, perfect. Anything is perfect which is just what the builder intended to produce, because it perfectly answers all the purposes for which it was created. God made a worm; out of the worm he made a butterfly. God made a man; out of the man he made an angel. They are both perfect,— one as a man, the other as an angel. And yet, an angel (as we sometimes use that word) would make an imperfect man, and a perfect man would be but an indifferent angel.

The perfect man will live according to the requirements of his own nature; for these are the laws and requirements of God. And he will find every requirement of his nature, and every law by which he is governed, instituted with special reference to his convenience and good. Everything in nature must, of necessity, work together for good to the individual who lives true to nature. I have not the least doubt that these bodies, that are old at forty, would be young at sixty or one hundred, if we were wise enough and prudent enough to obey the laws by which we are governed. The physical man is a machine, and, like every kind of a machine, it would do good service until it wore out, did we not break it in pieces. Doctor Gall remarked that trees, and plants, and flowers, of every kind, must be nursed with special reference to their kind and nature. It is just so with man. Nurse him with special reference to the laws of *his* nature, and you will produce a *hale, hardy* body. Violate those laws, as we generally and almost universally do, and a *puny*,

sickly, helpless thing is the result. The physical man should be nourished, day by day, with such nourishment as is conducive to health and strength. And it is even so with the man within; an imprudent and improper course of treatment will mar and deform the moral and intellectual man as much, and even more, than the physical man. And the mind, once seriously diseased and deformed, is far more uncomely and hideous than a deformed body can be. The body, no matter how deformed, no matter how wrinkled with age, is made almost beautiful by the mind within. The well-taught and well-disciplined mind gives *ease*, and *grace*, and *dignity*, even to deformity itself. The mind is the man; and flesh and bones and blood are twin-sisters of the brute. And can these items of earth, formed and fashioned in the most beautiful manner, give *ease*, and *grace*, and *dignity*, to the *deformed intellect* within? *Indeed they cannot.* If disease and deformity must fall upon me or mine, or my friends, may they strike the physical man; but, *O God! spare the man within!* Let the body go down to the grave as it may, I care but little how, if the man within is well taught, and ripe for the harvest when the Master comes. I envy no man his hard-earned or ill-gotten wealth. I covet no man's fame. The first is an uncertain inheritance, and may take the wings of the morning and disappear in a moment. The other is a bubble, at best; and he who toils for it is like the silly man who ran after his own shadow. But, should it please Heaven to grant me the ability, I would delight, above all things, to present my Father, God, in the resurrection morning, a *mind* well *taught* in the *school* of *Christ*,—a *perfect man*, moulded in likeness to the spirit of his Son.

And I thank God, both morning and evening, yea, and all the day long, that in the denomination with which I am happy to be connected there is a visible and soul-cheering improvement upon this important subject. Almost everywhere the same desire and determination is expressed, and that is, to *live higher*. We have long since received

the letter of truth; we have learned it well, and preached it faithfully; and now, thank Heaven, we begin to catch the spirit of our life-sustaining faith. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright," is heard upon the hill-top, and in the low valley; in the splendid dwelling, and the humble cottage. The spirit of reform is abroad, and the still small voice of Jesus is heard where, not long since, the thunders of Sinai's mount, and the deep damnation of hell, were the beginning and end of faith, hope, and salvation. And ours is the pleasant task, thank God, to leave *creeds*, and *party names*, and *party strife*, far in the shade, and point upward to the perfect man. Upon us devolves to lead the way, not only in theory, but in practice. If we will grow in grace, and in the knowledge of God, we must mark the perfect man, and take him for our pattern and guide.

In the character of the perfect man we shall discover all the traits of character that are necessary to prepare us for life, for death, and immortality. The man who is made perfect in Christ loves his fellow-man, wherever he may be, or whatever may be his condition in life. His charity is ample as the creation of God; it is confined to no sect, bounded by no national line; the whole world is his country, and the Jew and the Gentile are alike his brethren. And he not only *believes*, but he *feels*, that they have all one Father, even God. I want no better evidence that an individual loves God than proof positive that he loves man. He who sincerely loves the whole brotherhood of man, imperfect as they are, cannot fail to love the common Parent of all. And I know of no additional lustre that can be added to the character of such an individual. He is a perfect man, and he can rise no higher in time. The law by which his conduct and intercourse with man are regulated is written in his *heart*, not in a book. It is the law of God, not the law of man. It is too high for earth; it is heaven-born. It is not the poor man's scourge, and the rich man's staff; for it gives to every one good measure, and holds an

equal balance for all. It has but one object in view; and that is, to heal the wound which sin has made. It touches the heart of the impenitent man, and pours in the flood-tide of devotional feeling. In one word, it is the law of love. If it wounds, it wounds to heal. If it kills, it kills to make alive again. You may call it a sword, if you please,— for it is sharper and more potent than weapons of warfare,— but, thank God, it is a virgin blade — it has never drawn *blood*.

And why, I inquire, are we not all such men, and such women? O, depend upon it, we lose much, and gain nothing but sorrow and tears, by living as we do! Mark the perfect man; he deals *justly*, he loves *mercy*, and he walks *humbly with God*. His peace is like the surface of the unruffled river; his heart is always glad and joyous. Where others see nothing but thorns and brambles, flowers bud and blossom for him. Where others discover evil forebodings, and are filled with alarm, he, by the divinity within, discovers the rainbow of promise. While the giddy and timid multitude are looking for the outpouring of God's vengeance upon the children of men, his childlike heart looks up to God, and receives a Father's blessing. In storm and in sunshine, in sorrow and in joy, in adversity or prosperity, he is the same *fearless, upright man*. Like the bee, he gathers sweets from bitter flowers, or good from unpleasant mishaps. In every dispensation of providence, when surrounded and almost swallowed up by the wrath of man, he draws his mantle of love around him, and sits down in peace — at peace with the world, at peace with his father, God, and at peace with himself.

He need not go abroad for joy;
He has a feast within.
The world cannot his peace destroy,
For he is free from sin.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

If effects follow causes,— and we know they *do*,— the end of the perfect man *must* be peace. It is as certain as that springs make brooks, and brooks make rivers. It is the certain and infallible result flowing from a given cause. Human wisdom may fail, human strength yield; the father may forget his offspring, and the mother neglect her child; and yet the end of that man is peace. The *past* rises up in review, with its bright spots and never-to-be-forgotten enjoyment; and the soul, just ready to leap from its prison-house of clay, is refreshed and strengthened. The *future* gradually unfolds to the fluttering spirit within facts, and truths, and beauties, unthought of before. The spirit's eye looks out upon elysian fields, and the pent-up soul, with full-fledged wings, is anxious to fly away. Death has no *terrors*, the grave has no *victory;* the past is all *bright*, and the future all *glorious*. His soul has long been a prisoner in bonds; but now the fetters of earth are being removed, and the freed soul can almost reach the beautiful garment of immortality. The long-absent wanderer has almost reached his Father's mansion. Every beating pulse, every moment that comes and goes, brings him nearer, and still nearer, his Father's dwelling. He sees, by the eye of undoubting faith, those dear, *dear* friends who have gone before him to the spirit-world, and who now shine like burning lights in that building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Has he lost from earth parents who loved him much, and nursed him well;—he feels that they are there with extended arms to greet and welcome the earth-worn pilgrim to his spirit-home. Has death torn his children from his bosom;—he feels in his soul that in a few hours, or days at most, they will rest upon his bosom, and *kiss his tears away!*

"For the last end of that man is peace." Friends (and *enemies*, if you are here), may God in infinite mercy induce you and me to seek this peace until we find it! Without it the world is a *blank*, life a *bubble*, and *religion* a *farce*. And in an especial manner I pray

you who, like me, worship God after the manner which some call *heresy*, to look to the spirit of your doctrine;— the letter kills, but the spirit makes alive. Would you see Zion put on her beautiful garments,— let your light shine. Would you have peace in the morning, peace in the evening, peace all the day long,— mark the perfect man, and learn to copy him.

SERMON II.

He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day. — JOHN 12: 48.

IN every age, the children of men have found it absolutely necessary to establish a government, and frame laws, for the purpose of protecting the innocent, and correcting or restraining the vicious. Under an absolute monarchy the word of a king is law. Consequently, his subjects are not judged by the monarch in person, but the word he has spoken shall judge the people. The governments and laws of men must, of necessity, be very imperfect; for imperfect creatures could never produce a perfect code of laws. We try, judge and condemn our fellow, as we see and understand the subject-matter in hand. He may be guilty of all that is alleged against him — he may be innocent. The testimony is seldom positive; and when it is to the point, the fact that men sometimes bear false testimony produces a degree of uncertainty, after all. Human law-makers, in every age of the world, have adapted laws to the capacity and character of man, as man understands man. They have looked upon human nature as being always inclined to commit crime; consequently laws have been ungenerous and severe, in almost every age. They have looked at the act of the transgressor, independent of the motive which induced the operator to act. It must be so; for man cannot understand and comprehend the heart. My motives, your motives, and the motives of every man

and woman in the world, though pure as the purpose of God, are many times condemned; and men, though innocent as the angels in heaven, are judged and punished. The primitive Christians will afford a case in point. They had journeyed out and beyond the limited partial laws and creeds of their spiritual dictators. They had learned a new lesson, and that lesson had opened their eyes to the faults and imperfections of those men and laws under which they had lived long and suffered much. They saw human nature crushed beneath the iron hand of oppression, and, with motives pure as the thoughts of God, resolved to lift it up. But their motives were impeached, and their laudable efforts to elevate man in the world were condemned as heaven-daring and hell-deserving. No marvel, then, that they appealed to the judgment of a better government, a better King, and a better law.

Christ is our King — his word is our law — and by that word or law we are to be judged. An important inquiry now presents itself for consideration; and I solicit the undivided attention of the hearer while we present it, and answer it as God may give ability. What is the nature and character of the *word* by which Christ is judging the world, in the kingdom over which he presides? Is it like the word and law of man? Does it abound with death, and death penalties? Men tell me it does; but God, Jesus, and the prophets and apostles, all tell me it does not. "Man shall not *live* by bread alone, but by *every word* which proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Mark the phraseology — he shall *live*, not die; — by *every* word, not a part or portion of his words, but by *every word*. The language of Christ is, "The words I speak to you, they are *spirit*, and they are *life*," — not death — not vengeance — not damnation. Once more I request the hearer to watch me with all his powers as I journey onward in the investigation. For, if I am deceived, God knows I do not wish to deceive the hearer.

John says that in Christ was life and light, and that in

God there is no darkness at all. To communicate and impart life and light to the benighted and death-stricken children of men, Christ sits upon the judgment-seat in his kingdom; his word is *life* — his law is *life* — Christ is *life* — and his judgment is *life*.

In the 6th chapter of John you may find these words: "For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world." God is life; his words are all life. Christ is life; his words are all life; and to bestow life upon the world, the whole world, is his business and avocation. The word of eternal truth declares, "He hath destroyed death and him that hath the power of death, that is, the Devil."

"Seek judgment, for it is sweeter than honey," said one who understood the subject. "Zion shall be redeemed with judgment," is the language of inspiration. "I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments," said the Psalmist. The object of Christ's mission — his word, his law, and his judgment — the hearer must understand, is to give life, not death; to reform, not to make miserable; to build up, not to break down and cripple, human nature. The word of a Nero could produce death and misery; but the word or judgment of Christ looks beyond the misery of the individual, and makes judgment but the means to obtain an end, and the end is the reformation of the transgressor. The capital error committed by theologians is the supposition that judgment with Christ is an *end*, instead of a *means* to obtain an end. They suppose, and so they preach, that when an individual is judged and condemned, the work is all done; when, from the whole tenor of the Scriptures, it is positively evident that judgment, and condemnation, and punishment, are only means to *destroy death* and *bestow life*. For said Paul to Timothy, "Christ hath *abolished death*, and brought *life* and *immortality* to light, through the Gospel." The hearer cannot but understand that the Gospel dispensation, length and breadth, beginning and end, is *life*, and

life only. The last book opened was the book of life; and I challenge the whole world to show me the item of death in it, except as *the means to life.* Again and again we read of the Gospel of life, the Gospel of salvation. But do you read in the New Testament of the Gospel of *death*, of the Gospel of damnation? Never—no, never! If you would learn and embrace such a Gospel, go study with the doctors of divinity. *They* deal in the article. But in Christ is only life; and his words are spirit, and they are life, and life only.

But the hearer will inquire of me, How does the word of Christ judge the children of men? But before we proceed to that portion of our subject, we will offer a few remarks upon "the last day." This part of our subject has been adduced with the utmost confidence, by our opponents, as proof of a general judgment in the future world. Days and nights are peculiar to time, not to eternity; and if we are judged in "the last day," it must be in this world, unless it can be proved that there will be a "last day" to eternity.

The prophet Isaiah introduces the last day and the judgment, for our consideration, in his second chapter. He is speaking, as you will discover at once, of the closing up of the law dispensation, and the establishment of Messiah's reign. Doctor Clark says that when the Jewish writers wrote of the Christian era, they designated it as "the world to come." The world to come (he says) was a constant phrase used by the Jewish writers when speaking of the Christian dispensation. And when they spoke of the closing up of one dispensation, and the introduction of another, they couple the judgment and last day mentioned in the text, and then give the result. The prophet Isaiah, to whom I called your attention a moment since, writes as follows upon this subject: "And it shall come to pass in the *last days* that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above *the hills*, and *all* nations shall flow unto it. And many

people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths; for out of *Zion* shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall *judge* among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

We have demonstrated, unless we are deceived, that the *word* by which the *world* is being judged is a dispensation of life, and not of death. We have shown that judgment is not an end, but the means to obtain an end; and the end designed is the reformation of the transgressor; that the Gospel dispensation is not a dispensation of fear and sorrow, but a dispensation of gladness and of love.

There is nothing in the creation of God that is not governed by laws directly adapted to its nature and capacity. Matter, in all its forms, qualities and ramifications, is, and ever has been, governed by laws. And if there is truth in philosophy, or revelation, or experience, mind, like matter, is, and must be, governed by laws adapted to its nature and capacity. The word, or the letter of the word, by which we are judged, is written in a book; but the spirit of that word or law is written on the soul, or, in the language of the book, written "in the heart." In the 10th chapter of Romans, the apostle says, "The *word* is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that is, the *word of faith*," (or *doctrine*, or truth), "which we preach." In the 37th Psalm and 31st verse, it is said, "The law of his God is in his heart." In the 2d chapter of Romans and 14th verse, it is said, "For when the Gentiles, which have not the law," (that is, not the letter of the law written in a book,) "do by *nature* the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves, which show the works

of the *law* written in their *hearts*, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing, or else excusing, one another."

Paul, writing to the Hebrews upon the subject of the new covenant, or Gospel dispensation, speaks as follows: "This is the covenant I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord: I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts; and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people."

In the government of Christ Jesus, the act is lost in the purpose. The act is nothing, the motive everything. Men are here condemned or justified, according as they see, understand and comprehend duty. In this government, the government of mind, "he that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not shall be *beaten* with *many stripes;* while he that knoweth not his master's will shall be beaten with *few stripes*," or none at all. "For if our *hearts condemn* us," said John, "God is greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things. Beloved, if our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God." The language of Paul to the Romans is as follows: "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth."

Hearer, do you believe this testimony? I shall take it for granted that you do; and if you do, you must take the position I take to-day — that the spirit of the word, which is the Judge, the testimony, the acquittal or condemnation, are all *here, all within, all in the man,* creating in his own bosom a heaven of joy and gladness tongue can never express, or a *hell* that is frightful past the power of description.

I know, as well as any one can know, that my good friends of another *faith* deny all this. I am not ignorant of the fact that they laugh to scorn the idea that *heaven* and *hell* may be found in the mind of man. But all these things affect me as little as the moonbeam affects the snow-bank. Truth is truth, whether the multitude bless or curse me. And truth is the first blessing I ask

at the hands of heaven's God; and what *Nature*, *Revelation* and *Experience*, all *teach*, I must, I will believe. The Christ whom we profess to serve has taught us, in the text, that the word shall judge us. The apostle Paul declares that the word of faith, or word of truth, by which all men are to be judged, is in our hearts. *Can you doubt it?* DARE *you doubt it?* I cannot — I dare not; and I pray God you may not. I tell you, upon the authority of high Heaven, this "word is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow; and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." And it will *pierce*, if it pierce at all, to the very centre of the soul. It is judging the children of men every day, every hour. And conscience, ever true to her post and her mission, is pouring out upon the man within the flood-tide of *shame* and *confusion*, or cheering the soul with hopes and prospects bright and beautiful as the morning sun. A *guilty* conscience who can bear? A fire that burns and burns, to the *lowest hell*. A viper, whose *bloody fangs bite* and *devour* all the day long. The night approaches, bringing to the pure in heart rest, refreshment and repose; but the lawless navigator upon the putrid stream of crime finds *thorns* in his *bed*, *daggers* in his *pillow*, and the *fire* of *hell* in his soul! He looks upward, but not a ray of light dawns upon his crippled mind; for 'tis dark at mid-day. He looks backward; and the past, with all its folly, crime and debauchery, comes to him like the ghost of the departed, crying *vengeance! vengeance!! vengeance!!!* He looks forward; but the future has no sun, no moon or star, to lighten his pathway; for the night-cloud of darkness and blackness extends over all! "The wicked always prophesy evil," said one of the prophets; and well they may, for it is always evil with them. And yet, I am told by the professedly wise and righteous of the day that conscience is nothing,— a mere bubble — an *ignis-fatuus*, that leads only to darken and

bewilder. I am reminded of the fact that conscience is sometimes seared, as with a heated iron. And then they tell me its warning voice is silenced, and its strong arm is palsied. But, in my opinion, a more miserable and contemptible and mischievous sophistry was never introduced to sustain a sinking cause, than this. Take, for illustration, if you please, an individual from your circle of friends or enemies, and with a heated iron sear his body from the crown of the head to the soles of his feet. Then tell me, honestly, if the pain ceased with the process. You know better than this; for you well understand that the whole physical man would be tormented both day and night, until a cure was effected, or death kindly put an end to his misery. And so it *is*, so it *will be*, with the man within, until the sun of righteousness arise, through all these clouds of tribulation and anguish, upon his soul, with healing in its wings; until, perceiving that the Lord correcteth every son whom he loveth, and scourgeth every child whom he receiveth, the sinner yields his soul to the power of that word which judgeth the universe, and becomes reconciled to the Father of spirits, and lives.

SERMON III.

And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh unto me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.— St. John's Gospel 6: 35.

Beautiful and appropriate were the similes and allegories introduced by our Lord and Master to illustrate and enforce the Gospel he was commissioned to propagate among men. We all know that truth of almost every kind is more effectually brought home to the mind, and its beauty illustrated, by the assistance of a well-selected allegory, than it can be by a plain statement of facts. The figure used in the text is full of meaning,— "I am the bread of life." Bread, in one sense of the word, is the staff of life; it is the strength, stay and support, of all physical or animal life. The most hale and hardy of our race, the hardiest among all the tribes and grades of animals found upon the earth, languish and die if the required quantity of bread is not given them. And the most superficial men have learned that the well-fed animal is robust, hardy, and happy. We have long since learned that a particular kind and quality of food is adapted by nature, and nature's God, to different grades and kinds of animals. The same kind of food that would nourish one animal in the most perfect manner would ruin, past all recovery, another. The same remark holds good when applied to trees, and plants, and flowers; each and every one must be nursed with special reference to its requirements and its nature. And it is only when we arrive at that degree of wisdom which enables us to judge with truth of the nature and require-

ments of animals, trees or flowers, that we can rear either with abundant success; and, in order to obtain this wisdom, we must take lessons from nature. Upon nature's page, and nowhere else, is this knowledge written out.

And it is just so with man. If you will make him what he should be,— generous, noble, pure and godlike, — you must understand his nature and requirements. *I repeat the remark* — If you would nurse man with success, and see him rise higher and still higher in the scale of existence, you must learn what he is, and what he was in a state of nature. If man is degenerated,— if he is far, and very far, from being what he was and what he should be,— we may rest assured that there is good and sufficient reason somewhere. To discover the error, to rectify the mistake, and bring man back to his primitive nature, is the most noble and elevated subject mind can investigate. In this, as in every subject presented for our investigation, much depends upon the truth of our premises. We must learn what man was and is by nature, before we can apply means that are well adapted to his nature and his case.

In my opinion, we have suffered much, and shall undoubtedly suffer long, by losing sight of the two-fold nature of man. If there is one truth that requires no evidence to demonstrate it, it is the fact that man is a compound being. There is the man without, and the man within. The physical man has his earth-born and earth-craving nature. The earth is his home, his beginning and his end. The spiritual, moral or intellectual man, is the dweller within, and is governed by laws entirely unlike the laws which ever have governed, and ever will govern, the man without. The physical man is altogether an animal; there is nothing connected with the outer man that is not part and parcel of the brute. He lives to get, to keep, and to eat; and so does the brute. To get together, to hoard up, an abundance that can minister to the appetites of the body, is, and ever has been, peculiar to the man without. And so general and universal has this

become in the world, that the great and protracted struggle is, who shall accumulate the most of that substance which alone ministers to the wants of the animal. To provide a superabundance of food and clothing for the offspring, the parent struggles and toils, and toils and struggles, while he lives; and, if success crowns his efforts, and he goes down to the grave in the midst of his flocks and herds, and leaves his broad-spread acres and shining dust to his children, in the ignorance and vanity of his heart he believes his labor done.

Goods and chattels, lands and tenements, with silver and gold, when given to the wise and benevolent of earth's children, are of no trifling importance. When owned and managed by the well-taught and well-disciplined man within, they are so many important auxiliaries in doing good in the world. But when the man within is neither wise nor virtuous, they only curse him while he lives, and enable him while he lives to curse others.

Could we be induced to look upon this subject until we shall see it as it is, I believe we should all agree, in a moment, that when the world lost sight of the compound nature of man, and man turned his attention, in a great degree, to the animal man and his vain desires and swinish appetites, then man lost sight of God. Then he became sensual and devilish; and then the curse of God first rested upon him. The veriest simpleton in the world is well aware that the harvest will never come, unless the seed he commits to the earth is watered by gentle showers, and warmed into life by the life-giving rays of a summer's sun. You would think the man worse than a simpleton who should expect an abundant harvest where not a drop of water moistened the earth from spring to autumn. And yet, he is not more wild and visionary than the parent who expects his sons to become true men, and his daughters true women, and yet only cultivates the inferior portion of their nature.

I would have every parent in the world remember that in every son and daughter he has a mortal and an

immortal offspring. He should know that these are joint partners in the firm, and both claim his protecting hand and fostering care. One will perish soon; the other will live when the sun himself grows old, and all the wheels of nature break. The beauty and excellence of one fade and depart at the touch of time; while the comeliness of the other will increase with every year, and gather new beauties while God and nature live. One is the fading child of earth; the other, if nature and revelation speak truly, is destined to outlive and outshine the stars. Time touches one with his finger, and youth and beauty are gone forever; while the touch of time to the other, like the touch of the painter's brush upon canvas, adds new beauty and lustre to the man.

If I am not deceived in this particular, it follows, as a matter of course, that man should be nourished with special reference to his compound nature. While we strive to render the casket beautiful as we can, we should direct an extra degree of attention to the jewel it contains. If the outer man is poor and deformed, it matters but a trifle, for a few years will end it; but the mind, cramped and crippled in every part, has lost what, in my opinion, it can never regain. If it lives in ignorance, dies in ignorance, and enters the spirit-world untaught, it enters a lifetime behind what it *might* have been, and *would* have been, had it been well instructed here. Others may tell you that a lifetime lost may be all regained *in a moment*, at the resurrection; but I am far from believing that *one moment lost* can *ever* be recalled or regained. I have read and thought to little advantage, if time and eternity are not both given to instruct and enlighten the heaven-born man within. How far he may journey, how much he may learn, God only knows. But I feel that in the limited circle of my acquaintance there are those who are ripe for the better school above. To instruct, to make beautiful and glorious, the man within, will be the business and avocation of God, angels and men, in the spirit-world; and, although we shall ever go upward and

onward in the path of investigation, we shall always find enough to learn.

If this view of the subject is correct, how important it is that we commence right *here!* How vastly important that we learn truth, and not falsehood; that we eat the bread of life, and not the poison of death!

The text, I opine, will give us a fund of useful instruction upon this important subject. "I am the bread of life." As if he had said: "The truths I teach, the doctrine I impart, when believed and treasured up in the soul, are to the man within what literal bread is to the man without. They are all adapted to his nature and constitution; and, as bread carries the little one from the helplessness of infancy to the full strength of manhood, so will the doctrine I teach develop the latent strength and hidden beauty of the dweller within. He may sit down at another table, feast at another board, eat of other bread, and rise up more hungry than before; but, if he eat of this bread, he shall hunger no more forever."

The text plainly implies that the moral and intellectual man hungers for this bread, as the physical man hungers for earthly food. But we have other, and perhaps I may say better, evidence of this fact, in the experience of every man and woman in the world. We have before remarked, in substance, that when the outward man is deprived of bread, hunger, with its long catalogue of evils, fastens upon him. To live three-score years, and hunger and suffer all that time, would be intolerable indeed. But physical suffering, cruel and wasting as it may be, can never be compared with the bitterness of mental misery. As one said in olden times, so say I to-day: "Of all plagues, deliver me from the plague of the heart." When the soul hungers, the whole temple is a stranger to peace. When the soul mourns without hope or prospect of relief, there is no avenue through which light dawns upon the sorrow-stricken dweller within. When the sun of the soul goes down, it is all darkness and blackness, for it has neither moon nor star.

No; nothing but the pure, clear sunlight of heaven's truth can gladden and feed the soul; and this it *must have*, or it never smiles. You may bring it *wealth*, you may give it *fame*, you may spread out before it all that is calculated to charm the eye and captivate the earthly man; *but it loathes them all*, and turns aside to weep!

Go with me, hearer, while we look upon a world where sighs and tears abound. Pause not to look upon the surface; for we know that the surface of society is sometimes like the unruffled surface of the mighty deep,— smooth and calm as the face of a mirror,— but *deeper down*, far, far below the deceptive surface, *there are huge monsters* who bite and devour. We will go, if you please, where the soul speaks with all its native energy, and begs and pleads in language all its own. Yes, we will enter the temple of the living God, where thousands congregate from time to time, to feast upon that spiritual provision upon which the flock of Christ subsists. Yes, here is the altar, there is the oracle of God, in the character of a priest, and before him is the waiting, famishing congregation. His office is one of much responsibility; he claims to be the shepherd and bishop of souls. He has been set apart, by solemn ordination and the laying on of hands, to minister in holy things. 'T is his to break the bread, 't is his to feed the flock, 't is his to point the path which leads to elysian fields beyond the milky-way. He claims intimate and holy communion with the Father of all spirits, and professes to feed to his waiting congregation the very bread heaven's God gave him. Day after day, and week after week, they have gathered here, and tears have flowed like mountain brooks from many a weeping eye. Groans have been multiplied, until figures fail to count them o'er; and prayers, heart-rending prayers, steeped in the bitterness of human woe, have gone up to heaven's courts, laden with the soul's unutterable anguish. Hark! that voice from behind the altar thunders forth *the deep damnation of hell!* The quiet *dead* are called forth from the nether world, and compelled

to speak of the burning prison-house in which God is tormenting his enemies day and night. *O, my God!* is this the bread that angels eat? or is it not the bread mentioned by the honored prophet,— the bread of tears, the bread of affliction?

Hearer, permit me to put the question home to your heart and your soul. Is this the bread upon which you delight to feast? is this the doctrine embraced and beloved by the man within? Nay, nay; you know it is not. The more we eat, the more we hunger,— the more unhappy we are. To think of nourishing the man within with such provision, is as preposterous as an attempt to sustain the physical man with wormwood and gall.

Everything in nature has a natural medium through which it passes, or an element in which it lives and enjoys life. The bird has the atmosphere, the fish has the water; and the moral man within finds his haven and home in a religion of kindness and love. 'T is love that plants the first glad smile upon the features of the tiny babe. 'T is love that sends the first deep thrill of happiness to the human soul. 'T is love that binds parents to children, children to parents, man to man, and men to God. All other ties are sundered, all other bonds may be broken, all other connections dissolved; but this outlives the wreck of nature, and the crash of worlds. 'T is the native element of the soul; the food upon which the spiritual man lives, and the medium through which he ascends up to heaven. And it is the medium, too, through which heaven comes down to man. He that climbs up another way, the same is a thief and a robber.

> "'T is love that makes religion sweet;
> 'T is love that makes us rise,
> With willing hands and ardent feet,
> To yonder happy skies."

Men tell me to preach the anger and vengeance of the Almighty. The learned and would-be wise of this world tell me to address the *fears*, the *interest* and the passions, of men, if I would succeed in calling the multitude around

me, and get a name in the world. But my answer to all such is,— Such a procedure would *ruin me*, and *ruin them;* we could not live in such an element, better than the fish could live on land, or the bird in the water. The captive Hebrews could not sing the Lord's song in a strange land, away from kindred, friends, and home; neither can the freed spirit within taste again of that bitter provision which poisons the very fountain of life.

In conclusion, permit me to urge upon you all, and especially you who have the care and supervision of the young, to look well to their *religious*, their *moral* and *intellectual wants*. While you look well to the food and raiment of the man without, see that the man within is clothed with *salvation*,— not *damnation*. And, as you love *God*, and love your own *soul*, see that the bread they eat is "*the bread of life*," and not the wild gourds of death.

SERMON IV.

For which of you intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, This man began to build, and was not able to finish? Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand? Or else, while the other is yet a great way off, he sendeth an ambassage, and desireth conditions of peace.—St. Luke's Gospel 14: 28—32.

The first clause of the testimony read in your hearing calls up in the mind of the thinking man an important thought. "Which of you intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?" Every builder who is wise and prudent will leave no means untried likely to acquaint him with the nature of the enterprise in which he is about to engage, the expense to which it will subject him, and the means within his reach. Before the first effort is made, the building itself is completed in all its parts. Not only the external, but the internal,—the halls, the partitions, the apartments from cellar to garret, —all exist in the mind of the experienced builder. He can tell you just how it will appear, what purpose it will answer, and the amount it will cost. He is now prepared to commence operations, which, when carried out and completed, will exhibit to others what has long existed in his own mind. And as the work progresses, we shall have developed to our view the original design of the builder, together with the resources he can command, and the ability he possesses. If his efforts

are crowned with complete success, there is but one opinion respecting his wisdom and ability. He counted the cost, matured his plans and arrangements, and the result demonstrated that he was equal to the undertaking.

Such a builder obtains a character for punctuality and skill wherever his name is known. Men learn to trust and confide in him as naturally and entirely as in the immutable laws of nature. There are many in the world, yea, many in the circle of our acquaintance, who have obtained our unlimited confidence in such business transactions. The confidence reposed in his character by his extensive acquaintance is an important auxiliary in all his movements. And the community in which he resides must and will be benefited by his precept and example.

On the other hand, the man who attempts to erect a tower without counting the cost, and fails in the attempt, is by common consent deemed a simpleton. One, two, or three failures will as certainly deprive him of the confidence of community as that effects follow causes. And the inevitable result is, his business is deranged or ruined, his character is gone, and all who behold his unfinished job begin to mock him, saying, "This man began to build, but was not able to finish." That such is the lamentable effect produced by such conduct, no living man will deny. And the hearer is requested to retain this self-evident truth in his mind, while I apply it to another subject.

God is represented in the Scriptures as a builder, the builder of heaven and earth. The apostle's language is, "Every house is builded by some man, but he who built all things is God." Speaking of Abraham, he says, "For he looked for a city which hath foundations; whose builder and maker is God." Throughout the Old and New Testaments, the prophets and apostles, and Jesus, speak of God as the creator and builder of all things beneath, above, and around. To him all nature owes, not only its existence, but its form, its qualities,

and location. 'T was God who created the planet we inhabit, and spread out upon its far-stretched surface a rich and prolific soil. His active and never-ceasing goodness to the children of men adapted the planet he created to the natural wants and desires of the creature he purposed to create. He made all things beautiful in their season, and nothing was created in vain. Nor did he confine his labor to a single effort, or to a single world ; but around us, and above us, and below us, worlds upon worlds, without number, are running their eternal rounds. He created the heavens above, and the earth below. He created beasts and birds to inhabit the earth and air, and fish to live and enjoy life in the running brook. And think ye he neglected to count the cost? Was not the beginning, the progress, and the end, as visible in the morning of creation as it is now, or ever can be? Will not the whole building answer to perfection the design and expectation of the Creator? or shall some one mockingly say, "This man began to build, and was not able to finish"? Shall it be said to-day, and in ages to come shall the story be told, that God was an unwise builder, and failed to accomplish what he eternally purposed to do?

So far as inanimate matter is concerned, so far as the laws that govern matter are known and understood, we are compelled to acknowledge the perfect accomplishment of the Builder's plan and purpose. The innumerable planets he has created, hung upon nothing, and balanced in the air, move to-day as they moved the first moment they went forth from their Maker's hands. Should I attempt to prove that the original purpose of the Builder was not carried out and accomplished so far as inanimate nature is concerned, I should offer a direct insult to your common sense. You would point me to the earth, the air, and the water; and tell me that an idiot may well understand that they answer the numerous purposes for which they were created. You would say to me, It is positively certain that the Builder well understood and

determined what they should be, and how they should operate. You would say to me, with the utmost propriety, Here is a healing medicine springing up from the bosom of the earth, planted, and nursed, and nourished, by God's own hand, for the express purpose of giving health and strength to the physical man. There is a beautiful flower ushered into the world to shed its fragrance upon the atmosphere inhaled by mortals, and to delight the eye and cheer the heart of the beholder. The windows of heaven are opened, and copious showers are poured out upon hill and valley, to answer those numerous and important purposes that God made sure and certain before time began, or the earth was created. Search creation round, scale the heavens and measure infinite space, and the place cannot be found where the result produced is not just as the Builder determined it should be.

But another item, of the first importance, demands our attention. The heavens were completed, the earth was finished, the sun shone with unequalled brilliancy and beauty, the moon commenced her journey round the earth, and the stars peeped out from their hiding-places to look down upon the new-made world. And upon what did they look? There were beasts and birds, hills and valleys, running brooks and blooming flowers. And God said, Let us make man to dwell upon the earth. So God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him. And I put the question to the intelligent hearer,— Did the Builder count the cost? Will man answer the purpose for which the great Builder designed him? or, will God be disappointed in his labor, and, like the unwise builder, fail to complete what was well begun? Shall infuriated demons pass by and mock, saying, "You began to build, but were not able to finish"?

In the old catechism that I committed to memory when a boy it is written, "God created man for his own glory." I believed it then, and I religiously believe it now. The language of the apostle is, "For ye are

bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." I beg the hearer to remember, while he lives, that man was created for a positive and definite purpose; and that purpose, by common and universal consent, is that God's glory shall be perfect.

I will just introduce the inquiry again,—What is it that enables the builder to glory in his labor? There can be but one answer; and that is, unqualified success. The carpenter glories in the house he has built. The watchmaker glories in the watch he has made. The ship-builder glories in the floating castle that has gone forth from his hands to live upon the ocean wave, and ride upon the tempest-lashed waters. Fulton gloried in his steam-engine; and well he might; for surely that was a proud day when success crowned his protracted efforts, and scattered the doubts and silenced the opposition of men who had laughed him to scorn. The honor, and fame, and glory, of the man, are intimately connected with success. If Fulton had failed in his effort to propel vessels by steam, where would have been his glory and renown? If the house will not answer the purpose for which it was built, where is the glory of the builder? If the watch tells not the truth, but utters falsehoods every day, where is the glory of its maker? By their *works* ye shall know *them*.

And it is even so with the God who laid the foundations of the earth. His works and his glory cannot be separated. His works give us the clearest and surest testimony as to what he has been, what he is now, and what he will be. If he manages all things well; if he carries out, with a master's hand, all his great and glorious purposes; if he produces and secures to all his dependent creatures the greatest possible good,— then will his *works* be glorious, and his *name* glorious.

I will remind the hearer of the important fact mentioned and labored before,— that man was created "to glorify God, and enjoy him forever." That it is man's

duty to glorify God with his moral, physical, and intellectual powers, will not be disputed. The question may rise up in the mind of the hearer, How shall mortal man glorify God? This is an important question, one that should be answered as truth can answer a question. And I opine we cannot do better than to apply to the inspired penman for an answer.—"*Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me.*" By this expression I understand gratitude to God, love to God and love to man, and every act of the man that flows directly from either. It must be theory and practice blended together. Or, in other phraseology, love and good works. Love, pure as virtue itself, must be the cause; and charity, humility, genuine kindness of heart and soul, and moral honesty of the highest name and nature, must be the glorious results. In this manner, and by such conduct, man should glorify God. And I am certain I do not err when I say this is the only way in which man can glorify God, for the simple and sufficient reason that nothing short of this purity of conduct will answer the high and glorious purpose of the benevolent Builder. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit," said Christ to the disciples. The man who, by study and perseverance in well-doing, has arrived at this elevated standard of human perfection, is constantly and perpetually glorifying God, and God is evermore glorified in him. There is joy in heaven over one penitent sinner. And why is there joy in heaven when a sinner is converted to holiness and truth? Because God is glorified in that conversion; because his primitive purpose, so far as the salvation of that individual is concerned, is carried out and accomplished. Hence there is joy in heaven at such an occurrence; and, of necessity, there is joy on earth. Wherever God is glorified there is joy and rejoicing without measure. God's happiness is imparted with his spirit and his grace to the creature; and the creature is honest as God is honest, pure as God is pure, and happy as God is happy.

"Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me." Do we dis-

cover evidence sufficient in the volume of inspiration and nature to convince us that God will finish the work, and complete the building, as he first designed? You will notice that man is not finished until he is born from above; or, in other language, until upon the bended knee of humility he offereth up praise to God, and, by so doing, glorifieth his Creator. Short of this, he is like a beautiful temple, erected, and enclosed, and painted. 'T is beautiful in appearance, and the eye dwells upon the external with delight. But the moment we approach that temple, and survey the interior, we are *disappointed*, we are grieved. We supposed the building was completed, and verily believed the beauty of the interior was far superior to the beauty and brilliancy of the exterior. But, alas! a little time sufficed to correct the mistake. Within all was derangement, disorder, and confusion; and the contrast between the beautiful outside and the deformity within was striking and annoying.

The apostle has well said, "Ye are God's building." And certainly the external appearance of man is *noble*, *dignified*, and *beautiful*. But is the building completed when the physical man has been touched and polished by the hand of a master? Certainly not. And yet, how many thousands there are in the world who judge of the whole building, or whole man, by the *worthless*, *fading* tinsel that is thrown upon the external! They do not turn their attention for a single moment within; and, consequently, are ignorant of every part and everything that is connected with the man, save the paint and varnish that give polish to the external.

The apostle remarked to his Corinthian brethren as follows: "Know ye not that ye are the temples of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Those temples were finished. I care not how beautiful the external might have been, if the spirit of God was within, there was beauty of a higher order in the soul. Such temples *we* should be, and such temples I believe we *shall* be. Man is rising all over the world. Mind is at

work. Intellect is pluming its full-fledged wings for a higher and holier flight. God and man are taking cognizance of the motives by which men are governed. And the time is not far distant, I opine, when God will be glorified in the conduct and conversation of every man and woman that has lived upon the earth. The work will be done. The temple will be finished. God will be glorified, and man made glorious.

But methinks I hear a murmur of disapprobation. A dissenting voice is heard, saying, This can never be accomplished. Demons and wicked men have combined to defeat the Creator, and drag a portion of his half-completed temples down to eternal burnings; and so certain as there is a God, they will succeed in their hellish undertaking. They have been doing battle against God and his saints since the first dawn of creation. And, as the war is protracted from age to age, Satan's party is strengthened by new recruits, and new accessions of strength. And so formidable is his party to-day, that the soldiers of the cross have ceased to hope. They have yielded by common consent, and will consider themselves fortunate, indeed, if they make good their retreat, and save a mere fragment of their fellow-kind. To them the battle is lost, and victory is perched upon the blood-besmeared standard, behind which demons and wicked men do battle.

But, hark! methinks a voice from the upper skies is heard. It speaks to the children of men. 'T is the voice of God; and let the sons and daughters of men give heed to its language.

"For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, This man began to build, and was not able to finish? Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him

that cometh against him with twenty thousand? Or else, while the other is a great way off, he sendeth an ambassage, and desireth conditions of peace."

"Shall it be said of me, He commenced building without counting the cost? Shall demons and deluded mortals have reason to say, He commenced building, but he was not able to finish? Shall they point the finger of scorn, and exultingly proclaim my inability to complete my work, and finish what is well begun? Shall the temples I created to glorify me go down unfinished, to gratify mine enemy?

"Have I commenced hostility and declared war against Satan and his works without consulting my own strength and my resources? Am I not the cause of all causes? Is not all power in my hands? Where are the powers that are not ordained of me? Where are the demons that I could not blast with a word, as the thunderbolt shivers a feather? Let host combine with host, let men and demons unite against me; still I am almighty — still I am God — and my honor I will *not* give to another. Had I doubted,— yea, had I not declared the end from the beginning,— I would have sent an ambassage to meet his sooty majesty while he was yet a great way off, and asked conditions of peace. But I know the strength of my enemy; it is weakness itself. I understand his wisdom; it is folly. I will overcome both. I will destroy death, and him that hath the power of death — that is, the devil. I will finish sin, and make an end of transgression. I will wipe tears from off all faces, and plant righteousness in every soul. I have sworn by myself — the word hath gone forth in righteousness, and shall not return — that unto me every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall swear, surely shall say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength. I taught the prophet to say, I will be glorified before all the people. And am I a man, that I should change? or the son of man, that I should tell a lie?" No, no! let every soul respond. God's labor of love must be, will be, completed. Then will every son

and daughter of Adam offer praise to the Lord. And he who offers praise glorifies God. Then, in the language of his holy prophet, he "will rest in his love." And his rest will be glorious. Yes, that will be *glorious*, GLORIOUS, GLORIOUS! Satan destroyed, sin and sorrow ended, mankind made holy, angelic, blissful, Jesus honored in the full success of his mission, and God glorified in the completion of all his purposes, the perfection of all his works!

SERMON V.—[EXTRACTS.]

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. — MATTHEW 6: 9.

THESE words were spoken by Jesus of Nazareth "a long time ago," and the particular object in view at that time was the instruction of the children of men upon the all-important subject of prayer. Previous to the utterance of these words, he had cautioned them not to follow or imitate the Pharisees and hypocrites in this duty. He labored faithfully to impress upon them the evil of the error into which the Pharisees and hypocrites had fallen respecting alms-giving and prayer. "Therefore, when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do, in the synagogues and in the streets, to be seen of men."

There has always existed in the world a great desire for show and display. This desire has been exhibited in every age of the world; but perhaps no class of men, since the world began, ever carried this low, debasing passion to a more ridiculous extent than the ancient Pharisees. If they were about to perform an act of charity or kindness, that was by common consent praiseworthy, there must be a good degree of preparation to begin with; the inhabitants of earth must understand that the water was troubled, the righteous were moving, and a good and commendable object was in view. Our Saviour used a figure to represent the formal notice that was given at such times by those deluded and hypocrit-

ical professors. The figure was the sound of a trumpet. By this he gives us to understand that their good deeds were always trumpeted abroad, and were done for effect. Thus, you discover, the beginning and end of the transaction was selfish and hypocritical. Thus it has ever been, thus it is now, and thus it will ever be, with such men and such characters. A great flourish, and a diminutive result. Much talk, and little good accomplished. Such conduct of such people reminds me of the dark, murky cloud I have seen rising in the far west, when the earth was almost ready to burn. I watched with eager and anxious eye its every movement, trusting and hoping that by and by it would pour down upon hill and valley a copious supply of *pure cold water*. The deep-toned thunders came booming along in quick succession, declaring as positively as such a messenger can, a storm is at hand. Nearer and still nearer it approaches; the lightning is playing in the heavens, the elements are in unusual commotion, and the big drops that usually usher in the shower are among us and upon us. But, *alas!* the cup of hope that was full to the brim a moment since is dashed upon the ground and broken. The wind is hushed to repose, the electric fluid is far away, the deep-toned thunder salutes our ears no longer, the clouds that seemed to promise much rain have departed for other climes, and the scorching rays of a summer's sun are upon us. In *plain English*, we have had an unusual movement among the elements, that, in the commencement, promised much; they gave us timely notice — they wrangled and stormed, and departed. In one word, they gave us hope and disappointment — *but no rain.*

The same love of display and ostentation was visible in all the religious ceremonies of the Pharisees. The subject of vocal and public prayer was with them of paramount importance. No individual could obtain the fellowship of the Pharisees, unless he was a praying man. And so anxious were those infatuated mortals to convince *their* neighbors that they prayed thrice a day, that they

would place themselves in some conspicuous place or position, before the prayer was commenced. The question then was, Is he a praying man? — and upon the answer given to this question depended the respectability of the man with that people. Hence, Jesus and his disciples were unequivocally condemned as heretics and deceivers. They did not pray as the Pharisees did, and consequently were very wicked. This is the uniform conclusion drawn by such men, from such premises, in every age of the world. And if Jesus Christ may be relied on as a competent witness, I pronounce the men of that age, and the men of this age, and such men of every age, wrong in the premise, and wrong in the conclusion.

In the context, Jesus gave the disciples the following prudent instruction upon the subject: "And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues, and at the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, *enter* into thy closet; and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret *shall* reward thee openly." The reward that is *promised*, you will notice, is not to the *blustering*, *talking*, *religious* braggadocio; but to the individual who cheerfully follows in the footsteps of Jesus, and retires to some secret place to hold silent and heartfelt communion with God.

Now let me appeal to the hearer, in sober earnest, and inquire of him, Do you love and covet the praise and approbation of a certain class of men that could be mentioned? If you do, commence a pilgrimage from house to house, from town to town, and, as you go, go praying at the top of your voice for your wicked neighbors and ungodly countrymen; and my word for it, and the experience of ages, which is far better, you will succeed to your heart's content. But perhaps you will inquire, as one did in olden times, "What shall I have therefore?" To which I reply, with the utmost assurance,

the approbation of that class of men, and the unequivocal condemnation of Jesus of Nazareth.

The first effort of the Saviour was to correct the vague and erroneous ideas of his hearers respecting the character of God. If I am not egregiously mistaken, he commenced, like a true philosopher, at the great First Cause of all things; and from that Cause, as a premise, he drew his conclusions.

After he had gathered a goodly number of disciples, and revealed to them the true character of God, and the truth he came to bear witness to, "one of his disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray." And he said unto them, "When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name."

"Our Father!"— methinks that word is full of meaning, and full of consolation. "*Our Father!*"— what tongue can describe the height and the depth, the length and the breadth, of that word! "But *hold — hold*," says the hearer; "don't say *our* Father; for God is not the *sinner's* Father. 'Ye are of your Father the *devil!*'" *Ah, indeed! indeed!* that alters the case all round; for I believe it is an undisputed fact, the world over, that the child is, and *should* be, subject to his own parent, and not to another. Consequently, the homely old saying, "Give the devil his due," is not only proper and just, but well-timed. I confess I am unable to discover a good and sufficient reason why his sooty majesty, the devil, has not, *legally* and *morally*, as good a right to claim and receive the service and obedience of his children, as any other parent in this or any other world. "*Children*, obey your parents," is the divine command; and it is also the command of reason, common sense, and law; and to it I respond, Amen!

It sometimes happens that sinners are under conviction; and for what, I inquire. "Because they have served the devil," says one. But is not the devil their father? "Most certainly." But is it not passing strange that children should be convicted and condemned

for serving their father faithfully and perseveringly? condemned for obeying the Bible, common sense, and the law of the land? But who will condemn them, I inquire. "Why, the Lord," says the hearer. The Lord! and what has he to do with the devil's children, I inquire again. I read in the Bible that the Lord is just; and is it just in one parent to stir up strife and rebellion in the family of his neighbor, be he friend, or be he enemy? You will all answer, *No.* But I shall be told that "there is a strife between them — the devil is striving to get the Lord's children, and the Lord is striving to convert the devil's children." O, indeed! that alters the case again, and, in that case, I can scarcely tell which is the worst of the two. Of this much, however, I am quite certain — they are both in the wrong; for no power or being in heaven, earth or hell, is justifiable in obtaining, by fraud or coërcion, either men or things that are not, in the proper and just sense of the word, *his own.* This is justice by common consent, to say the least of it; and I would rather have justice without religion, than religion without justice.

Now, "to the law and the testimony." If there is truth in the Bible, God created man. From this declaration but one conclusion can be drawn, namely, that the entire race of man belongs to God, by creation. Again, the prophet, in God's name, has written as follows, upon this subject: "All souls are mine; as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine." From this testimony there can be no appeal; for it is positive and unequivocal as language can make a declaration. Now, if *all* souls belong to God, can the devil own any souls? You will all answer, *No.*

If the hearer is inclined to query respecting the meaning of the sentence before quoted, "Ye are of your father, the devil," I reply, the word *diabolus*, most commonly rendered devil (and more properly than any other word in the Greek, we are informed), is compounded of *dia*, through, and *ballo*, to dart, throw, strike, or

stab; and signifies slanderer, accuser, or enemy. This word is applied to women in the plural number, 1st Timothy 3: 11,—"Even so must their wives" (that is, the *deacons' wives*) "be grave, not slanderers," or devils. Here the apostle supposes it possible for deacons' wives to be devils, and cautions them against it.

Our Saviour called Judas a devil; consequently those who were influenced by Judas might with the utmost propriety be called, *theoretically* and *practically*, the children of Judas, or the children of the devil. But, *strictly speaking*, they were the lawful and legitimate children of their parents according to the flesh. Our Saviour, in the fifth chapter of Matthew's Gospel, takes the same view of the subject. "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that you may be *the children* of your *Father* which is in heaven." *Mark* the expression, "That you may be the children of your father." The plain, obvious meaning is this: If they followed his directions, they would then become the *practical* children of their *natural* father; for such he was before their return to obedience; for *all souls* belong to God. And the prophet's language in another place is: "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?"

As I before remarked, the word *Father* contains the sum and substance of the whole matter. That the parent is under the most solemn obligation to look well to his household and offspring, will not be denied in this age of the world. So universally is this truth received in community, that the individual who should presume to deny it would at once be pronounced a wretch. The laws of every civilized country are uniform and correct upon this subject. They make no distinction between the learned or unlearned, virtuous or vicious children. They say, without distinction or exception, the parent shall provide for his children, if he is able. If he is destitute of the *means*, and cannot command them, they pity and assist

him. Those laws are just and prudent, and are in perfect keeping with divine law upon this important subject. "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Now, *mark* the expression; he that will not provide for his own household *has denied the faith* — he has denied Christianity. Nor is this all — "he is *worse* than an infidel." You cannot but notice the universal application of this plain declaration. It is one of Heaven's best laws, and is a conspicuous part of Christ's religion. Now, if God be our father, in what consists his honor and glory? I answer, in acting well his part as a parent; in providing well for his household. Will you deny this? Will you say *he* has denied the faith, outraged the holy religion he has given us, trampled upon his own law that is binding upon all parents, and is *worse* than an infidel? God in mercy speed the day when it shall be proclaimed upon every hill, in every valley, and by every tongue, "Let God be *true*, should every man be a liar."

* * * * *

Hearer, — let us hallow and sanctify the name and the character of our heavenly Father. Nature and revelation both declare that "he is good unto all, and his tender mercies are over all his works." And love is his nature, and Good is his name.

Could I convince my unbelieving brother, who has written annihilation upon his banner, that he is *not* an orphan, — that his Father is my Father, that my Father is the Father of *all* spirits, and the God of salvation, — then would he join with me in ascriptions of praise transcending praise, and our song should be of glory transcending glory, and the beginning of every prayer and thank-offering would be, "Our Father!"

Who that believes in such a Parent can despair of ultimate success? Friends may forsake him in the time of need; slander, with its thousand tongues and serpent's tooth, may attack his untarnished reputation, and blast it

forever; poverty may cripple his energies, and trample him beneath her iron foot; sickness may waste his strength, and break down the physical man; but Faith still burns bright in his bosom, and Hope is the polar star of the time-stricken and toil-worn pilgrim. His language is: *Father*, I thank thee for friends and for friendships! Father, I thank thee for the temporal blessings thou hast poured out upon thy wayward child in his pilgrimage through the world; and for the numerous tokens of thine immutable, unpurchased love which thou hast strewn in my pathway to the tomb. "*Our Father.*" "I am *persuaded* that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of *God*," "our Father," "which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

SERMON VI.—[EXTRACTS.]

And Jesus, answering, said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?—LUKE 17: 17.

As Jesus journeyed to Jerusalem, through Samaria and Galilee, he entered a certain village, and there met him ten lepers, who, standing afar off, cried, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!" And he said, "Go show yourselves unto the priests," that on legal examination it might be seen whether they were healed or not. "And it came to pass, that, *as they went*, they were cleansed. And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, and with a loud voice glorified God," and fell down at the Saviour's feet, giving him thanks; and this one was a *Samaritan*. "And Jesus answering said, Were there not *ten* cleansed? but where are the *nine?* There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger."—Luke 17: 11—18.

Among the multitude of beautiful sayings and interesting occurrences in the history of the Nazarene, not one can be found that contains a more striking illustration of his whole character, than the one under consideration. It was well said of him, "He went about doing good;" and it might have been added, with the utmost propriety, "under the most discouraging circumstances imaginable." True, it is a luxury to do good; and those who love goodness for its own intrinsic worth find delight in acts of benevolence and love. But, in my humble opinion, it requires more than an ordinary share of genuine goodness

of heart to enable an individual to persevere in doing good, from year to year, when nine out of ten upon whom his blessings fall pass on without even a thankful thought. And yet every man and woman in the world *ought* to possess, and *may* possess, if they will, that elevated view of God and man which will enable them to persevere in well-doing with pleasure.

The universally received opinion, that favors conferred lay the recipient under obligation to express gratitude to the donor, is founded in the fitness and propriety of things. But an opinion has obtained extensive room in the world, that an exhibition of ingratitude — a cold, sordid, selfish indifference to the feelings and interests of the charitable giver — is a good and sufficient reason why kindness should curtail its operations, and the hand of charity close. This system of error has received the approbation not only of commonplace men and women in the world, but is sanctioned by those who profess to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. And it is preached through the religious world, that *even God himself* will withdraw his protecting care from the unthankful recipients of his favor, and pour out upon their souls an eternal storm of vengeance. But I have yet to learn that such sentiments and opinions are taught in the Scriptures of divine truth, or ever received the sanction of Christ and his apostles. Ingratitude is a sin, and must be, will be, *is* sorely punished by the bestowal of God's care and attention to the sinner's case, that haply he may be restored to duty and holiness — not by the withdrawal of God's common providences, or the cessation of God's goodness and love.

To me it is a self-evident fact that certain duties are binding upon all men, everywhere. And I have yet to learn the duty of man to man, if every one is not under obligation to all grades, classes and conditions of men, as he has opportunity, irrespective of their character or conduct. It certainly matters not, so far as *my* duty is concerned, whether my neighbor be saint or sinner, drunk

or sober, thankful or unthankful. If he is a man — a *whole man* — I would thank God that his good providence placed him near me; but if he is only a miserable apology for a man,— if he wrongs himself and annoys me,— that fact, unpleasant as it may be, cannot abrogate my duties to him, or justify me in doing him evil. My duty to do him good is the same under all circumstances — the same to every man. No matter what *he* may do to *me*,— Christianity is as false as the Koran, or it is *my* duty to do *him* good, and *good only*. If my neighbor curse me, am I at liberty to curse him in return? "Curse not at all," — "bless, and curse not," — is the language of the Gospel of Christ. If mine enemy smite me on one cheek, does that justify me in bruising his body? The language of Jesus is, "Turn to him the other cheek also." If I confer an important favor upon my fellow, and his ungrateful heart should curse me for my generosity, my duty is to bless him again. And could I reach the full stature of a man in Christ Jesus, I should never find my moments so well employed as when returning good for evil. True, it is unpleasant to know that there are minds in the world so completely hardened by selfishness, and darkened by ignorance, that benevolent treatment and generous thoughts make little or no impression upon them. I have not the least doubt that the virtuous and wise of every age have felt deep regret that such was the case. And undoubtedly Jesus possessed these regrets in a preëminent degree; for he mourned over the hardened and vile, he wept over Jerusalem as a tender lover and friend over the doomed, and he prayed for even his murderers in his dying agonies. But he never lost his humanity in their hate, the friend in the enemy, or turned a deaf ear to the supplicating voice of his foes. Great as was their wickedness, it never overpowered his righteousness — his good never was overcome by their evil. His mind and attention were always fastened upon his own duties and responsibilities, and a fixed determination to fulfil their requirements is seen in all his intercourse with man.

Methinks I can see him even now, as he stood communing with the grateful Samaritan who returned to give thanks. I can see, almost feel, the workings of his benevolent mind, as he put the question, "Where are the nine?" "Yes," I hear him say, "yes, there were ten healed; but only this stranger to my nation and people returned to give thanks and glorify God! Yes, there were ten healed; but the nine have forgotten the generous physician and his God, in thinking of dear, dear self! Yes, I have healed their loathsome uncleanness, and they have gone forward with renewed flesh and invigorated health, to mingle with the world and obtain its honors; but the unpopular, earth-cursed benefactor, who has not where to lay his head, is not even thanked for the benefaction. I may feast or fast, live or die, what matters it to them? They are healed, and that is enough for them. Their turn is served, their interests are promoted, and there the matter ends. They are glad and rejoice; but if I mourn in anguish unutterable, will they sorrow? No, no; it is all the same to them, whether blessings or curses are scattered along the pathway of their deliverer. But I rejoice that I healed them, nevertheless; and I would rejoice to heal them, again and again, should they need my healing power. I cannot hate *them*, though I abhor *their selfishness;* — no, I love them still, and my kindness shall follow them whithersoever they journey, until, at last, it shall touch *even their* insensate souls with gratitude and love!"

At first thought the case of these nine lepers may seem an extreme instance of ingratitude on the part of the benefited. But a moment's reflection will convince you that this is but a fair specimen of our world as it is. Point me to any individual, in ancient or modern times, who has battled for the good of man instead of a party; who condemned wrong instead of virtue; whose philanthropy reached the whole family of humanity instead of an illiberal, uncharitable few; who had courage to condemn error even in the mouth and practice of the pro-

fessedly saintly; who grappled with hoary systems of fraud and falsehood, political or religious, and pointed out remedies for the evils they had heaped upon our race,— and I will show you one who received denunciations and persecution from the very men and women for whose special benefit his labors were performed. True, there were *some* grateful ones; but most probably only *the stranger*, the outcast and despised among them, as was the Samaritan among the Jews!

In our intercourse with the world we find far too many who, after having received ninety and nine favors from the generous of earth, are denied (from necessity, perhaps) the hundredth, find it extremely convenient to forget that they were accommodated even once! If there is one sin more prevalent in community than another, it is this sin of ingratitude. And the mischief it works in society no tongue can describe, no imagination fully conceive. It induces us to place an exaggerated value on the little favors we confer upon others, and to place a light estimate on those conferred on ourselves.

* * * * *

Hearer, how are you situated in this important matter? Have you felt that you needed a Saviour? Have you cried out, in your agony, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on me!" Has he heard and healed you? I trust he has cleansed you more than once. And have you returned, like that grateful Samaritan, to thank Jesus, and to glorify God? or have you gone onward in your worldly career, like those nine named in the text, with ungrateful heart, and silent tongue? "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

I marvel not at all that people who know men better than they know Christ should be induced to believe that, by and by, Jesus will become weary in well-doing; will leave the mediatorial seat, and cease to save; will refuse to heal, and *learn to curse.* It is perfectly natural for the human heart, untouched by grace, to believe this, *and love it.* I once believed it. I once taxed my mental

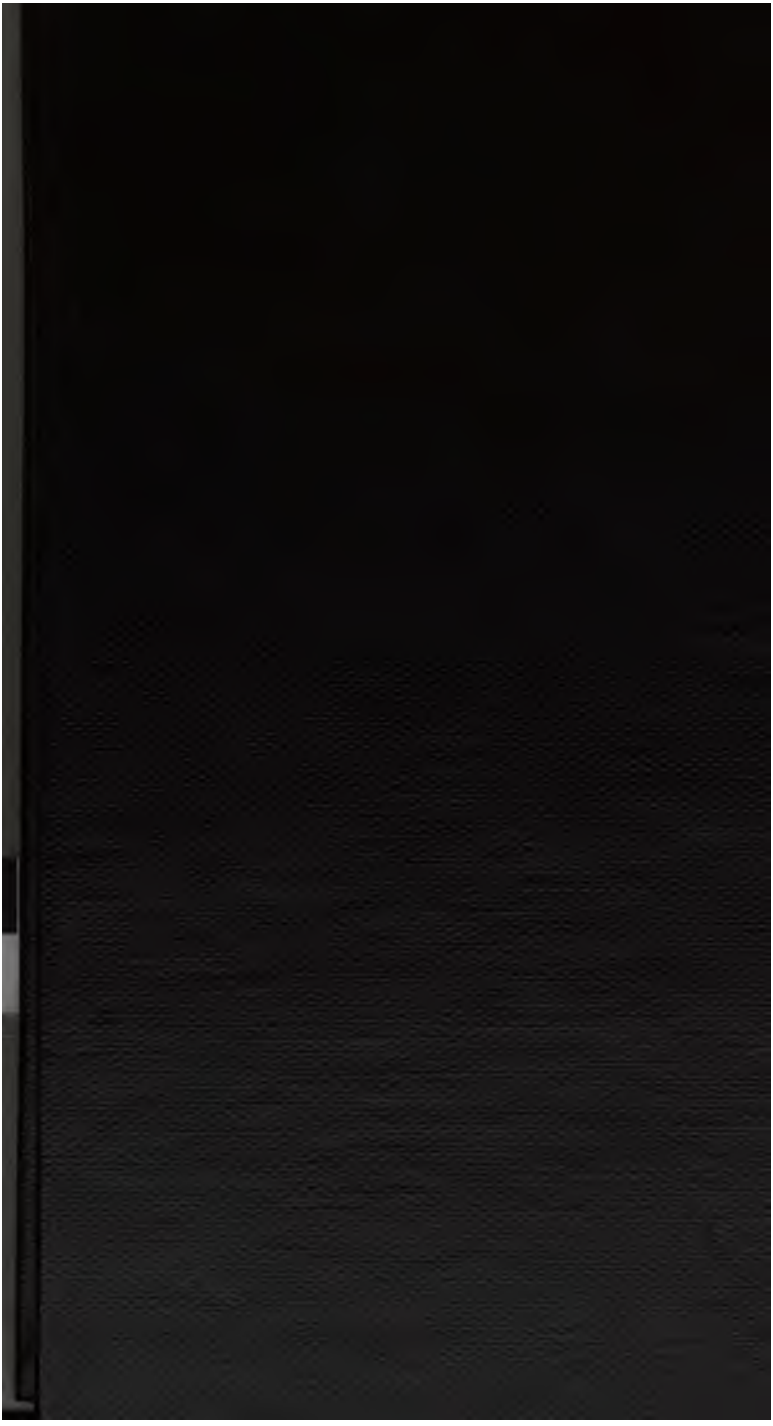
powers to the utmost to induce others to believe it. But I knew not God, nor his Christ, *then*. I had not learned that the Father sent him to heal, and to heal only; that he came to save men's lives, and not to destroy them; that he was sent to be the Saviour of the world. I fancied that I saw in one hand the beautiful olive-branch of peace, and in the other the blood-besmeared sword of vengeance. I prayed for mercy; but I wept and groaned as I prayed. I tried to hope; but cruel doubts crept in between me and my God. It was a dark, dark night with my soul. But, thank God, at last the morning dawned, and the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in his wings. The voice of the Good Shepherd was heard calling his wandering flock. I knew that voice in a moment; for it breathed the tones of Calvary,— of immutable, undying love. In a brief moment my soul cast off her badges of mourning, and put on the garments of praise, and learned to rejoice in God and his Christ. And, if I know my own heart, I bowed low at the feet of Jesus, and returned thanks, and gave glory to God. O! ye sin-burdened and error-darkened sons and daughters of men, look up from your doubts and fears, and behold your Father as he is, and your Saviour as God exalted him to be, and be healed of your infirmities, and glorify God in your bodies and in your spirits which are his, and you will find rest and peace to your souls!

JUN 1 1979

OCT 3 1 1978

FEB 10 1995

3 2044 023 404 627

GILLETT, Fidelia (Woolley)
Member of Rev. Edward
Mott Woolley.

943
Univ.85
W913
G479ne
cop.2